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FEBRUARY, 1921

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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, February, 1921

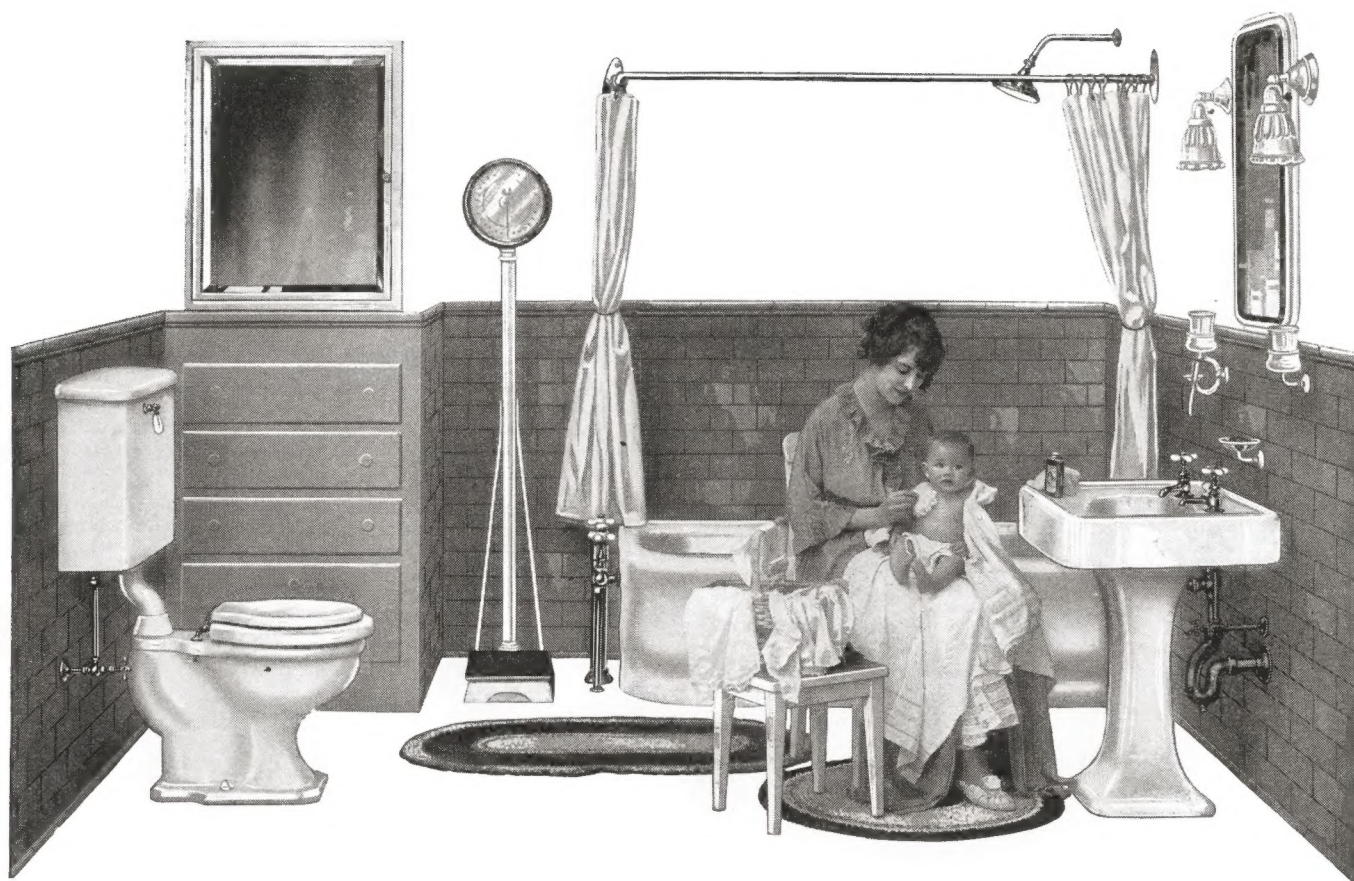
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All advertisements appearing in Good Housekeeping are absolutely guaranteed. Your money will be promptly refunded, by the manufacturers or by us, if you purchase goods advertised with us that prove unsatisfactory. This applies equally to purchases made through your retail merchant or direct from the advertiser. The only condition is that in making purchases, the reader shall always state the advertisement was seen in Good Housekeeping.

Good Housekeeping Institute is a physical laboratory, maintained for the testing of all kinds of household appliances. The tests are made by trained experts under conditions approximating those in the average home. No household device is advertised in Good Housekeeping unless it has been so tested and approved by the Institute.

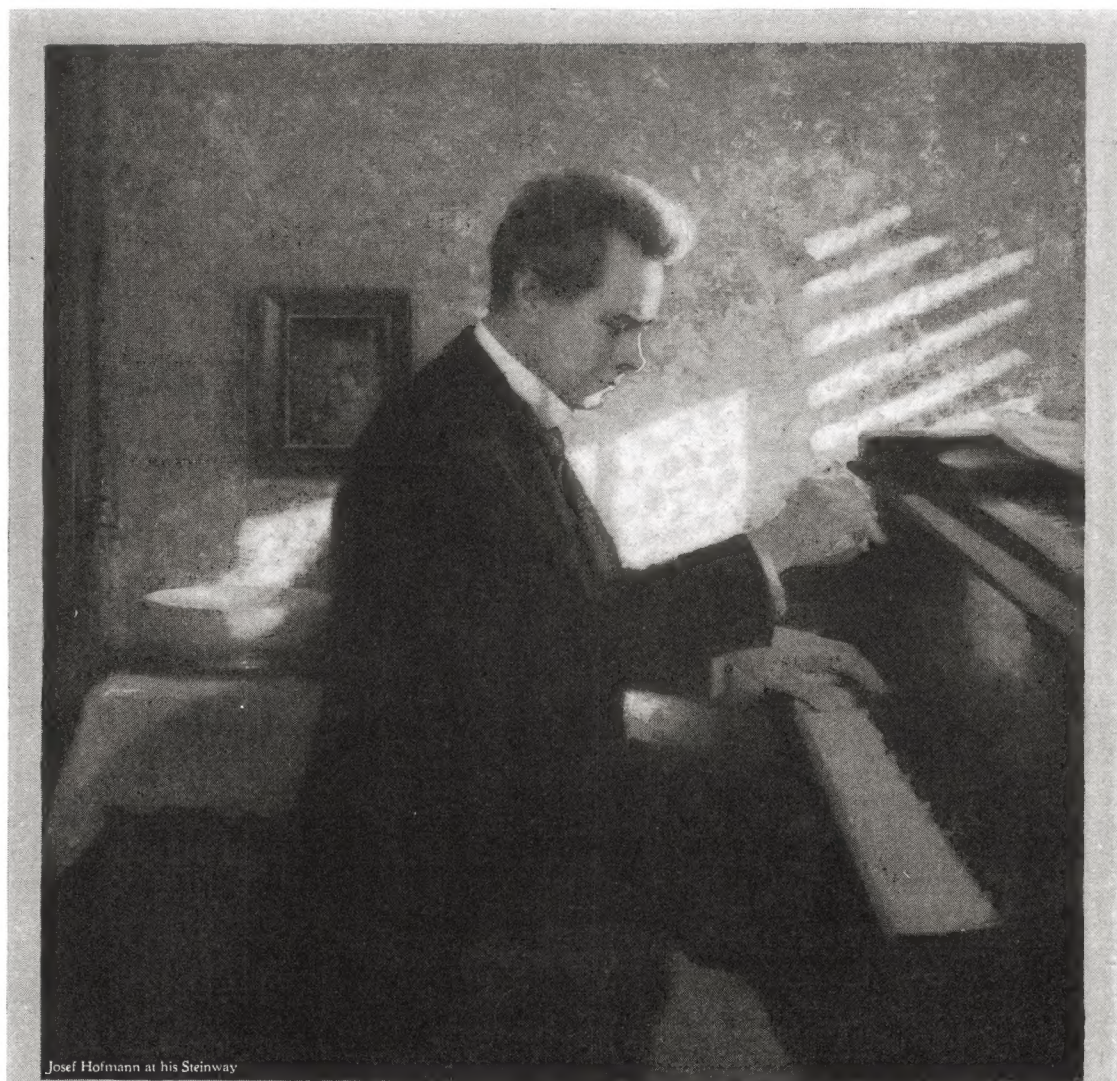
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If any goods advertised in Good Housekeeping are not satisfactory, or if any advertiser is remiss in answering your letters or coupons or in sending samples, we ask you to make this known to the Business Manager of Good Housekeeping. Address your note for his "personal attention."

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Josef Hofmann at his Steinway

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STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall, 107-109 E. 14th St., New York

What the *Editor* Has to Say

Woman's Work Is Never Done

THE future of the state depends, of course, on the future of the schools," said a New York newspaper in commenting upon the type of man that should be selected to succeed Dr. John H. Finley, who had left the headship of the State Department of Education to accept private employment. This confident and unassailable statement with regard to the future of a state is equally true of the nation, whose future depends upon the future of the schools in forty-eight states. If less than the whole number of states provide suitable schools for all their children, the future is not even reasonably safe. "The menace of ignorance can not be localized," says Dr. George D. Strayer in this issue of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. "We are a roving, opportunity-seeking people; the boys and girls who are denied an opportunity for education in a remote part of our country will live even in our day in all parts of the United States." Many of them will go seeking educational opportunities; many more will go seeking personal preferment. These will be guided largely by the standards set before them at home. These will, of course, not be deliberately destructive, but in their effect they may be points of infection for states separated by the width of the continent. Quarantines are thrown around a disease-ridden town and the disease stamped out as nearly as possible where it started. Quarantines can not be thrown around ignorance; but it can be stamped out where it originates.

The stamping out of ignorance is the purpose of the Smith-Towner Bill, for which Dr. Strayer makes such a stirring plea on page 28. Any one who reads the article can hardly fail to be convinced that it would be shortsighted economy to refuse passage to this bill because it appropriates a vast sum of money. The institutions of the nation are worth a vast sum of money. They can not be saved by merely talking about it; something must be done about it, and doing a thing costs money. It's time we spent it—time this fight for the preservation of America's ideal of an equal opportunity for all was made everybody's business—time the inhabitants of a state realized that they, collectively, can afford to pay as much as any private corporation for the services of a wise and efficient public servant. Dividends in character are preferable to dividends in cash. Your representative would like to know what you think of the Smith-Towner Education Bill. Tell him.

Let George Do It

THE average American's share in local government is limited to the casting of a vote on election day and criticizing the administration ever after. His attitude seems to be that of the man who winds his clock on Sunday night and forgets it for a week; it's the clock's business to keep time, the elected officials' to keep everything—the courts working, the schools going, the various departments running, order and decency unchallenged—while he attends strictly to his own affairs. And because his attitude is wrong he finds things constantly going contrary to his liking. He forgets one fundamental fact: the clock runs by the energy that he imparts to it as often as there is need. Springs unwound are dead; officials unsupported, week in and week out, by the electorate, will do little more than hold office. Here the similarity ends. Clocks are wound in only one direction; officials may be encouraged and stimulated in the performance of their duty by public interest expressed in many ways. One of the most forceful of these is that one that leaves no doubt in the official mind that the law should be enforced. This is particularly

important just now when the Constitution of the United States, backed by forty-five states, says that there shall be no traffic in intoxicating liquors and officials in forty-eight states are not enforcing it. They will not enforce it while it is good politics not to enforce it. It will be good politics to wink at lawbreaking until those interested in law-keeping do their part.

The Yonkers Plan

THERE is much talk of the so-called Yonkers plan of law enforcement. It was originated by Mr. William H. Anderson, a resident of Yonkers, and is "based on the idea that it is not the part of the citizens to see that the laws are enforced, but the part of the officials . . . who have sworn to do so." Under this plan citizens merely call attention to law violations, making this evidence, with facts and proofs, public property. They do not help the officials, they furnish them with no evidence, assuming that the officials, if they do not already know of the law violations, are incompetent and should be removed, or, if they do know of them, are corrupt and must be removed. In either case, the officials are publicly criticized and told that the next move is theirs. The plan is said to be working, but would it not work better if there were cooperation in law enforcement? Removing an official is a difficult undertaking except at the polls, and frequently not easy then. And if the policy of no assistance is to be followed, with a change of officials as the only remedy suggested, what is the prospect for betterment? What is the basis of the hope that the new officials will do better? We suggest to the women of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING that they study the Yonkers Plan—a copy of it may be secured from the Anti-Saloon League of New York, 906 Broadway, New York City—interest their clubs in law enforcement, and then modify the plan so as to let their officials know they are solidly behind them in helping to enforce the law. Don't wait to put a man out of office; get the best out of him while he is in.

The Open Season for Foolishness

THE season of greatest prevalence of "children's diseases" is at hand. During February, March, and April there seems to be a concerted attack upon our little ones by whooping-cough, measles, scarlet fever, and chicken-pox. Strange as it may seem, parents grow cold with fear at the near approach of scarlet fever, but are little concerned about the actual exposure to whooping-cough and measles, both of which cause three times as many deaths as scarlet fever does. It is taken for granted that children must have them some time. Children will continue to have them—though they kill their thousands yearly, though they probably weaken for life every child that has one of them—as long as this foolish notion is held by grown-ups. We are guilty of enough health crimes committed against ourselves without adding to them this indefensible one. It is not necessary for any child to have these diseases—any one of them. We blame influences supposed to be beyond our control for what is merely the result of our collective ignorance and stupidity and carelessness. When we learn that children should be as carefully guarded from measles and whooping-cough as from scarlet fever or smallpox we shall only have caught up with what the medical profession, backed by irrefutable statistics, has been trying to tell us for years. Send to the Census Bureau for its latest summary of mortality statistics and see if you don't wake up.

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW

A PRAYER

By Edgar A. Guest

Decoration by Dean Cornwell

I would not stand apart nor dwell alone,
Nor live as one too good to soil my hands;
I would not guard the soul that is my own
So closely that it shrinks from life's commands
And scorns to go where shame and sorrow reign
For fear it, too, may wear a scarlet stain.

I would not say, "I'm holier than thou,"
And stand aloof when others cry for aid;
I would put down my shoulder to the plow,
And join with men, undaunted, unafraid.
If through the mire with purpose high I go,
How came the mud upon me God will know.

Clean hands at night! That is the pride I ask,
But let me stand to service through the day:
Let me go gladly to my grimy task,
I'll bear the dirt which I can wash away.
Though deep in mire Life calls on me to fight,
What matters that, if I am clean by night?



The Kingdom Round the Corner

By Coningsby Dawson

Illustrated by
W. D. Stevens

THE taxi had scarcely drawn up before a small, prim house in Brompton Square when the door was opened by a neat maid in immaculate cap and apron. She was so neat and respectful as to appear almost passionless. She had the high complexion of a country girl, good gray eyes, a slim, attractive figure, and dark, wavy hair which escaped rebelliously from beneath her cap. One wondered how she looked in her off-duty moments, when she wasn't saying, "Yes, your Lordship," and "No, your Lordship." Tabs mustered a smile and called to her:

"Thank you, Ann. I'll be with you in a moment."

As he paid the fare, he let his eyes wander. The outside of the house had been painted white, evidently in honor of his home-coming. He had given no orders; it was Ann's doing, her accustomed, tactful thoughtfulness. The steps were speckless as a newly laundered shirt, the brasses polished to the brilliancy of precious metal. His window-boxes made a cheerful splash of red, with their soldierly, upstanding tulips, above the long, serried line of area railings. Again Ann's doing! And the snow-white curtains behind each row of panes were also Ann's.

Tabs climbed the three low steps separately; he had been used to take them at a bound. He tried to climb them slowly, as though from choice and not from necessity. He was conscious that Ann was watching. As she closed the door behind him, he said:

"So you knew I was coming? You received my telegram?"

"Yes, your Lordship."

"I was sorry I couldn't tell you the exact hour. I didn't know it myself. I hope you didn't trouble to prepare lunch."

"It was no trouble, your Lordship."

"Then you've managed to get some one in the kitchen? They tell me that all the cooks have become bus-conductresses or lady-secretaries."

"I did, your Lordship. My sister, the one who lost her husband at Mons. I thought you wouldn't object."

He cut her short. "Ann, you know I never object; you never need to go into details. Whatever you've done is right. From what I've seen already, you've done splendidly."

Under his praise she flushed and became a little less the servant. "I was afraid you might think I'd taken too much upon myself, what with the flower-boxes and having

"ARE you riding with me, Terry?" asked Lord Taborley. "With the General," she replied. And Tabs—as his comrades in the Great War had called him—realized that he had indeed returned to a changed world. He had expected to marry Terry, had her word for it; but the moment she had met him that morning he had sensed a change in their relations that several hours of being together had not overcome. A "general at the War Office" seemed to stand between them. And now he had met the general, had recognized in him a former valet, had been denied recognition. As he drove away alone, he said to himself: "So that's why he didn't write! I felt so sure of Terry—and now to have to compete for her with my own valet!" That was the ending of the first instalment of Coningsby Dawson's first serial written since the war—that time when the world sought its kingdom round the corner and failed to find it. Get into the taxi with Tabs and go on

the house repainted. I wanted to have things nice for your Lordship after—" She hesitated for a word, and then burst out, "After all the dirt and beastliness! Your Lordship ought never to have gone in the ranks, begging your pardon; you weren't fitted for it. You ought to have gone as a General. Then you wouldn't have come home with that poor leg and—" She saw him wince and changed the subject. "But about doing things without orders, I knew that if Braithwaite—if Braithwaite—" Her voice sagged, and her eyes misted over.

At last Tabs saw how she looked in her off-duty moments, when she wasn't occupied with being respectful. The sudden memory came back of intuitions he had had that she and his valet might one day marry. From time to time he had twitted them on their fondness, taking an idle pleasure in forwarding the match. And Braithwaite had kissed her before he marched away. Ridiculous to remember it now! It signified nothing. People in their station kissed when they felt kindly, and on that occasion they had had an epoch-making pretext.

Her eyes were searching his with a hungry wistfulness. "What I was meaning, your Lordship, was that if he had been spared, he'd have done things on his own and gone ahead, the same as he always did. So I, seeing as how he wasn't—"

Tabs touched her shoulder gently. "It's

all right, Ann. I appreciate your motives. I'm glad you went ahead. But you haven't shaken hands yet."

He glanced in at the dining-room before he went upstairs. The table was spread for dinner. Cut flowers were standing about in vases. The very silver had a festive shine.

"Again I have to be sorry," he told her. "I'm dining with Sir Tobias Beddow."

"And Miss Terry," she enquired, "is she well?"

When he went to climb the narrow stairs, she refused to permit him to carry his bag. He guessed the reason—that he might be freer to support himself by the rail of the bannisters. When he reached his bedroom, three flights up, he found that his evening clothes had been all laid out just as carefully as if Braithwaite—the old Braithwaite whom he had loved—had been there before him.

As she unpacked his bag, opening and closing drawers, "I shall have to look round for another valet," he said.

"Please don't." Her tone was sharp with earnestness.

Tabs felt sorry for her. She, too, like all the world, was wanting the thing that she could never have. He wondered whether it wouldn't be kinder to tell her and let her know the worst.

"But shan't I, Ann?"

With simple pathos, which was the more touching because it was so unconscious, she clasped her hands.

"He might come back. He was never reported. My letters were returned unopened. I've not given over hoping. I shouldn't like him to find that your Lordship— If he found another man in his place, he might feel like he hadn't been wanted. Me and sister can manage."

"But—"

He got no further, for her eyes were meeting his with an appeal that was desperate.

"A strange man—his ways would be different. He'd make one know that everything—everything was ended."

She glanced hurriedly around for a last time to make sure that there was nothing she had omitted—collar, tie, silk socks, dress shoes, shaving water, razor. "I'll be listening for the bell in case there's anything that I've forgotten, sir."

With that she closed the door between himself and her emotion. As she rustled discreetly down the stairs, he thought he heard a sound of sobbing.



"WOULDN'T this help?" Ann pulled out of her apron pocket an envelop. "It's one of Braithwaite's letters." Tabs unfolded the scribbled sheets of paper. They were torn from an army note-book. "... Here's the great news. I'm in for my commission and shall soon be an officer and a gentleman. Don't tell his Lordship if you write to him or see him"

II

It was too early to dress—not five o'clock yet. He made an estimate of the time he had to spare. If he walked across the Park to Sir Tobias Beddow's, that would take him from half to three-quarters of an hour. At the earliest he wouldn't have to leave the house till six-thirty. So he had the best part of two hours during which to think out his line of conduct and to dress. At dinner he would meet Terry. How would she act? And what was the right thing for him to do as her family's trusted friend? He felt very tired. It took a tremendous lot out of one, pretending to other people that one wasn't tired. He was ashamed to have to own to himself how quickly nowadays he could use up his physical reserves. For the moment there was no one to watch him; he stretched himself out at full length on the couch.

He was glad to be back in this friendly house with its narrow stairways and endearing littleness; it had been his American mother's before him. Within its walls were the exquisite traces of a temperament and taste that had been hers. She hadn't always been a great lady; to the end of her days there had remained with her the love of small things which one finds in nun-like New England towns. There had been times when the ostentation and entertaining at Taborley House had become too much for her; this nest of refuge had been her secret—her place of refuge where she had regarnered her sincerities. She had loved the Square's old-fashioned primness, its tinyness, its unchanging atmosphere of rest. It was scarcely invaded by the strum of London. In the cloud of greenness which drifted above its communal garden, one could still listen to the country sounds of birds. At the back gray religion spoke in the tolling bell of the parish church; through Sabbath stillnesses one could catch the pealing of the organ in the Oratory and the mutter of worshippers at prayer. Tabs had kept the house as she had left it. It was something faithful to which to return, however much he failed in the search for his kingdom and however far he wandered.

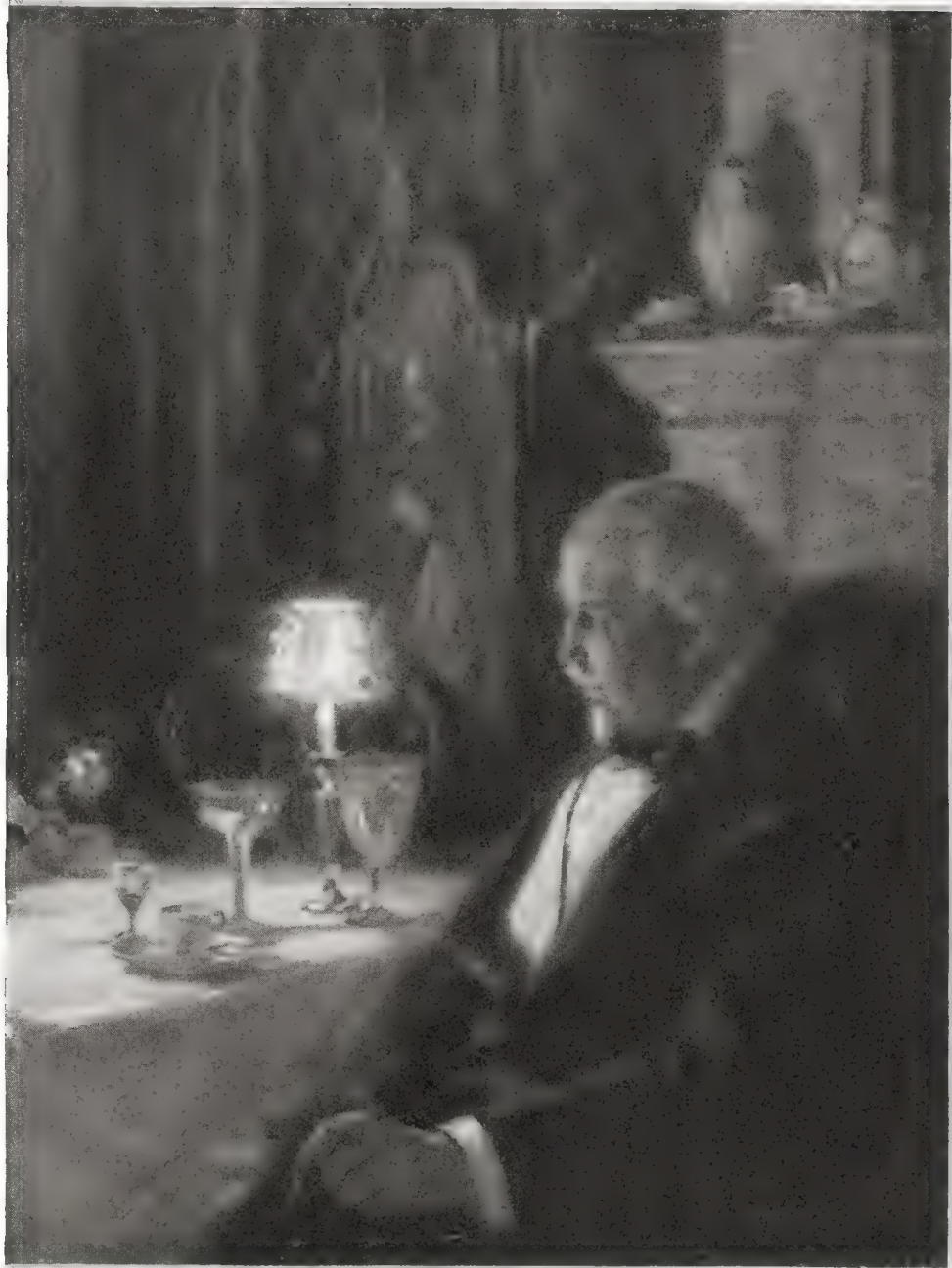


"I think, Daddy," Terry said, "the General and I had better leave you and Tabs to temporary than ever. Yet, as an underlying comfort to his distress, he had the re-

However much he failed! This first day of freedom had been anything but successful. He felt as though every hope he had had, had been blotted out; that morning he had had no plan for the future which had not included Terry. What would be the upshot? Would Braithwaite accept his challenge to visit him? If he did, what then? He, Tabs, couldn't very well ask his ex-valet, merely because he was his ex-valet, to desist from loving the same girl. He had no doubt that Braithwaite, in his new incarnation as a General, did dare to love her. He had little doubt that Terry had shown herself at least susceptible to the glamour of his infatuation. How far had the matter gone between them? There lay the guess.

He searched back, trying to piece together phrases which would indicate the correct answer. There was her disturbing confession about having given away bits

of herself, little bits of herself in wrong directions. There was her reticence as to the ownership of the car and the way in which she had tried to prevent a meeting. There was her sympathy for Maisie's matrimonial excesses, her unnatural tolerance for Adair, her reiterated excuse for the current love-madness, that people had the right at any cost to be happy, and the eagerness with which she had seized on his own words, "to recover our lost years by violence." In the silence of his brain he heard her voice pleading, urgent with pain and underlying terror, "Don't you see why I don't condemn? I'm sorry for you, for myself, for everybody." His knowledge of the world told him that impassioned latitudinarians were most frequently found among those who had themselves offended the conventions. Whatever Terry knew or did not know, she was certainly aware that a match between herself and General



talk alone." By her withdrawal Tabs was made to feel more nearly her father's con-membered pressure of the little hand that had sought his own in secret friendliness

Braithwaite was completely off the map and would be regarded by every one who counted as a *mésalliance*.

And what did she know? Not that Braithwaite had been a valet—most decidedly not that he had been *his* valet. At most she suspected that they had been acquainted when Braithwaite had moved in humbler circles. Had she been possessed of the exact truth, she would never have borrowed a car from that quarter to meet her ex-lover on his home-coming. She had been testing, trying to discover. She had scented a mystery, for the solving of which none of the General's explanations had proved convincing. Then had come the unforeseen encounter outside the War Office and Braithwaite's falsehood, which even Terry had detected.

"You mistake me. It's the first time I've had the pleasure."

What was the man's game? Did he

hope to erase his old identity? Did he think—

At this point Tabs' patience broke down. "Dash it all," he muttered, "if there hadn't been a war, the fellow would have been running my bath water at this moment."

If there hadn't been a war! But there had; and this was only one of the many preposterous situations which had resulted from it. Terry was right in at least one thing that she had said—the world was upside down and walking on its head.

As he lay there thinking, with the top-most branches of the trees in the Square weaving a tracery of green shadows against his windows, a sudden inspiration came to him. He sat up. "By Jove, I've got it. Terry's proud as Lucifer. I can stop this nonsense at any time by telling her who her lover was. Braithwaite will have to call to see me; I can force him to it. When he

calls, the door will be opened by Ann. I can hold the threat over him that if he doesn't promise to break with Terry, I'll expose him."

He went across to his writing-table, selected a pen, and wrote:

"General Braithwaite
The War Office
Whitehall
London
"Sir:

I shall be pleased to see you any time tomorrow at my house in Brompton Square, which you know so well. The matter which we have to discuss is urgent.

Yours truly,
TABORLEY"

He addressed the envelop, sealed it, and rang the bell. When Ann appeared, he handed it to her.

"Please see that it's posted immediately."

He had done something decisive. For the time being he felt happier. "Nothing like getting a thing off your chest!" He took a bath and, having slipped into his dressing gown, commenced to shave. Between these acts he whistled snatches of street songs to prove to himself his genuine light-heartedness. It was while he was drying his razor that he started on the wrong air. Where had he heard it? Oh, yes, the sunlit street, the children dancing, and a voice at his side murmuring the words of the refrain, "*Après la guerre, there'll be a good time everywhere.*"

The old argument commenced again, but with a new justice. "What have I really got against this chap? To rise from a private to a general is no crime; it's to his credit. We all had his chance, and some of us had more influence; yet he got there."

He eliminated his own desires and wounded pride from the problem. For five years he had been nothing and had been glad to be nothing, that the cause which he believed to be righteous might triumph by his self-effacement. What sickness of soul had overtaken him that on this, his first day of freedom, he had immediately surrendered to this orgy of outrageous selfishness? It was Terry that mattered and only Terry. The stronghold of her happiness was threatened by Braithwaite's lie. There was a kingdom for everybody—his old theory. As for himself, if he had been mistaken and his kingdom was not Terry, then he must press on, for it lay further up the road round some newer turning. Meanwhile, at whatever cost to himself he must rescue Terry's happiness.

His heroic state of mind lasted no longer than it takes to set down. He was de-

manding too much of his exhausted capacity for self-abnegation. He was starving for her. His old hunger to win her swept over him ravenously. Only by winning her could his lost youth be regained.

III

HE had almost completed dressing when there came a tap at the door. Finishing what he was doing in front of the mirror, he answered, "Yes, what is it, Ann?"

"Before you go, I should like to speak with your Lordship."

"Is it important? I've not got too much time."

"It's—it's something to do with myself."

"All right. Half a second."

On opening the door, he saw at once that her face was disturbed.

"What is it?"

"It's something to do with him, sir."

"With whom?"

"With Braithwaite."

It was evident that for Ann there was only one *him* in the world.

"Well, what of him?"

Ann commenced speaking slowly. Under the stress of her nervousness she forgot the correct demeanor for a high-class parlor-maid and became a country girl, twisting the corner of her white, starched apron in her hands.

"I was noticing the address on that letter your Lordship gave me to post."

Tabs thought quickly: "Hullo, we're in for it! That was foolish of me. She's put two and two together."

But Ann reassured him in her next sentence. "It was to a General at the War Office, and I was thinking that he might help. Braithwaite and I had an understanding. I'm not saying we were engaged; we weren't. We didn't tell anybody. But we'd made up our minds to get married if he ever came back. If I'd been engaged to him, I'd have a right to make enquiries, but now, in most people's eyes, I was nothing to him. That's—that's the hardest part of it. You see, sir, he was never reported dead or missing or anything. I just stopped hearing from him. So I thought that if this General was your Lordship's friend—"

Tabs' brain had been working. He already had a plan. "You thought I might persuade him to use his influence to have the records searched?"

She glanced up hopefully. "That's what I was thinking. Would he do it for your Lordship? I don't know how to set about things myself. It's this—this," she almost broke down, "this uncertainty that's a-killing of me. Sister knows about her man, but I—"

Tabs saw the redness of sleeplessness in her eyes. It was true—the uncertainty was killing her.

"Don't upset yourself by talking about it," he said kindly. "I'll write to the General and post my request on my way out."

He supposed he had dismissed her and seated himself at his desk. A sound warned him; he looked

across his shoulder to find her still hovering in the doorway.

She answered his unspoken question as to why she was delaying. "Aren't there any particulars that your Lordship ought to have? Things like his regimental number, and his birthday, and where he was born, and all that? And wouldn't this help?"

"What's that?"

She pulled out from her apron pocket an envelop. "It's one of his letters. If the General was to see it, he'd know I had the right."

"May I glance through it?"

Tabs unfolded the scribbled sheets of paper. They were torn from an army note-book.

"My darling Ann:

The jolly old war drags on and seems as though it were never going to end. Not that I've much to kick about, for it's proved a chance for me. Here's the great news. I'm in for my commission and shall soon be 'an officer and a gentleman.' Don't tell his Lordship if you write to him or see him; he's still in the ranks and might not like it. It's funny to think that I shall be his military superior before many weeks are out and that, were he and I to meet, he'd have to salute me. If I come through the war, I shan't go back to being a valet. Once having been a gentleman—"

Tabs ran rapidly through this sheet and turned to the next:

"You're wonderfully good. I got the socks that you knitted and the two parcels of food from Harrods. You mustn't spend so much of your money on me. When it's all ended, I'll pay you back. We'll get married and have a little cottage in a little town, the way the song says that we heard together at the Com-

edy on my last leave. You remember how it goes,

'And we'll have a little mistress in a silken gown.

A little doggie, a little cat,

A little doorstep, with Welcome on the mat.'

"My dearest sweetheart, I love you.

Yours, in the pink, etc."

Tabs looked up. "May I keep this for the present?—And, by the way, how many more of them have you?"

"Nearly a hundred from the day he enlisted. That's one of the last. I never heard from him whether he lived to get his commission."

When she had vanished, he reread the letter more carefully, made a copy of it, and slipped the copy into another envelop addressed to General Braithwaite, together with a note from himself, which read:

"One of the important reasons why I am insistent that you shall call on me is contained in the enclosed copy of one of your many letters, the originals of all of which are in my possession. To a man of honor it speaks for itself."

IV

AT the red pillar-box, at the foot of the Square, he posted this second missive. "He'll receive them both by the first delivery tomorrow," he thought. "I wonder what he'll— Rotten! But it can't be helped."

Then he turned to the right by the tube station, going up the narrow old-world passage to Ennismore Gardens and the railed-in scitucies of Hyde Park. The reluctant twilight was gradually fading; the sunset still glowed faintly above chimney-pots to the west.

"I'm going to meet Terry," he told himself. "If the day had worked out as I'd planned, I should be going to ask for her hand in marriage. When I planned that, I still believed that I was young."

Then he thought forward. Sir Tobias, from the moment he entered, would be scheming to get him to himself. Sir Tobias must be avoided. Directly dinner was ended, he would try to hurry him off and imprison him in his library to discuss this Maisie woman and Adair. Still, he was going to see Terry; merely to see her was a compensation which stirred his blood.

He crossed the Serpentine, stretching like a phantom lake, rose and slate-colored, through the Peter Pan haunted glades of Kensington Gardens. Then he emerged from the Victoria Gate into the Bayswater Road and found himself ringing a bell and being admitted by a butler, who relieved him of his coat and hat with the velvet-plush manner of a fashionable surgeon feeling a patient's pulse.

"If you will come this way, Sir Tobias is waiting for your Lordship in the library."

It was happening precisely as he had foreseen; it was being taken for granted that he had come as her father's friend and therefore (Continued on page 166)

HER LOST FREEDOM

A Young Mother Speaks

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Breathing, live thing on my arm,
Soft, and still, and red, and warm,
In a few years you will be,
Small, strange thing, a girl like me.

Ere you came, my whim and mood
Were my own. Now you intrude.
I must live my nights and days
'Neath your scrutiny always.
I, who used to pout and mope
When I wished, must sing and hope,
And be kind, that you, some day,
May, intruder, be that way.

I, so young still, may not be
Ever, while I live, now, free.
You will build your life like mine.
How can I, then, dare to pine.
Or be aught but brave and fine?

I, your mother, am, beside,
Your child, for your wise eyes to guide.



PH. 1 - BY INTERNATIONAL

"Any restriction of the right kind of immigration, except as a necessary and momentary expediency, would assuredly paralyze our national vitality. But measured practically it would be suicidal for us to let down the bars for the inflowing of cheap manhood"

W h o s e C o u n t r y I s T h i s ?

The question, of vital interest to every man and woman in America, is answered here by the Vice-President—after March 4th—of the United States

Calvin Coolidge

MEN and women, in and of themselves, are desirable. There can not be too many inhabitants of the right kind, distributed in the right place. Great work there is for each and every one of them to perform. The country needs all the intelligence, and skill, and strength of mind and body it can get, whether we draw such from those within our gates, or from those without, seeking entrance.

But since we are confronted by the clamor of multitudes who desire the opportunity offered by American life, we must face the situation unflinchingly, determined to relinquish not one iota of our obligations to others, yet not so sentimental as to overlook our obligations to ourselves.

It is a self-evident truth that in a healthy community there is no place for the vicious, the weak of body, the shiftless, or the improvident. As Professor Sumner, of Yale, asserts in his book, "The Forgotten Man," "Every part of capital which is wasted on the vicious, the idle, and the shiftless, is so much taken from the capital available to reward the independent and productive laborer."

We are in agreement with him in his conviction that the laborer must be protected "against the burdens of the good-for-nothing."

We want no such additions to our population as those who prey upon our institutions or our property. America has, in the popular mind, been an asylum for those who have been driven from their homes in foreign countries because of various forms of political and religious oppression. But America can not afford to remain an asylum after such people have passed the portals and begun to share the privileges of our institutions.

These institutions have flourished by reason of a common background of experience; they have been perpetuated by a common faith in the righteousness of their purpose; they have been handed down undiminished in effectiveness from our forefathers who conceived their spirit and prepared the foundations. We have put into operation our faith in equal opportunity before the law in exchange for equal obligation of citizenship.

All native-born Americans, directly or indirectly, have the advantage of our schools, our colleges, and our religious

bodies. It is our belief that America could not otherwise exist. Faith in mankind is in no wise inconsistent with a requirement for trained citizenship, both for men and women. No civilization can exist without a background—an active community of interest, a common aspiration—spiritual, social, and economic. It is a duty our country owes itself to require of all those aliens who come here that they have a background not inconsistent with American institutions.

Such a background might consist either of a racial tradition or a national experience. But in its lowest terms it must be characterized by a capacity for assimilation. While America is built on a broad faith in mankind, it likewise gains its strength by a recognition of a needed training for citizenship. The Pilgrims were not content merely to reach our shores in safety, that they might live according to a sort of daily opportunism. They were building on firmer ground than that. Sixteen years after they landed at Plymouth, they and their associates founded Harvard College. They institutionalized their faith in education; that was their offering for the common good. It would

Whose Country Is This?

not be unjust to ask of every alien: What will you contribute to the common good, once you are admitted through the gates of liberty? Our history is full of answers of which we might be justly proud. But of late, the answers have not been so readily or so eloquently given. Our country must cease to be regarded as a dumping ground. Which does not mean that it must deny the value of rich accretions drawn from the right kind of immigration.

Any such restriction, except as a necessary and momentary expediency, would assuredly paralyze our national vitality. But measured practically, it would be suicidal for us to let down the bars for the inflowing of cheap manhood. Just as, commercially, it would be unsound for this country to allow her markets to be overflowed with cheap goods, the product of a cheap labor. There is no room either for the cheap man or the cheap goods.

On every hand we hear that the quality of immigration is not what it used to be. This is unwisely construed as meaning that we must withdraw our faith in mankind and raise rigid barriers always. Such a confession would declare the weakness of our institutions and undermine our faith in the principles on which the government is founded. The continuance of our faith is not interrupted by our intense conviction that there is no room in our midst for those whose direct purpose is political, social, or economic mischief, and whose presence jeopardizes the physical or moral health of the community.

Certain laws of supply and demand take care, in normal times, of the coming and going of the alien. But it may be that today conditions abroad are so intolerable that men and women run chances in coming over without knowing the actual conditions they must face. Wise immigration laws would deal with such a pressure.

Generally, and under normal conditions, people turn to America when there is something that attracts them, when they can find here an opportunity. If such an opportunity no longer exists, they do not come. Should this country experience a period of economic depression, the natural working of this law would be that many classes of unskilled labor—especially those who come here temporarily, expecting to return once they have accumulated sufficient money—would, of their own accord, leave the country.

It must always be borne in mind that each and every individual is not only a producer but a consumer. In the final analysis of our conditions, we have to admit that it is not lack of consumption, but lack of production which is our present economic danger. The immigrant is needed, provided this fact is overcome, provided supply—whether in schools, in homes, or in shops—does not fall behind demand. The public could today consume much more of the necessities of food, shelter and clothing than they are able to procure or have ever been able to procure in a country where the standard of living is so high. If, through cheap labor, and an increased willingness on the part of alien labor to live on the edge of existence, these standards are threatened, then is the time to bring legislative action to bear on the situation.

The laws of supply and demand, therefore, are adjuncts to immigration regulation. I do not fear the arrival of as many immigrants a year as shipping conditions or passport requirements can handle, provided they are of good character. But there is no room for the alien who turns toward America with the avowed intention of opposing government, with a set desire to teach destruction of government—which means not only enmity toward organized society, but toward every form

of religion and so basic an institution as the home.

If we believe, as we do, in our political theory that the people are the guardians of government, we should not subject our government to the bitterness and hatred of those who have not been born of our tradition and are not willing to yield an increase to the strength inherent in our institutions. American liberty is dependent on quality in citizenship. Our obligation is to maintain that citizenship at its best. We must have nothing to do with those who would undermine it. The retroactive immigrant is a danger in our midst. His discontent gives him no time to seize a healthy opportunity to improve himself. His purpose is to tear down. There is no room for him here. He needs to be deported, not as a substitute for, but as a part of his punishment.

We might avoid this danger were we insistent that the immigrant, before he leaves foreign soil, is temperamentally keyed for our national background. There are racial considerations too grave to be brushed aside for any sentimental reasons. Biological laws tell us that certain divergent people will not mix or blend. The Nordics propagate themselves successfully. With other races, the outcome shows deterioration on both sides. Quality of mind and body suggests that observance of ethnic law is as great a necessity to a nation as immigration law.

From its very beginning our country has been enriched by a complete blend of varied strains in the same ethnic family. We are, in some sense, an immigrant nation, molded in the fires of a common experience. That common experience is our history. And it is that common experience we must hand down to our children, even as the fundamental principles of Americanism, based on righteousness, were handed (Continued on page 106)



"We must remember that we have not only the Present but the Future to safeguard; our obligations extend even to generations yet unborn. The unassimilated alien child menaces our children, as the alien industrial worker, who has destruction rather than production in mind, menaces our industry"

Something Afar

By

Fanny Heaslip Lea

Illustrated by

H. R. Ballinger



ZOË GERARD lived in a little white cottage on the Diamond Head road, with the Pacific at her door-step and a stone wall covered with the tenacious, rosy garlands of *cadena d'amor* between her and the passer-by.

Between cottage and wall stretched a garden which was no more than a welter of petunias, oleanders, wax-begonias, and other unrelated fragrances. A cement walk ran down the middle of the garden and gave eventually upon a hospitable, cement-floored *lanai*, which opened in turn upon a wide, long, many-windowed living-room, with a brick fireplace at one end, a grand piano at the other, and a great variety of chintz-covered chairs and settees and things standing about wherever one might happen to want to sit down.

The chintz was deep cream with a pattern of peacocks and roses, as English as Magna Charta. It had come from a London shop. Upon the mantel-shelf above the fireplace, and just beneath a portrait of Zoë, painted by a great English artist in the latter days of Zoë's honeymoon, stood a bowl of white jade, a thing of outrageous loveliness which had come to birth in the hands of some passionately dreaming carver hundreds of years ago in a dim Chinese city, walled and dust-ridden.

There were prints in that room that Zoë had found in Paris; rugs on the floor that she had brought back with her from Persia; candlesticks of gleaming brass from Russia; ivories from Japan; little round boxes studded in raw turquoise from Thibet. Well around the world she had been and had picked up pretties as she went. Happiness, however, she had not been able to pick up, had not taken with

her, and had certainly not brought back, as yet, from any journey.

So, although the changeful sea looked in at the windows of the cottage on the Diamond Head road, and although the dead volcano cut the sky-line behind it in a pattern of rebellion frozen stark, Zoë, between the two, lived on in her graceful, unresisting way, her walls full of books, her garden full of flowers, her house—because the door stood open—full of friends, but her life as empty as a dried gourd. Empty, that is, save for the all-too-casual presence of Jim McNamara.

It might be well to go back and begin at the beginning in the matter of Jim McNamara.

Zoë saw him first the night of her husband's death, which, to the eye of a romanticist, would naturally not supply the best of all possible beginnings—but so it was. Mr. Gerard, then in his fifty-fourth year—to Zoë's twenty-seventh—had stopped off at Honolulu with Zoë, midway of a long and tiresome scouring of the

Sunset had melted into dusk; one star hung silver-sharp in a lilac sky above them. "Is it you or the garden that's so sweet?" asked McNamara suddenly

Southern Seas, in which he considered his adventurous interest to have been not entirely justified. What he really missed in Tahiti and other places of that ilk was not so much adventure as his own bathtub, a fact he would have been the last to admit, since such an admission might have involved a confession of age and slackening curiosity. Arriving at Honolulu, however, he experienced a sudden desire to sit down and rest in a land where one might

enjoy the Southern Cross from an armchair, as it were. Zoë, only too glad to feel the ground beneath her feet again—she was, at best, an indifferent sailor—packed her trunks and went ashore.

There was a full moon, as it happened, that night, and Zoë sat beside her husband for several hours after dinner, listening to the singing-boys and watching the dancers upon the broad *lanai* of the hotel. She would have liked to dance, but she knew no one to ask her. She was aware that her gown of black lace and silver was good—in a restrained way. Mr. Gerard liked her to dress a bit beyond her years. He had never said so, but he managed, always quite pleasantly, to disapprove of things that in any fashion accented her slim, dark charm. She would have liked to walk in the scented gloom beyond the lighted court, near the unresting whisper of the sea—but Mr. Gerard had an increasing distrust of the night air. He sometimes suffered a twinge of rheumatism. At about half after ten, he said considerably:

"I dare say you are tired, my dear. Suppose we go upstairs now?"

Zoë rose at once. As she went through the doorway, she brushed against a man coming out, and smiled faintly in answer to his murmured apology. He was a slender man with an inscrutably delightful face and that in his eyes which the Irish call the comether. He looked as if he had lived considerably, and Zoë was later to learn that he had. It was Jim McNamara. He was hunting for a woman with whom he had the next dance. He was caught, nevertheless, by the poise of Zoë's head, a sort of elusive wistfulness in her look, and turned, following her a little way with his coolly discriminating glance.

A little after midnight Mr. Gerard awoke, gasping unpleasantly in the clutch of violent indigestion. His inner ear, perhaps, heard the call that sounds across the void. Almost before a doctor could be sent for, he demanded a lawyer—demanded insistently.

Zoë, silken dark hair loose upon the discreet and matronly purple of the robe which she had hurriedly dragged on above her nightgown, protested, a pitying hand surrendered to the sick man's clammy grasp:

"Please don't bother, please! The doctor'll be here in just a little while. Please, please try to be quiet till he comes."

"I want—a—lawyer—" repeated her husband through clenched teeth. "I want—a—lawyer—at once!"

The hotel manager, full of sympathetic suggestions, produced an instant solution. "Jim McNamara lives in one of the hotel cottages just across the road. Let me send over for him. One of the best lawyers in town. I'll have him here inside ten minutes."

Which he did—but the doctor was there in five. The doctor sent Zoë out of the room for a while. She was not there when, with Jim McNamara's assistance, Mr. Gerard made a new will leaving his entire fortune—not inconsiderable—in trust to his wife, Zoë—so long as she remained unmarried. Remarriage on her part would leave her without a sou and would deposit what had been hers in the presumably not-too-reluctant coffers of an obscure little church in an obscure little town in West Virginia, Mr. Gerard's fortunate birthplace.

After dictating which last will and testa-

ment between grunts of pain and hard-drawn, agonized breaths, Mr. Gerard became quieter and seemed to drowse.

"He'll be better after a bit, most likely," said the doctor, an optimistic young man with a scanty practise.

Mr. Gerard, if one is to believe what one is told, was indeed better after a bit. He died just about dawn, clutching Zoë's fingers, with closed eyes.

"In his sleep!" said Zoë pitifully, little knowing what a satisfied sleep that was. She cried sincerely and desolately while the new day came over the sea and the sound of the surf deepened with the incoming tide beneath her windows.

One day later, in a quiet black gown, with dark hair swept back from her pale, sensitive face, with dim, purplish smudges beneath her dark eyes, and a drawn, tired look about her mouth, Zoë, in her hotel sitting-room, faced Jim McNamara across a paper-littered table and listened to the reading of the will.

When he had done, she said nothing at all for a long time, only sat there looking off across the room and smiling curiously, the merest flicker of a smile. At last she put out her hand and took the paper almost negligently.

"Thank you," she said. "I understand, of course, that this cancels any other will he may have made. I think there was another one somewhere."

Jim McNamara reflected that he had never heard a so ter voice, or one with a more delicate lilt to it. He was susceptible in the matter of voices, though not uncontrollably so. "It's not my business, of course," he observed suddenly, "but having assisted at the making of that will, I'd like to tell you that I consider it a rotten shame."

She stopped him with a listless gesture. "Please!"

"You're a young woman—"

"It is most unlikely," Zoë interrupted, lifting her eyes to his, "that I shall ever want—to marry—again." Then she felt perhaps that she was voicing an indirect criticism of her late husband's marital qualities, and flushed a slow, painful crimson. But she could not withdraw what she had said. The moment was distinctly awkward.



Zoë sat on the steps and talked to Mr. Gerard. He came laughing up the beach, and McNamara

"Nevertheless," insisted McNamara stubbornly, "I'm sorry I had to be the one to make the will."

He looked at her keenly. "You know no one in Honolulu?"

"I know you, the doctor, and the hotel manager, who has been extremely kind," said Zoë.

"Have you relatives or friends in the States to whom you will be going back now?"

"There is no one anywhere whom I need ever see again, unless I like."

"You mean— Forgive me!" said McNamara. "I haven't the least desire to intrude upon your grief, but you do seem so lonely, somehow."

"I am," she told him quietly. "You put it very nicely."

"What are you going to do?" he asked her abruptly.

He felt like taking both her hands in



grange, who feared his fate too much for immersion even in the semi-tropics. After a time McNamara and Lois mara whispered in Zoë's ear as he passed her: "This is simply wonderful of you I'll do as much for you some day"

his, lovely, empty, white things that they were, and warming them against his heart, but he had had that same feeling before—being three-quarters Irish—about various other women, and had learned to ride it on the curb.

"Do?" repeated Zoë vaguely. "I don't know. I hadn't thought. It doesn't make a great deal of difference, you know."

"Then why don't you stay here?" he suggested impulsively.

"Here—in Honolulu?"

"Yes. Don't you think you'd like it? It's not a bad place to live. I've seen much worse. The people are charming, after you get to know them. The place is different from most other places. It'll help you to forget."

She sat and looked at him out of wide, dark eyes, smiling that odd, questioning little smile. "I think you have me on your conscience," she said.

"I have," said McNamara.

He smiled in his turn, and his smile was a dangerous weapon. It suggested a youth which he was fairly well past and an ingenuousness which he had never possessed, being of those who are born canny. However, it was a smile most women found hard to resist. Some did not even try.

Zoë tried, mere instinct of self-defense, and failed. "I suppose," she murmured, "there's really no reason why I shouldn't. I have no one."

"I know a man who's going back to England to live," said McNamara suddenly and eagerly, "and who'd like to sell his place—out Diamond Head way."

A faint spark lit in Zoë's tired eyes. "It sounds—rather nice—but I couldn't live there alone, could I?"

"Have a companion—an old lady."

"Oh—not an *old* one!" cried Zoë pitifully on a new, sharp note of protest, then

caught her breath and crushed the back of one hand against her lips to silence them.

McNamara kept his eyes upon the table for a little. He felt as if a wild bird had got out of its cage and were beating its wings against the walls of the room they sat in. When he thought Zoë had steadied herself, he said with an impersonal kindness.

"I want you to see that place, Mrs. Gerard! Let me drive you out there some day this week. At least consider a year's lease of it. We'll find a housekeeper for you, some good soul who'll be there if you want her, and can be kept out of the way when you don't. A year in this climate will make the world over for you."

That had been the beginning of the cottage on Diamond Head road—and the garden—and the filled bookcases, and all the rest of it. Zoë had taken the place on a six-months lease. At the end of six months she bought it outright. McNamara

mara found her a housekeeper, as he had promised, a maiden lady of no pretension to beauty, but with an extraordinarily level head and an unquestionably golden heart. She adored Zoë in no time at all, ran the cottage and its Japanese servants on lines of the strictest efficiency, and possessed an invaluable instinct concerning the time for self-effacement. Her name was Ida Jenkins. Zoë called her Ida.

Mr. Gerard, having been laid to rest in the plumaria-crowded precincts of the Nuuanu cemetery, became shortly a memory, not too closely cherished at that.

"It isn't that I shall ever want to marry," said Zoë one day to McNamara.

They were sitting together on the stone steps which led down from the cottage to the beach, and a wasteful sunset fading out across the reaches of a languorously purring sea had drawn for a time their complete attention. But there were to be other guests for dinner, McNamara had merely arrived early, and something flared up suddenly in Zoë's heart demanding to be spoken while speech was yet free.

"It isn't that I shall want to," she persisted, "but to be bound and threatened beforehand—It's like—it's like dead hands on me! You don't know!"

She had never let herself go with him before. They had become Jim and Zoë to each other, but with always a fog of reticence between. He feared to offend her now by answering too frankly.

"You know what I feel about it, Zoë. I'd give my right hand not to have been the one who—" he broke off sharply. "He was jealous, of course?"

"I think he must have been—in a dreadful, choked-off way. You see—although he didn't like to have it spoken of, there was—some difference in our ages."

"Quite some, I'd say," agreed McNamara dryly. "I've never exactly understood—You've never told me, you know?"

Zoë clasped her hands about her knees and drew a little sigh. Her thin, white gown left bare the slender beauty of her throat and arms. Her dark hair rippled to a heavy knot high on her well-shaped head. She wore a string of pearls, unusually good, with an old-fashioned clasp, no jewels other than that. Her wedding-ring, though no one knew it but herself, lay somewhere beneath the crawling combers of the Pacific. She was looking, while she talked, at the spot where she had last seen it. She had swum out alone, one night, under a full moon, had swum out as far as she dared, and had thrown the ring as far as her strength would take it. She smiled her own curious little smile, remembering. There was shyness in the smile and a kind of unprotesting aloneness. McNamara, watching her with a friendly closeness, considered that she was somehow too controlled, too quietly sophisticated. Her eyes knew too much, even if her lips were deliciously sensitive.

"Go on," he said suddenly, with an impersonal pat on the back of her ringless left hand—"unless you'd rather not."

"Why, I didn't know you wanted to know," said Zoë simply. "You see, there was really—nothing out of the common about my—marriage. I lived in—a little town you never heard of, down in West Virginia—my mother and I. Mr. Gerard lived there, too. His people had always lived there. So had my mother's. Mr. Gerard was in love with her—when she was a girl."

"He was in love with your mother?"

"Yes," said Zoë. "Only—she wouldn't marry him. She married my father instead. And Mr. Gerard inherited a great deal of money and made a great deal more, while my father was always a failure. A very charming person," Zoë elucidated hurriedly, "but still a failure. We were always unpleasantly poor, and it was sometimes very hard to keep up appearances—but we did it. Then my father died, when I was sixteen, and we found that he had let his insurance lapse, and there really wasn't anything for my mother and me. I was going to study stenography—"

"You!" cried McNamara with a chuckle of incredulity.

"Oh, I wasn't bad at all," Zoë assured him seriously. "I was almost ready to take a position when Mr. Gerard asked me to marry him." She stopped, her eyes darkening with some remembered strain; sat staring out to sea.

"And your mother was for him?" asked McNamara gently.

"She thought he would always be good to me," said Zoë quickly. "She used to be dreadfully worried about my future—what was going to happen to me—she wasn't strong herself. And she admired him very much. You see, he was, in a way, the biggest man in town—and for him to want to marry me—I was seventeen, then—why—it seemed to answer so many questions."

"Did you think you were in love with him?" asked McNamara coolly.

"I didn't think I was in love with any one else," said Zoë. She added almost at once: "—And my mother always said he was the best man she ever knew. So—I married him—the day I was eighteen. And two months later my mother died. It all seems a long time ago."

"You poor, defrauded kid!" said the man softly. He patted her quiescent hand. "Then you went traveling, didn't you?—All over the wide, wide world, you and the man who had wanted to marry your mother before you. Rare faithfulness, that!"

"He was always very good to me," said Zoë, a little tiredly. "We went to one place after another. He always bought me everything I liked. I know Paris and London and Vienna and Madrid and Shanghai and Yokohama and Delhi and Constantinople by heart. That's something—isn't it?"

"It's something, but is it enough?" asked McNamara pleasantly.

"Have you found the thing that is enough?" Zoë asked him.

They sat for a while in comradely silence.

"No," admitted the man at last—"but I've an idea I know where to look for it." He twisted between strong, restless fingers the fringes of the knitted black silk scarf which Zoë wore.

She looked at him somberly, a little fluttering pulse in the hollow of her throat. But she said nothing at all.

"Love—" said McNamara at length.

"Perhaps," said Zoë.

He conditioned with an abruptly lifted hand. "If—you catch it early—"

"What do you mean?" asked Zoë.

Jim McNamara explained, unsmiling; her frankness had touched some spring in him. "When I marry, I'm going to find a girl who's just out of a convent, who knows nothing of life at all—and I'm going to take her to some desert island and keep her there. Then—I believe—we'll have a chance for happiness. Trouble with marriage is, women nowadays know too much! I'd like to be able to teach my wife something about the emotions myself. You women, today, have dabbled in every sentimental folly under heaven before you put on a wedding-ring. There isn't a move in the game you don't know."

"Who taught it to us?" asked Zoë very low.

"Exactly! Well, I want a girl who hasn't been taught. I want to do the teaching, myself. I want to be able to worship the innocence of her and the unworldliness of her—the lily-freshness—"

"You want to gild the lily—no?"

"Maybe I do," said Jim McNamara, slowly, "but I have a feeling that that's where happiness lies."

"I, too," said Zoë suddenly, "have a feeling that happiness lies!" She laughed, a hard, careless little laugh, and gently withdrew her fringes from his fingers. "Hadh't we better be going in?" She glanced at the tiny, gleaming toy on her wrist. "The rest will be (Continued on page 82)

BASIL KING

said of a young woman whose story we shall publish next month, "I think you will feel that her little accounts of her experiences in winning the hearts of wild things bear all the stamp of sincerity." They bear more than that—the evidence of a comradeship with God's "wild things" that seems incredible. Why? Because we have lost so much of our sympathy for things in fur and feathers. You will long for its return when you read, in the March issue, Emma-Lindsay Squier's beautiful little story,

The Wild Heart



Furniture such as this, with its simple and graceful lines, finely proportioned and strongly built, may be regarded as a permanent investment rather than an expense

FURNISHINGS *and* DECORATIONS

Ideals and Methods in Designing Furniture

By Ralph C. Erskine

THERE is today a new trend in the furnishing of the American home. It is away from the over-elaborate, carved, and ornately fashioned pieces that belong to medieval grandeur. Those who have lived the longest in an environment of means have grown tired of the struggle for display and are turning with relief to things of simpler line and greater purity of form, things that are a part of our own traditions as Americans and are an expression of our own civilization. People are coming to realize that a selection of furniture that has been carefully fashioned from designs that are the result of real study in proportion, grace of line, and authenticity of construction will have an appropriateness, a unity of appeal, a real spirit of life about them, that can never be arrived at through the mere collecting of objects that bear no definite relation to their own personalities and individual habits of life.

Interesting interiors can never be obtained with furniture that is flimsy and cheap. Our forefathers regarded the furniture in their homes as a permanent investment, and we should do the same. It is that part of our capital with which we live and about which center most of our activities. Few of us can expect to furnish our homes out of our income alone, and most of us are lacking in a true vision of the importance of selecting those things which are really an expression of our best thought. We are all

familiar with the disagreeable sensation that comes over us when we have said or done something that we feel misrepresents us, yet through carelessness, or haste, or a misguided attempt to economize, we frequently surround ourselves with things that are a daily misinterpretation of our real character, and we face our friends and acquaintances with inward apologies when we see them glance around our rooms and make a mental appraisal of our taste and judgment from the things which compose our environment.

Each room in our house can be furnished in such a way that it will make its own definite contribution to our happiness and comfort. It can become a positive, con-

structive force rather than a mere negative entity. To achieve this, a real conception of values is necessary. In house furnishing, as in everything else, *knowledge is power*. When we *know* what we are doing, we take real satisfaction in it. It is the uncertainties that make us unhappy, the things but half thought out that bring us regrets.

Why is it so many women dress charmingly and show a fair amount of discrimination in the exterior architecture of their houses, but fail so signally when it comes to the selection of their furniture and accessories? Is it not because they have knowledge in matters of dress through daily association with well-dressed women, and a knowledge of the externals of architecture through

an easy opportunity for appraisal in matters of house exteriors, but lack an intimate first-hand knowledge of interiors that have been furnished with imagination and charm? The part that our magazines are playing in the disseminating of ideas regarding the artistic furnishing of homes can not be overestimated, but it is unfortunate that so many illustrations and articles present the extremely elaborate and formal, and so few deal with modest, home-like interiors that are really helpful to the majority. The fact is that the grand thing is the easy thing to do. The difficult problem is to conserve resources and show thought and imagination in simple settings, but it can be done.

A clever (Continued on page 135)

ANNOUNCEMENT

IF you would like the advice of professional decorators on any subject connected with the renovation, furnishing, or decorating of your home, send a 2c stamp for a questionnaire, fill in the blanks as directed, and return with 10c to the DEPT. OF FURNISHINGS AND DECORATIONS, 119 West 40th St., New York. For 6c additional enclosed with the questionnaire, we will send a color plate showing appropriate textiles, rugs, and wall colors



MARY H. SORTHEND



JOHN WALLACE GILLIES

In the charming dining-room at the top of the page, general illumination is provided by the quaint lantern fixture and the paired wall brackets. With this type of center fixture, it is necessary to use candles on the table itself

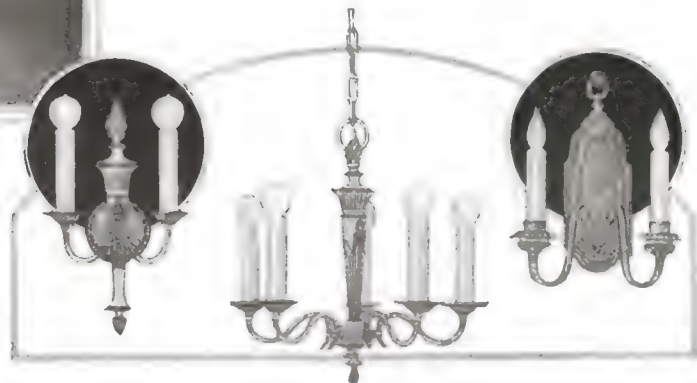
The well-appointed bedroom shown above is correctly lighted by wall brackets supplemented by electric candles on the dresser and dressing-table. At the right are two interesting sconces and a graceful candelabra fixture

RESTFUL Home Lighting

By

Clara H. Zillesen

FOR a long time proper residence illumination has been the stepchild of interior decoration, and neglected accordingly. The householder particularly has been curiously indifferent to the decorative and expressive possibilities of artificial illumination. He has bought light to see by at so many cents per kilowatt hour, just as he has bought potatoes for essential nourishment at so much a pound. He has been more or less alive to the decorative values of draperies, rugs, and furniture, and his taste is being rapidly educated along these lines. But he has been buying his light like any other staple commodity, and never has bothered particularly with the problem of getting the largest possible returns for money expended.





MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

It is necessary, of course, for us to have a sufficient amount of properly-directed, glareless light in our homes. That is one of the fundamentals to be taken for granted. But over and above this, electric lighting in the home has a decorative function to perform, and should be harmoniously related to the uses, moods, and expressions of the rooms to be illuminated. The truth of this

is easily demonstrable by calling before your mind's eye different types of living-rooms, for example, and their utterly different modes of lighting. All are provided with lighting media of some sort, but the standard of living of the individual family, the occupations and recreations of its members, and their sense of the eternal fitness of things—all these factors are (Continued on page 123)



A center fixture, as shown at the top of the page, affords the most efficient means of illumination for a hall of average size

Finished in antique gold, the lantern illustrated above is a most attractive fixture for the vestibule, hall, or stair well

The delightful results of careful grouping are apparent at the left. Important features are the old Colonial sconces



MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

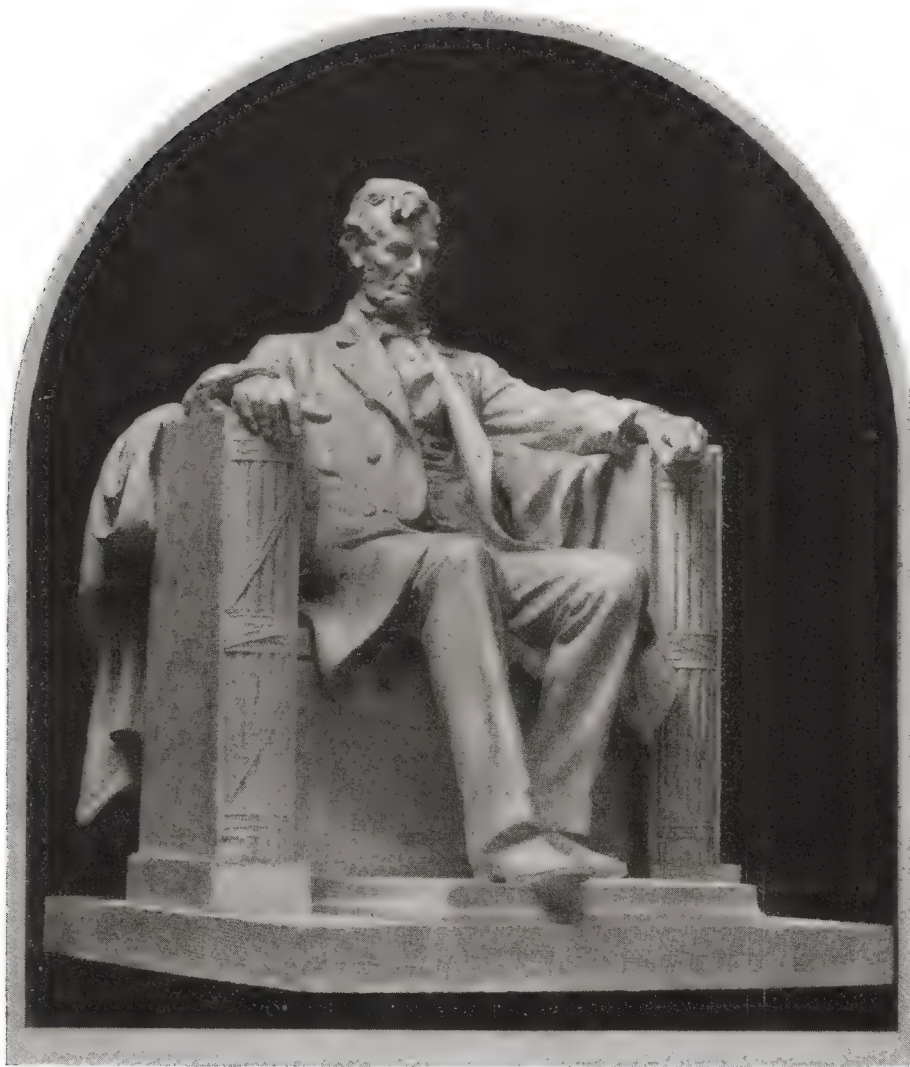


PHOTO BY DEWITT WARD

As far above mortal size as the man Lincoln was above the average soul, the Daniel Chester French statue looms colossal in the central chamber of the memorial

OUR NEW SHRINE

By Lucretia E. Hemington

ON the quiet shore of the placid Potomac, amphitheatred by the gentle slopes of the Virginia hills, stands the majestic memorial to Abraham Lincoln, the greatest American of them all. Serene, isolated, with free distances in all directions, this white marble temple is a shrine toward which the pilgrim feet of a loyal country shall be forever turned. A Parthenon, this, builded on the acropolis of a nation's reverence and devotion. Through storms that are war's cataclysmic forces, through tremors that shake the legislative foundations of once-prized institutions, through terrific winds that change the current of men's minds, and through the genial warmth of an all-benign sun of progress that succeeds the strain and the waste of molding powers, firm as the eternal hills, this temple shall stand, immortal by reason of the divinity of character of this man who shaped events to his purpose and to God's.

Across the river, in the wooded beauty of the hills, just past the white pillars of the Lee Mansion, in that vast field of those

NOT to perpetuate his memory, nor yet to glorify his name, did the nation erect the mighty memorial to Lincoln now nearing completion on the banks of the Potomac. The awesome pile of everlasting rock measures, rather, our reverence for him and his work. "Now he belongs to the ages!" Stanton is reputed to have said on a tragic April morning. This memorial of him is our way of saying the same thing. Toward it, as the years pass, the great and the humble will alike make their devout way, for he was both—the ideal American

who gave the last full measure of devotion that no hand might trail their starry banner in the dust, gleams the curving sweep of the Memorial Amphitheatre, like a companion shrine whose dedication, also, is to memory—a memory that reaches out and crowns the white temple below it on the river's shore. In the opposite direction noble comradeship is found, in the towering, commanding obelisk sacred to the memory of the illustrious Washington, who dared to create what Lincoln

dared to save. And the glorious Capitol, that embodies a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, forever looks for inspiration toward the white shrine on the river's edge.

Lonely is this memorial in spite of worthy companions; lonely as was the understanding heart of the man to whose memory it was erected. Nothing constructed by the hand of man approaches it even remotely, and this isolation works its inevitable spell of reverence. The soft blowing of myriads of trees that all but conceal the shrine as one approaches it, the almost imperceptible movement of the water in the long, reflecting pool that mirrors in its shallow depths the triple beauty of snowy cloud and bordering foliage and shimmering marble, the noiseless flowing of the Potomac, and the white glory that leaps in the wide cascade of steps that rise to the unenclosed entrance, fade from memory as the temple unfolds like a white blossom to full bloom before the eyes of one who would for a space worship greatness there.

Doric are the pillars that sweep with the

regularity of crested waves on an even shore about the chamber of the memorial. Doric, and the keynote of the temple is struck in that order of architecture whose only attributes are strength and simplicity. The pilgrim pauses for a brief space in this majestic hall of fluted columns, and the mysterious spell of great height and great width engulfs him, even as at night the galaxy of the heavens transforms his pride to true humility with the eternal query of, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

As he passes through the wide, open entrance, only the silence and the white wonder of marble that glorify the place cathedral-wise are felt and seen. In that unadorned chamber sits the lonely, potent figure of a lonely, potent man, and draws the pilgrim's footsteps nearer and nearer. Against the rear wall, directly opposite the wide entrance, is this figure. Every lineament of his serious, patient face marks him for fame's own—this one-time rail-splitter, who by sheer force of character and genius held with highest honor the highest place this country grants to any man. So lifelike is this huge statue that it almost seems as though it must speak, must utter forth new prophecies in this hour of rehabilitation of the world. Serene, poised, patient, the lips are dumb, but the figure is vocal with Lincoln's passion for truth and honesty that underlay his humility, strength, simplicity, charity, gentleness, high intelligence, and justice. Some one said of him that reason and emotion were joined in him like form and color in a flower, and that perfect rounding of the human spirit blesses the pilgrim standing in the presence of this kindly, patient man in whom a divine wisdom

had her dwelling-place. Simple and strong as clean winds on snow-covered, lonely mountain peaks is the superb sincerity of this man, enveloping and ennobling all who come in touch with it.

Reluctantly the pilgrim leaves the main chamber of the memorial and moves between the Ionic columns that transform the northern end of the hall into a sanctuary for one of the mural bands that runs in mellow colors above the "Second Inaugural" cut into the wall beneath it. The triune beauty of that greatest of the longer speeches floods his mind once more, while his lifted eyes discover anew its trinity of meaning in the allegory whose rich, subdued tones of dull blues and reds, soft browns and tans, are as mellow as the ripened powers of the great statesman. In a grove of cypress trees, that symbol of eternity, he sees the angel of truth bind the North and South in an indissoluble union, to which the arts and sciences bring an undivided allegiance, while on the left, through family life, Fraternity develops the productivity of the earth, and on the right Charity offers the water of life to the halt and blind and cares for the orphans whom destiny makes the heaviest burden bearers of war's waste and destruction.

Unity, fraternity, charity, and the mind's eye turns to the inscription and sees it whole at last. These were the principles that held Lincoln steady in his undeviating, heart-breaking purpose to complete what he had begun, trusting ever that he was on the side of God. His was a vision that circumstance and expedient could not blur to his own undoing. True to himself, he was true to that great cause in whose service he had enrolled himself.

As the pilgrim crosses to the southern end of the memorial hall, an exact duplicate in scheme of the one he has just left, his eyes fall upon the most perfect piece of English in the world today, cut in simple, strong letters in the marble of the wall. The words of the Gettysburg Address are familiar enough, but somehow, in this place of memory, they take on added significance, and the pilgrim's eyes are moist as he lifts them to the mural band above. There he sees in the same enchanted grove, beneath the same symbol of eternity, the chains stricken from the slave, who thus comes into an unfamiliar but guarded freedom. Justice and the Law, for which Lincoln had a consuming passion, are pictured to the left, while to the right Immortality sets her seal of approval upon this emancipator who fearlessly declared that no nation could endure half-free and half-slave.

For a brief space the pilgrim pauses as he returns to the central chamber with its serious, compelling statue of Lincoln, his whole being lifted up, transfigured, by the power of unsullied greatness; in his heart a new devotion to his citizenship in a land that knows so well how to honor its citizens. He sees the white wonder of the whole chamber, whose only colorful thread is the murals, as a kind of one-toned tapestry replete with the epic grandeur of one man's life. He feels the whole structure as an unadorned, perfected temple with ineffable pageants, in brief, rich-toned friezes, of the procession of the qualities of the man whom the years have united to call great.

The light falls softly in this chamber through the (Continued on page 97)



FROM PAINTING BY JULES GUERIN

© THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL COMMISSION, BUILDERS OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

Peace—the peace of a united land, which Lincoln did not live to see—hangs about this splendid memorial, the most imposing in all America, designed by Henry Bacon

Mrs. Dutton *and* Mrs. Pine

The jolliest kind of jolly love story—with complications

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

Illustrated by
Edward L. Chase

THREE-FOURTHS of Gloria Penrose's home conversation began with, "Have you seen my—?" And Mrs. Dutton always had. Purses could be lost behind chair cushions, latch keys left in workbaskets, gloves dropped into umbrellas, watches forgotten in coat pockets—no hiding place could baffle Mrs. Dutton's relentless sight. Gloria sometimes called it second sight, but it was purely first sight, the unsleeping vigilance of an absorbing devotion.

Mrs. Dutton had worked for various people before she came to Gloria, for ladies who treated her civilly and respected her leisure and appreciated her abilities—but they ran their own homes, and sooner or later this had always meant friction with the powerful spirit disguised in subservient gray mohair and white lawn. Gloria, after three days of amazed wonder if it were not too good to be true, three days of polished surfaces and savory flavors and intelligent rightness at every test, had uttered an internal shout of joy and signed a check-book full of blank checks.

"There! I'll give you another when that is used up," she explained, handing over the check-book. "When you balance it, don't add the date to the deposits—I did once, and it gave me false ideas. Run the place your own way, but as if you were poor, you know. Poor but nice. Bring me my lunch on a tray and don't ever let anything come near me before four o'clock."

And, shutting the door of the studio, she had modeled a fountain that took the Oscar Reed prize at the spring exhibition and founded the steady prosperity of the past eight years. No fine garden was complete without a Gloria Penrose baby squeezing a turtle.

Mrs. Dutton's standard was perfection, and she never gave less. Gloria's well-being was a sacred charge; she was like a conscientious monarch, at his desk while others still slept. And her employer's abject dependence on her—outside the studio door—was the reward that sweetened her days. Gloria never took or left her umbrella without consulting her housekeeper.

When friends bewailed their household difficulties, Gloria said with blithe cruelty, "Get a Mrs. Dutton!" She said it one night at a Sunday supper table, and the man opposite looked up with a quick smile.

"Ah, get a Mrs. Pine!" he said.

The topic hung pleasantly between them the rest of the meal. It kept bring-

ing their eyes together with the smile that says, "You understand!" and, "Wait till I tell you!" The minute they rose from the table, Jim Lawrence was at Gloria's side.

So it was really Mrs. Dutton and Mrs. Pine who brought them together. Before the revealing word had been spoken, he had been reflecting that the straight cordiality of the western woman, her handclasp of good fellowship, were after all as definitely a technique as the more veiled greetings of older civilizations. Her frank air of finding every one delightful was every bit as subtle as the flatteries of the ancient Eve—for no one could really find Frank O'Brian delightful. And Gloria, in the moment of the handclasp that he analyzed, had seen him as detached, critical, a little professorish, and with the luck of finding Frank O'Brian on her left she would not have given him another thought but for that flash of mutual understanding.

"You tell me about Mrs. Pine, and I'll tell you about Mrs. Dutton," she said instantly.

So they turned to a couch at the far end of the great studio, and he told her about the fine woman who had managed his house and brought up his two motherless little boys, cooking and cleaning with a giant ease, yet insisting on table manners and small refinements that a man overlooks, keeping always her place, but so dignifying it that big boys now in college were not a shade less devoted to their Piney.

Gloria listened as he talked—with her whole heart and soul. That also might have been technique, but he was too deep in his subject to think of it. He had not often told any one what Mrs. Pine meant to him and his, and there was satisfaction in giving it expression, as though he were paying something on his great debt.

"She is like your next-door neighbor in a New England village," he explained. "A lady by refinement, yet simple, so that it doesn't embarrass you to have her in the kitchen. Good plain education, strong on morals and spelling—"

"Folks," Gloria interpreted.

"Exactly!" A robust short-cut always gave him a laugh at himself. "Her only flaw is that she can't work with any one else, and so—"

"Neither can Mrs. Dutton," Gloria put in, and they laughed over it, enjoyed it hugely. "She has to bear with window-cleaners, but she watches them like a sleuth—it's insulting. I wonder that they ever come back. And once, when I had a

trained nurse, the feud between them was so bitter that I had to get well at once."

"Oh, I should never dare bring a nurse into the house with Piney," he admitted. "When Bobs had scarlet fever, she consented to get in a cook while she did the nursing, but she took care that it was a rather poor cook! She's as tall as I am, and she has the jolliest laugh in the world. When the boys and Piney get laughing together, it's rather nice!" he confided with a smile that trusted her to understand.

She understood with a curious pang, a little like homesickness. She had never before realized how poignantly nice it would be to hear your big boys laughing.

"Mrs. Dutton doesn't mother me. She owns and exhibits me," she thought it out. "I am her career. And she has really made my career. She is like those efficient wives to whom successful men point—they owe it all to her."

"Is she folks, too?" He was genuinely interested in Mrs. Dutton.

"Oh, no. Oh, never." The idea made Gloria laugh. She had another short-cut for him: "She isn't friendly, you know—she's Napoleon. She never laughs. She has such a well-bred voice that when she says, 'The wash has went, Miss Penrose,' you think she is being humorous. It is startling to find out that she isn't. But I can do the humor for the family—she does everything else. She can shop and take out ink spots and look up trains and tell what will fade and dispose of telephone bores and decide if you need your furs—I couldn't run a day without her."

"We certainly are in luck," said Lawrence.

Not a suspicion of what that luck might cost darkened the happy hour they spent together. Frank O'Brian, after restless wanderings, finally came up and wanted to know what was so amusing them.

"Let me in on it," he begged.

Gloria turned to him likingly, and Jim Lawrence's heart missed a beat, but she did not tell.

"Oh, domestic life," she generalized. "Frank, do your coolie story for Mr. Lawrence—the one about the yellow dog."

So Frank did his Chinese act, and Gloria laughed the way she listened—with all her heart and soul; and Jim Lawrence thought him a deadly bore, but was smitten with a depressed consciousness of his own personal inadequacy. He had not felt that especial brand of inadequacy in twenty years. O'Brian might be an ass and look like a cockatoo, but he was, like



A WARM, contralto voice drew Gloria's eyes from the pool. "Ain't he the cutest little tike?" it was saying. A big woman in rich black silk of an ancient cut was smiling on the fountain, her handsome, rustic face aglow with maternal tenderness. A shift in the crowd revealed her companion as Jim Lawrence, standing listening with amused detachment

Gloria, out in the main current, with little concern for the quiet backwaters where Lawrence floated and meditated. Lawrence left at the first pause with no remarks about future meetings, and Gloria, who had wanted to show him Mrs. Dutton, went home absurdly grieved.

For a week work lagged and a gentle melancholy lay on the face of life. In her headlong pursuit of the escaping day Gloria had seldom paused to look at herself, and now, checked for a sober stare, she was dismayed at what she saw.

"I'm a mess," she said solemnly. "My work isn't developing—substituting a duck for a turtle isn't growth! I'm not reading, I'm not thinking—I'm just having a good time. A gleeful child of thirty-six!" She poked disgustedly at the pillar of clay that was waiting to blossom into the fat, naughty, riotous baby of her public's delight. Jim Lawrence would probably look at that baby very much as he had looked at Frank O'Brian—not unkindly, but with a speculative interest in his fine face, as though he observed flora and fauna of a humble order not often presented to his attention.

"I was flora, and Frank was fauna," she admitted heavily, and tried to find consolation in a mirror.

Usually that cheered, but today it gave a further revelation, for the warm curves and big brightness, the round wave of her rich hair, that others called beauty, looked to her now as though they had been shaped by great laughs, while Jim Lawrence's lines and hollows had been chiseled by cool, pure thought.

"Big, blowsy thing!" she scolded her image. "I'm a failure. I'm a—" Then she took a lump of clay and began to mold her trouble into a tiny group—the flesh and the spirit.

It was the beginning of her new manner, but of course she did not know that at the time. She only found a dim solace in so expressing her own clumsiness and the fineness of Jim Lawrence.

The spring Academy was holding its private view that afternoon, and Gloria's latest fountain—with the duck—would be on exhibition. Mrs. Dutton came to remind her at four o'clock. Everything Gloria would wear had been pressed, brushed, and laid ready. The card of admission had been placed with her latch key. Mrs. Dutton was at the front door to let her out and to cast a competent look over her handiwork.

"There is dinner for three, Miss Penrose, but not for four," she said, her quiet definiteness designed to register through any degree of absent-mindedness.

"Three but not for four," Gloria repeated with vague docility, then woke to understanding with a hasty, "Oh, I'm not going to bring home any one tonight. I don't feel like company."

"I can handle three," Mrs. Dutton repeated, her competent eyes visibly reviewing her resources. "But chops can not be stretched. And when there is dessert for three and six is brought home at the last minute, no one is satisfied."

"It isn't fair to you, Mrs. Dutton," Gloria agreed warmly. "Only you always

work such miracles that I get to imposing on you. I won't tonight."

Then the elevator bore her off, and Mrs. Dutton, savoring the rich reward that was her daily fare, passed slowly through the apartment to see what further miracles she could accomplish.

GLORIA'S fountain had been rimmed with grass and tulips, the ducks were spouting real water, and the glorious baby in the middle held his usual audience of touched women. A thrill of the old pleasure stirred in Gloria's drooping heart; the thing did have life, charm, humor. Then a warm contralto voice drew her eyes across the pool.

"Ain't he the cutest little tike!" it was saying. A big woman in rich black silk of an ancient cut, her white head bonneted with black velvet and pansies, white ruches at her neck and wrists, was smiling on the fountain, her handsome, rustic face aglow with maternal tenderness. She was so unexpected there, so suggestive of country visits and childhood and cookies, that Gloria drew nearer.

"Don't he remind you of Bobs?" the hearty voice went on. "He was just such a little rascal. Remember—"

A shift in the crowd revealed her companion standing at the pool's edge, listening with amused detachment. Jim Lawrence's eyes, fixed on the fountain, were not critical or unkind—merely thoughtful; yet Gloria shrank away as

12—18—20

DECEMBER 18, 1920, the Senate passed the Sheppard-Towner Bill for the protection of maternity and infancy. There was no roll-call, as the members in favor of the bill were overwhelmingly in the majority. House hearings on the bill were begun at once, and favorable action is expected of that body

though from jeers. Her cheeks burned for five minutes while she stood blindly in front of a cold, black brook that had been flowing between banks of rosy or violet snow at every Academy exhibition since she could remember.

Then she heard her name spoken, quickly, gladly, and Lawrence was greeting her with anything but scorn. He was even touchingly happy at the meeting, and he threw in his own name, as though she could have forgotten. Gloria, lifted so suddenly out of her prostration, shone on him with a direct light that might have been technique, but Jim Lawrence had forgotten the word.

"How is Mrs. Dutton?" he asked at once.

"Splendid. At the height of her powers," Gloria said, and they laughed over all that expressed to them both.

"I brought Mrs. Pine with me; she adores pictures." He glanced over his shoulder to see that Mrs. Pine was all right. "You must meet her."

"Oh, I want to," Gloria exclaimed, but they only moved on to the next picture, a bald curve of hill that yearly uplifted something against an empty sky, and stood before it looking happily at each other.

"She is enthusiastic about your fountain," he went on, thinking to give pleasure.

Gloria flushed, but would not let herself wince away from the subject. "You hated it," she said cheerfully. "I've begun to hate it myself."

He was surprised. There was no fluster of denial, and she saw that he had not really been scorning her work.

"Your workmanship is extraordinarily good," was all he said.

It was. She knew that. "I want to get into a broader field. I have been too contented where I was," she explained. "It is a dreadful limitation to be born loving to laugh and to feed people." She looked like a blooming Goddess of Plenty even while she laughed at herself, and Jim Lawrence drew nearer as instinctively as a chilled man draws up to a warm hearth.

"I would rather have your laugh in the world than some sculpture," he observed with a side glance for a pedestal where a very plain and skinny nymph did an angular dance. "I haven't yet tried your food—" He paused suggestively.

Mrs. Dutton has enough for three tonight, but not for four," she told him gravely. "Chops won't stretch. If you and Mrs. Pine—"

"Oh, I think we will let Piney go home. Unless you consider a chap—"

"Chaperon! Wait till you see Mrs. Dutton," she said, her voice at a deadly level, and Lawrence laughed out so joyously that Mrs. Pine, covertly watching, smiled over him with eyes tenderly misted, then took pains to lose herself in the crowd.

"You must meet Mrs. Pine," he said again, and they made a feint of looking for her.

"It never occurred to me to take Mrs. Dutton to parties," Gloria sounded worried.

"Ah, well, Piney is very lonely without the boys. I take her to everything I can. It is so easy," he added with mild scorn for himself.

"Easy to be nice to lonely, elderly people?" Gloria shook her bright head. "Either you are very good, or you're very old."

"Or very lazy?" he suggested. "You see, I am always a success with Piney. I don't have to lift a finger."

"Are you working very hard with me now?" she wanted to know.

He sought the exact truth. "No, but I am nervous. You have a splendor—I don't see how I can hope to keep up with you for very long."

She bent forward to examine a picture of three dull-looking ladies drinking tea with much detail; the chintz of the hangings was especially well reproduced.



By dessert Mrs. Dutton had an air of brisk interest, and with the coffee she took a survey of the apartment as though canvassing for a possible extra room. She undoubtedly planned the wedding breakfast before she slept

"Three old Dutch peasants drinking tea can be so beautiful," she said regretfully. Then she looked back at him with amused candor. "I don't believe you will find me much harder than Mrs. Pine."

"It's worth trying, then?"

"Oh, I should say so; very well worth it."

Lawrence straightened up as though he threw off half a dozen years. And then he patiently took them on again, for Frank O'Brian clove the crowd, bearing gladly down on Gloria. He had brought a brand-new story, and no doubt he told it well—if one cared for that sort of thing. Gloria loved it.

Lawrence excused himself to hunt up Mrs. Pine and followed blindly where she

led, answering her comments with a jerky vagueness that presently brought a mischievous smile into the kind face. Mrs. Pine had looked hard at Gloria after her misted eyes had cleared, and the mist that succeeded had been shot through with sunlight.

"I declare, I've taken in all I can," she said very soon, turning from a bold impression of a sheer, rosy cliff rising from a dark sea. "I know that's meant for a cliff, but it looks to me for all the world like a fine three-rib roast with the outside slice cut off for Bobs. I guess I better go home."

"You must meet Miss Penrose first, the lady who made the fountain," Lawrence said, suddenly roused to attention.

He knew exactly where to find Gloria and led the way through the rooms to a bench whence she and Frank O'Brian worshiped what was only a pile of peaches to the crowd, but was to them a marvel, a little miracle, in the laying on of paint. Gloria's enjoyment of O'Brian was coming very close to technique, for she was asking with sick fear if Lawrence had not really meant it about dinner; and Lawrence himself hid a despairing thought that there were chops for three. If she was taking O'Brian home too, he would know it was no use.

Gloria's quick rising to meet Mrs. Pine seemed to leave O'Brian out of it, and when Lawrence turned to escort Mrs. Pine to the door, (*Continued on page 162*)



Our place in the world, the happiness of our people, the perpetuity of our free institutions—all

MAKING GOOD THE

"I hope the time may come when our country shall guarantee to all an un-

By George D. Strayer

THE most fundamental promise of democracy is that there shall be equality of opportunity. The idea of caste or class is abhorrent to the true American. We point with great pride to the achievements of those who without the advantage of powerful friends or large resources have come into positions of great leadership. We profess that in America every boy and girl has the chance to make the most of himself. While it is true that artificial barriers to success have for the most part been removed, it is not yet true that an equality of opportunity has been provided for our children.

In America today one boy goes to school in a marble palace. He is taught by a highly educated and professionally-trained teacher. He has libraries, laboratories, shops, and gymnasiums made available for his use. His physical well-being is promoted through opportunities for play and by reason of treatment which seeks to eliminate remediable defects. Another American boy has a minimum of opportunity for education provided for him. He is taught in a hovel which is unattractive and insanitary. He has for his teacher a semi-literate boy or girl who has completed the work of the very inadequate elementary school in which the pupil is now enrolled. He has no books except his text-book; no

opportunity for education in terms of the stimulation offered in laboratory or shop. Even the opportunity for normal physical growth and development are denied to him on account of the failure to provide playground space or health service. These two boys live in the land of opportunity. Do they both have "an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life"?

In the army that was organized to fight for the establishment of democracy in the world, one man out of four was found to be unable to read an English newspaper or to write an intelligent letter home. The army decided that the illiterate was not a good soldier and organized classes in order that they might be instructed in reading and writing. A captain who had charge of one of these groups said one day to a tall, light-haired, blue-eyed, fine-featured man, whose ancestors had lived in America from the earliest days of our history, "I don't understand, John, why you can not write." and this American boy replied, "I don't know, Captain, why it is, 'cept that I never had no chance." He told the truth. He had lived in a sparsely settled region where the opportunity for education was not available.

If illiterate men do not make good soldiers, have we the right to assume that they will make good citizens in a land

THE purpose of this article, written by a former president of the National Education Association, is to inform you of a condition that has been given far too little attention by those who should be concerned about the future of

where all are rulers? The man who today is seeking to destroy our government finds his readiest listener among the group of those who have been denied a fair chance, and who are limited by their inability to read in the study of our common social problems. The representative of a large group of aliens said one day, when talking to a group of teachers, that there were tens of thousands of his fellow countrymen who cursed the day that Columbus discovered America. He explained that these immigrants had come to America expecting to be associated with those of us whose ancestors had come to this country years before in the development of our American life and institutions.

"They found," said he, "in America, that we treated them with disdain; that we exploited them; that we gave opportunity to their children in our schools which often resulted in their having nothing but contempt for their parents."

If America is to build upon the foundation laid by our forefathers we must pro-



are dependent upon the opportunity for education which is provided in our public schools

PROMISE OF DEMOCRACY

fettered start and a fair chance in the race of life."—Abraham Lincoln

Illustrated by W. T. Benda

America. It will also help you to understand the Smith-Towner Education Bill which is now before Congress, a bill that deserves the earnest support of every thinking American. It is an attempt to make the dream of Lincoln come true

vide a program of education for those who come to us from foreign lands. Their opportunity must not be measured merely in terms of learning our language. Their education for American citizenship must be as broad as our institutions and must be administered in the spirit of one who would learn as well as teach in association with his fellows.

There is no other civilized country in the world that is willing to trust its children to teachers as ill prepared as are the teachers of America. Approximately one-fifth of American elementary school teachers have had a standard four-year high school course plus two years of professional training. In Germany, before the war, approximately 100 percent of their teachers were as well trained as this highest 20 percent of American teachers. In France the requirement of those who would enter the teaching profession is as high for all as we have made it in our most favorable localities. And in England, where the idea of free public education was slow to develop, two-

thirds of their teachers are as well prepared for teaching as are the highest one-fifth of the teachers in America. It is estimated that during the past school year 30,000 teachers in the United States had no more education than that which is provided in a seven or eight grade elementary school course. As a result of an inquiry sent out to superintendents of schools this past fall, it was discovered that 90,000 teachers at present at work in the schools were less qualified than were those whose places they had been employed to fill.

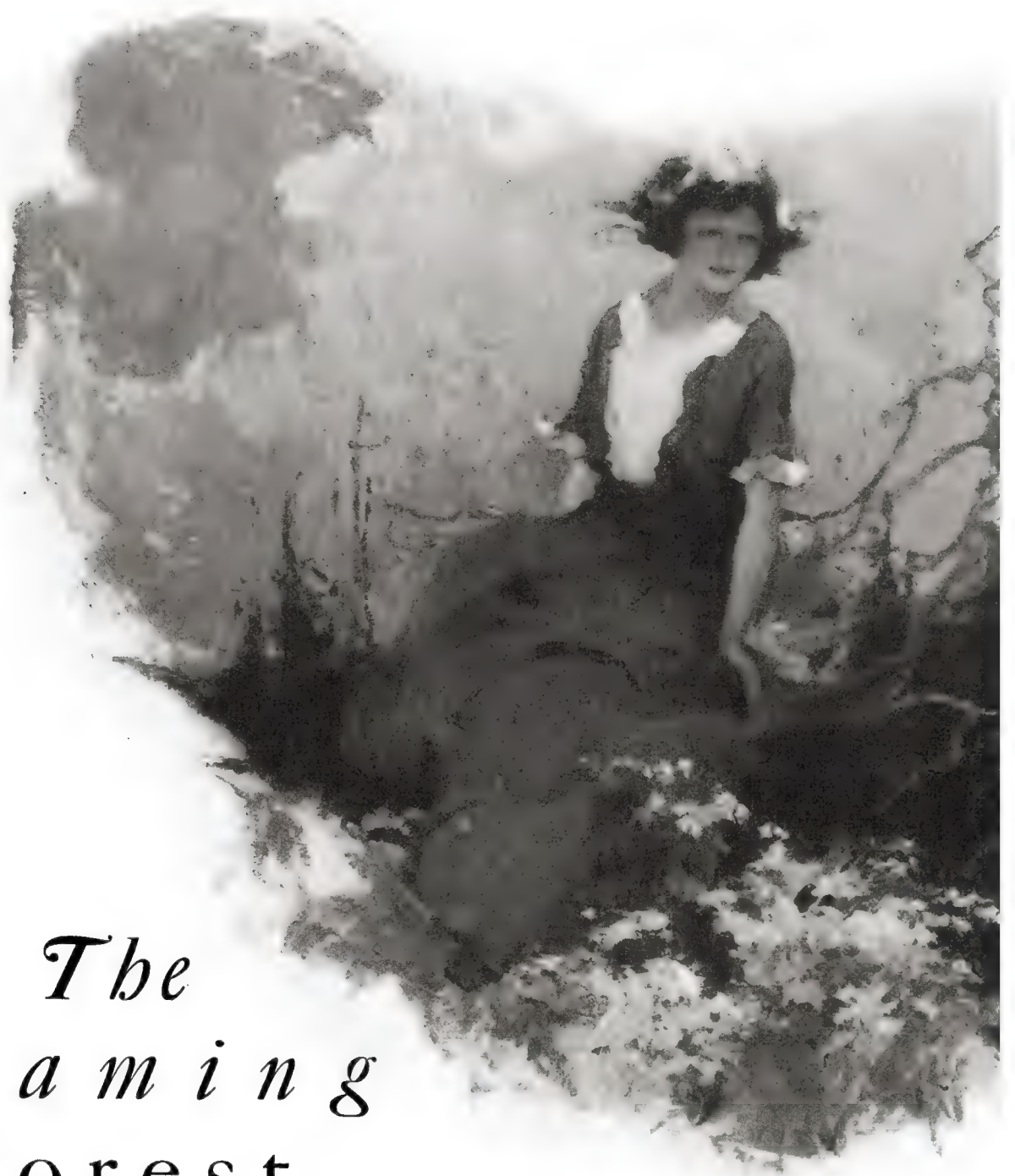
We recognize sometimes the obligation of teachers to transmit to children the social inheritance of the race. We think of them as the trustees of civilization. We confidently expect that from our public schools will come an intelligent, alert, efficient group of men and women competent to carry forward the development of our democratic society. If America is to give a fair chance to her children, well-educated, professionally-trained men and women must be provided to teach all our children.

In the last analysis the problem of securing good teachers, of providing a program of education which will wipe out illiteracy, of giving an opportunity to the alien within our gates for that education which will make of him a fellow worker in

the development of our democracy, of supplying physical education and the service which will make for health and physical efficiency, of organizing education in such a way as to guarantee equality of opportunity, is the problem of financing our public school system.

In the beginning of our history we thought of education as a matter of individual responsibility and of individual advantage. As we became conscious of the significance of education for the state and for the nation, we required that communities provide educational opportunity for their children. As we have come to recognize the gross inequalities in the wealth of the various local districts, we have accepted the idea of state support for education. If we recognize the importance of education for our national life, we must inquire concerning the responsibility of the nation for the encouragement and support of our schools.

It is not enough that we work for the betterment of the schools in the locality in which we live. The boys and girls who are denied an opportunity for education in a remote part of our country will live even in our day in all parts of the United States. The menace of ignorance can not be localized. The schools in which we train our boys and girls (Continued on page 115)



The *Flaming* Forest

By James Oliver Curwood

FOR a space there was silence between Carrigan and St. Pierre's wife. He knew what she was thinking as she stood with her back to the door, waiting half defiantly, her cheeks still flushed, her eyes bright with the anticipation of battle. She was ready to fight for the broken creature on the other side of the door. She expected him to give no quarter in his questioning of her, to corner her if he could, to demand of her why the deformed giant had spoken the name of the man he was after, Black Roger Audemard. The truth hammered in David's brain. It had not been a delusion of his fevered mind after all; it was not a possible deception of the half-breed's, as he had thought last night. Chance had brought him face to face with the mystery

of Black Roger. St. Pierre's wife, waiting for him to speak, was in some way associated with that mystery, and the cripple was asking for the man McVane had told him to bring in dead or alive! Yet he did not question her. He turned to the window and looked out from where Marie-Anne had stood a few moments before.

The day was glorious. On the far shore he saw life where last night's camp had been. Men were moving about close to the water, and a York boat was putting out slowly into the stream. Close under the window moved a canoe with a single occupant. It was André, the Broken Man. With powerful strokes he was paddling across the river. His deformity was scarcely noticeable in the canoe. His bare head and black beard shone in the sun, and

between his great shoulders his head looked more than ever to Carrigan like the head of a carven god. And this man, like a mighty tree stricken by lightning, his mind gone, was yet a thing that was more than mere flesh and blood to Marie-Anne Boulain!

David turned toward her. Her attitude was changed. It was no longer one of proud defiance. She had expected to defend herself from something, and he had given her no occasion for defense. She did not try to hide the fact from him, and he nodded toward the window.

"He is going away in a canoe. I am afraid you didn't want me to see him, and I am sorry I happened to be here when he came."

"I made no effort to keep him away,

Marie-Anne went ashore with him, and they entered the forest, and climbed a low ridge, and returned with an armful of the spring flowers that grew there



Illustrated by Walt Louderback

M'sieu David. Perhaps I wanted you to see him. And I thought, when you did—" She hesitated.

"You expected me to crucify you, if necessary, to learn the truth of what he knows about Roger Audemard," he said. "And you were ready to fight back. But I am not going to question you unless you give me permission."

"I am glad," she said in a low voice. "I am beginning to have faith in you, M'sieu David. You have promised not to try to escape, and I believe you. Will you also promise not to ask me questions which I can not answer—until St. Pierre comes?"

"I will try."

She came up to him slowly and stood facing him, so near that she could have

and that they come after a man squarely and openly. He says they are men, and many times he has told me wonderful stories of the things they have done. He calls it 'playing the game.' And I'm going to ask you, M'sieu David, will you play square with me? If I give you the freedom of the bateau, of the boats, even of the shore, will you wait for St. Pierre and play the rest of the game out with him, man to man?"

Carrigan bowed his head slightly. "Yes, I will wait and finish the game with St. Pierre."

He saw a quick throb come and go in her white throat, and with a sudden, impulsive, movement she held out her hand to him. For a moment he held it close. Her little fingers tightened about his own, and the

reached out and put her hands on his shoulders.

"St. Pierre has told me a great deal about the Scarlet Police," she said, looking at him quietly and steadily. "He says that the men who wear the red jackets never play low tricks,

shall tell Bateese and the others. When we are tied up, you may go ashore. And we will forget all that has happened, M'sieu David. We will forget until St. Pierre comes."

"St. Pierre!" he groaned. "If there were no St. Pierre!"

"I should be lost," she broke in quickly. "I should want to die!"

Through the open window came the sound of a voice. It was the weird monotone of André, the Broken Man. Marie-Anne went to the window. And David, following her, looked over her head, again so near that his lips almost touched her hair. André had come back. He was watching two York boats that were heading for the bateau.

"You heard him asking for Black Roger Audemard," she said. "It is strange. I know how it must have shocked you when he stood like that in the door. His mind, like his body, is a wreck, M'sieu David. Years ago, after a great storm, St. Pierre found him in the forest. A tree had fallen on him. St. Pierre carried him in on his shoulders. He lived, but he has always been like that. St. Pierre loves him, and poor André worships St. Pierre and follows him about like a dog. His brain is gone. He does not know what his name is, and we call him André. And always, day and night, he is asking that same question,

The Flaming Forest

"Has any one seen Black Roger Audemard?" Sometime—if you will, M'sieu David—I should like to have you tell me what it is so terrible that you know about Roger Audemard."

The York boats were half-way across the river, and from them came a sudden burst of wild song. David could make out six men in each boat, their oars flashing in the morning sun to the rhythm of their chant. Marie-Anne looked up at him suddenly, and in her face and eyes he saw what the starry gloom of evening had half hidden from him in those thrilling moments when they shot through the rapids of the Holy Ghost. She was girl now. He did not think of her as woman. He did not think of her as St. Pierre's wife. In that upward glance of her eyes was something that thrilled him to the depth of his soul. She seemed, for a moment, to have dropped a curtain from between herself and him.

HER red lips trembled, she smiled at him, and then she faced the river again, and he leaned a little forward, so that a breath of wind floated a shimmering tress of her hair against his cheek. An irresistible impulse seized upon him. He leaned still nearer to her, holding his breath, until his lips softly touched one of the velvety coils of her hair. And then he stepped back. Shame swept over him. His heart rose and choked him, and his fists were clenched at his side. She had not noticed what he had done, and she seemed to him like a bird yearning to fly out through the window, throbbing with the desire to answer the chanting song that came over the water. And then she was smiling up again into his face hardened with the struggle which he was making with himself. "My people are happy," she cried. "Even in storm they laugh and sing. Listen, m'sieu! They are singing *La Dernière Domaine*. That is our song. It is what we call our home, away up there in the lost wilderness where people never come—the Last Domain. Their wives and sweethearts and families are up there, and they are happy in knowing that today we shall travel a few miles nearer to them. They are not like your people in Montreal and Ottawa and Quebec, M'sieu David. They are like children. And yet they are glorious children!"

She ran to the wall and took down the banner of St. Pierre Boulain. "St. Pierre is behind us," she explained. "He is coming down with a raft of timber such as we can not get in our country, and we are waiting for him. But each day we must float down with the stream a few miles nearer the homes of my people. It makes them happier, even though it is but a few miles. They are coming now for my bateau. We shall travel slowly, and it will be wonderful on a day like this. It will do you good to come outside, M'sieu David—with me. Would you care for that? Or would you rather be alone?"

In her face there was no longer the old restraint. On her lips was the witchery of a half-smile; in her eyes a glow that flamed the blood in his veins. It was not a flash of coquetry. It was something deeper and warmer than that, something real—a new Marie-Anne Boulain telling him plainly that she wanted him to come. He did not know that his hands were still clenched at his side. Perhaps she knew. But her eyes did not leave his face, eyes

that were repeating the invitation of her lips, openly asking him not to refuse.

"I shall be happy to come," he said.

The words fell out of him numbly. He scarcely heard them or knew what he was saying, yet he was conscious of the unnatural note in his voice. He did not know he was betraying himself beyond that, did not see the deepening of the wild-rose flush in the cheeks of St. Pierre's wife. He picked up his pipe from the table and moved to accompany her.

"You must wait a little while," she said, and her hand rested for an instant upon his arm. Its touch was as light as the touch of his lips had been against her shining hair, but he felt it in every nerve of his body. "Nepapinas is making a special lotion for your hurt. I will send him in, and then you may come."

The wild chant of the rivermen was near as she turned to the door. From it she looked back at him swiftly.

"They are happy, M'sieu David," she repeated softly. "And I, too, am happy. I am no longer afraid. And the world is beautiful again. Can you guess why? It is because you have given me your promise, M'sieu David, and because I believe you!"

And then she was gone.

For many minutes he did not move. The chanting of the rivermen, a sudden wilder shout, the voices of men, and after that the grating of something alongside the bateau came to him like sounds from another world. Within himself there was a crash greater than that of physical things. It was the truth breaking upon him, truth surging over him like the waves of a sea, breaking down the barriers he had set up, inundating him with a force that was mightier than his own will. A voice in his soul was crying out the truth—that above all else in the world he wanted to reach out his arms to this glorious creature who was the wife of St. Pierre, this woman who had tried to kill him and was sorry. He knew that it was not desire for beauty. It was the worship which St. Pierre himself must have for this woman who was his wife. And the shock of it was like a conflagration sweeping through him, leaving him dead and shriven, like the crucified trees standing in the wake of a fire. A breath that was almost a cry came from him, and his fists knotted until they were purple. She was St. Pierre's wife! And he, David Carrigan, proud of his honor, proud of the strength that made him man, had dared covet her in this hour when her husband was gone! He stared at the closed door, beginning to cry out against himself, and over him there swept slowly and terribly another thing—the shame of his weakness, the hopelessness of the thing that for a space had eaten into him and consumed him.

And as he stared, the door opened, and Nepapinas came in.

XII

DURING the next quarter of an hour David was as silent as the old Indian doctor. He was conscious of no pain when Nepapinas took off his bandage and bathed his head in the lotion he had brought. Before a fresh bandage was put on, he looked at himself for a moment in the mirror. It was the first time he had

seen his wound, and he expected to find himself marked with a disfiguring scar. To his surprise there was no sign of his hurt except a slightly inflamed spot above his temple. He stared at Nepapinas, and there was no need of the question that was in his mind.

The old Indian understood, and his dried-up face cracked and crinkled in a grin. "Bullet hit a piece of rock, an' rock, not bullet, hit um head," he explained. "Make skull almost break—bend um in—but Napapinas straighten again with fingers, so-so." He shrugged his thin shoulders with a cackling laugh of pride as he worked his claw-like fingers to show how the operation had been done.

David shook hands with him in silence; then Nepapinas put on the fresh bandage, and after that went out, chuckling again in this weird way, as though he had played a great joke on the white man whom his wizardry had snatched out of the jaws of death.

FOR some time there had been a subdued activity outside. The singing of the boatmen had ceased, a low voice was giving commands, and looking through the window, David saw that the bateau was slowly swinging away from the shore. He turned from the window to the table and lighted the cigar St. Pierre's wife had given him.

In spite of the mental struggle he had made during the presence of Nepapinas, he had failed to get a grip on himself. For a time he had ceased to be David Carrigan, the man-hunter. A few days ago his blood had run to that almost savage thrill of the great game of one against one, the game in which Law sat on one side of the board and Lawlessness on the other, with the cards between. It was the great gamble. The cards meant life or death; there was never a checkmate—one or the other had to lose. Had some one told him then that soon he would meet the broken and twisted hulk of a man who had known Black Roger Audemard, every nerve in him would have thrilled in anticipation of that hour. He realized this as he paced back and forth over the thick rugs of the bateau floor. And he knew, even as he struggled to bring them back, that the old thrill and the old desire were gone. It was impossible to lie to himself. St. Pierre, in this moment, was of more importance to him than Roger Audemard. And St. Pierre's wife, Marie-Anne—

His eyes fell on the crumpled handkerchief on the piano keys. Again he was crushing it in the palm of his hand, and again the flood of humiliation and shame swept over him. He dropped the handkerchief, and the great law of his own life seemed to rise up in his face and taunt him. He was clean. That had been his greatest pride. He hated the man who was unclean. It was his instinct to kill the man who desecrated another man's home. And here, in the sacredness of St. Pierre's paradise, he found himself at last face to face with that greatest fight of all the ages.

He faced the door. He threw back his shoulders until they snapped, and he laughed, as if at the thing that had risen up to point its finger at him. After all, it did not hurt a man to go through a bit of fire—if he came (Continued on page 126)



A MILE down the river a loon gave its harsh love-cry; far out of the west came the faint trail-song of a wolf. Over the forest tops rose the moon, the stars grew thicker and brighter, and through the finger of hardwood glowed the fire of St. Pierre Boulain's men—while close beside him, silent in these hours of silence, David felt growing nearer and still nearer to him the presence of the wife of St. Pierre

Polly Gives a Fancy Dress Party

By Sheila Young





DRAWN BY R. L. BOYER

At twenty-five, men and women stand practically equal in their chance of long life. By forty, thousands of women are alone. This is the danger period for men, the time when the greatest care should be taken

The League for Longer Life

Conducted by DR. HARVEY W. WILEY

*Director Good Housekeeping Bureau
of Foods, Sanitation, and Health*

WE have now come to years of discretion. The young person who reaches the age of twenty has become a man or a woman. It is true, he has had little experience. It is also true that he has a superabundance of hope. At twenty, one has reached the age when he begins to think seriously of his individual life. He is about to pass from under the tutelage of his parents. He is possibly almost through college. He is looking forward to his professional career. He is no longer an "older child."

Among the things he does not think of are these: To what diseases am I particularly susceptible during the next twenty years of my life? Have I as good a chance to live as I had in my younger days? Are there any special diseases to which I am especially susceptible? Barring accidents, have I a good chance to live until forty? These, as I say, are the things about which he does not think.

In this article I propose to consider the particular dangers from disease which should be guarded against in this period of youth, of expectation, and of opportunity, and which threaten the group of individuals from twenty to forty years of age. First, the most threatening of all is tuberculosis. This plague loves the golden age of man. It first begins to be threatening as the victim approaches the age of puberty. It continues with in-

WE TELL YOU AGAIN

that the purpose of the League for Longer Life is to induce you to do the things that will, barring accidents and disease, make you happier, healthier, and more efficient. We don't really expect you to do them at this time, because of all their possessions people are most careless of their health—which means of their lives. Many of those who write to Dr. Wiley can't be helped very much; they waited until disease had its unmistakable grip upon them. If you should be more interested than we have any reason to think you are, Dr. Wiley will gladly send you a copy of his questionnaire, which, when properly filled out by a competent physician, will show you just how your health account stands. Address him, enclosing stamp, at the Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

creased fury after twenty, and only begins to abate its ravages at forty. The appeal which I make here must be based upon indubitable facts. I go to the only reliable thesaurus of mortality and morbidity which we possess, namely, the mortality records of the Bureau of the Census. I have taken up these reports for five years, from 1914 to 1918 inclusive. The reports for 1919 are not yet available.

It is interesting to trace the rise of the great white plague. I have combined in

one expression all the data for each of the five years. I have also thought it interesting to determine whether males or females were the most frequent victims of this destroyer. I begin with the group of infants and children under the age of five. I find that during these five years mentioned above, 18,139 boys and 15,572 girls died of tuberculosis. The particular form of tuberculosis in boys and girls, and especially in infants, is not that of the lungs, but of the lining of the membrane of the brain. A large percentage of the total deaths of tuberculosis in these children under five was due to tubercular meningitis.

Passing to the group of children between five and ten, we find that 4625 boys and 4634 girls died of tuberculosis. Here we see a fifty-fifty proposition. Practically, boys and girls between the ages of five and ten are equally the victims of tuberculosis. When we come to the group between ten and fifteen, we find an amazing difference. During these ages 3945 boys and 7115 girls died of tuberculosis! Now, tuberculosis of the lungs becomes a very dominant factor, while tuberculosis of the lining membrane of the brain rapidly disappears. It is not my purpose here to explain the cause of this tremendous increase in girl fatality. Naturally, the first supposition one would have in the case is that it is due (Continued on page 110)
(Dr. Wiley's Question-Box is on page 72)



Alone, except for native Eskimos, Mrs. Cameron has crossed the frozen wastes of the Far North in sledges drawn by sturdy reindeer

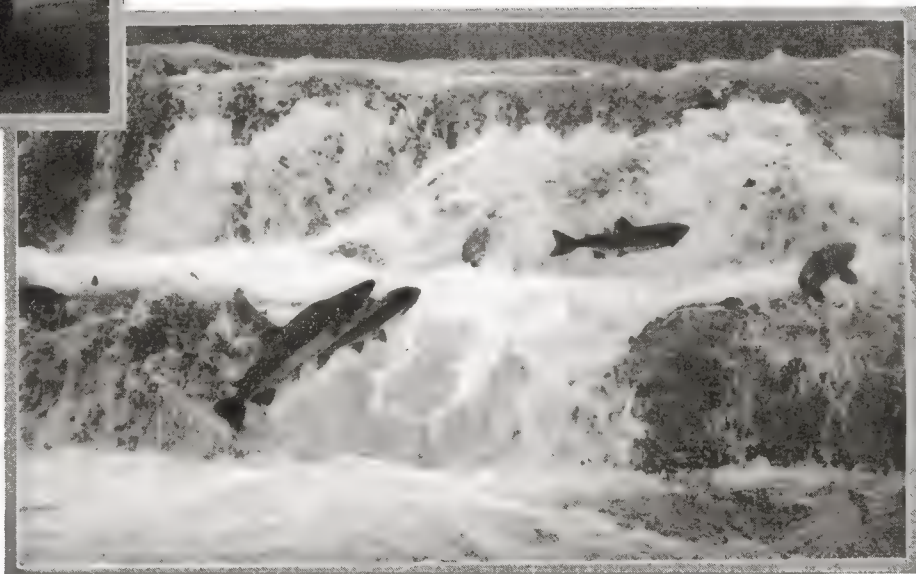
She has seen the dreaded medicine-man who still tries to frighten away the evil spirits that would kill a child, as in days before physicians

She has seen the leap of the home-coming salmon at spawning time, drawn by some mysterious instinct to the spot from which they came

Footloose and Free

By Alice Booth

FEW of us are travelers. We have forgotten the lost centuries when whole races migrated to another country and made it theirs. We have passed the time when men and women traversed Europe on sandaled feet with songs or prayers as sole scrip for their journey. The days when our forefathers dared a mighty ocean are behind us, as are those when our own grandfathers drove their teams across a trackless continent, to found a new America on another ocean toward the setting sun. Economic necessity chains us to our homes. Often, the more comfortable they are, the more securely we are chained. We do not even know America, and most of those who have broken away for short excursions into other lands know only the countries that gave them birth.



But in us the old thrill of travel, of adventure, of thirst for new scenes, for strange stars in the sky and strange trees swaying in the summer sun, lives on as strongly as before. Necessity has trained us out of the habit of yielding to it—of taking to the open road whenever the call of adventure sounds—but the intense curiosity for other lands is as vivid as when the earth was young.

There are so many out-of-the-way corners of the earth, where primitive races live almost as they lived before the fall of Rome. The Gold Coast of Africa, with its Solomon's mines of fabled riches, its fierce heat, its swift plagues that take mysterious vengeance on the white man within its gates. The Caucasus Mountains, birthplace of a strange race that surpassed all the peoples of the earth in beauty, being white. Tartary, with its mad horsemen dashing wildly across the barren steppes. The Far North, where those fur-clad hunters fight their life-long struggle with the deathly cold and the dreadful night. People who are living as they lived when the earth was new-made, when geological cataclysms were making and remaking continents, and perhaps Atlantis still rose in pride above the open sea! Those are the places that fire our imagination and roused men to a daring unknown in this day and age.

We never see these countries, most of us—even those of us who know the rainbow tulip fields of Holland or the vineyard slopes of sunny France. They are more inaccessible than Rome with her broken columns, more isolated than Russia, with her barbaric folk-songs of a thousand years. They are hard to reach; they are dangerous. For them we have to have someone (*Continued on page 99*)



Even north of the Arctic Circle Mrs. Cameron has journeyed, where, after the winter night, the midnight sun shines eerily with a sullen light for the long, long day that lasts a summer through

She has seen that frozen country where the partridges—ptarmigan, in the north—turn white in winter, with only the black eyes and beak to mark them against the purity of the eternal snow



JEANNE DUC

Striped ribbon and fine black straw fashion this odd hat by Jeanne Duc



ODETTE

This Odette turban topped by a pompon is of turquoise braid and silver

The Coming

Fashions of Spring

Forecast Foulards and Crêpes for Frocks and

Cloaks—Straight Street Clothes and Wider House Frocks

EDITED BY
HELEN KOUES

CABLE NEWS

NEW Callot model of brocaded light green crêpe de Chine has sleeveless corsage open in deep V front and back. Fronts crossed low and forming tight draped girdle effect at waistline. Skirt shirred over three hoops, one at top hips, wider one at broadest part hips, small step width hoop at hem. Peg-top silhouette, flat front and back. Each hoop trimmed narrow gold lace. New Poiret model with backless corsage of silver tissue which crosses front, dropping on sides and forming silver train lined with black tulle, falling on left side and ending in great pink rose. Straight skirt black tulle, caught up in knot above right knee with huge pink rose. Many new jackets style amazone with a decided godet flare

ALTHOUGH it is but midwinter as you read these pages, there is already a forecast of spring to be found in the fashion world. We know, for instance, that the beltless coat will be extremely smart, some of the coats cut on straight lines as at left, others on flaring lines as at the right. In clothes for the street, the straight short skirt will still be worn. Whether or not the openings will bring a surprise in a decided vogue for the fuller skirt is as yet undecided. Lanvin, Poiret and Callot make many wide, full skirts distended at the hips and worn with straight, rather close-fitting waists. Many

Paris dictates pronounced simplicity as the edict of fashion in tailored wear for the spring, as proved by the smart tailleur at left, of beige cheviot with a white vest and leather buttons

From the straight box coat, a flaring step is taken at right in the light gray cheviot bure suit with insertions of darker gray cheviot. The suit is accompanied by a béret with side loops to match



of these Lanvin models are worn by smart actresses on the stage and to a more limited extent by the younger set for dancing and the theater. The fuller, wider skirts are not seen on the streets, however, except for an occasional one or two at the races. It is probable that we shall have fuller skirts in the softer afternoon dresses, while keeping the straight, scantier skirt for tailored and street dresses. Although the skirts will remain short, the length of coats may suit the individual. Some are of medium length, as illustrated at the left of the opposite page, and some are quite short, straight little affairs, as below.

The marked tendency for the "between-season hat" is becoming a fixed law. This year we find something new and delightful in the crêpe de Chine hats—which is quite a different use of the pretty fabric—as well as smart turbans in ciré satin.

Just as we learn that there is a tendency



toward the Directoire period in dresses, so we see it in some of the new hats, as in the model of Jeanne Duc on the opposite page. This is of fine, black straw trimmed with ribbon and velvet. A felt model which we may find with us in satin or straw for the spring takes the lines of the hat shown at the left below of the opposite page.

By cable from Paris comes the word that the *cloches* or mushroom shapes show round crowns with brims both wide and narrow. All brims, however, have a tendency to be shorter in the back than in the front. The trimming this season bids fair to be of ribbon rather than flowers. Last year flowers abounded, and there undoubtedly will be some this spring as in every other, but ribbon is going to be exceedingly smart. For instance, some of the broad brim, round crown capelines—soft, flexible-brimmed hats—are trimmed with flat bows of pretty ribbon flaring off the edges.



The cape effect is given in an odd plait at the back of this black cloth cloak seen at Auteuil. The blouse of silver and white tissue in center bands its collar and hip line with mauve velvet ribbon

Tendencies in suits are here expressed in the three models by Drecolk and Premet at top of page. Whether short or long the loose box coat has taken a definite place in spring fashions



BEIR



JENNY

More fanciful than the average suit, this Jenny model of beige cheviot—embroidered in beige of a darker shade—proves with what reluctance Paris now forsakes embroidery for plain, straight lines

A novel note on the Beer frock of dark blue serge and black satin ciré, at left, is the long flaring sleeve suddenly tightened at the wrist and embroidered with white wool and novel coral beads

Some of the smartest frocks of spring are made of foulard—the new two-toned foulards which are shown this season by all the fabric houses. Black foulard or black twill shows thus an effective all-over design in brick red, blue, green, gray, white, or beige, while foulards of every color show similar designs in black and white. In many of the new silks the square is featured in the design—lined squares in outline, square or oblong blocks of color, small designs arranged in squares—square arrangements of every sort. And they are all charming. A pretty example of this is the frock at right below.

Black-and-Beige Foulard is New

Smartest perhaps is beige foulard showing a skeleton design in black. This beige silk is combined often in frocks with plain black foulard, crêpe Georgette, or satin. Some of the prettiest models of the season are developed in beige-and-black, not only in foulard but in taffeta, a touch of silver often being added. Over one straight frock of beige-and-black foulard—the beige skirt open on the left side over plain black satin, and black satin filling in the open V of the corsage—is worn a simple, unlined cloak of thin beige cheviot stitched about the edges with black. The rows of stitching, close together, have almost the effect of braid, being prettier and more delicate than braid, and the cloak is girdled with a narrow fold of the beige fabric.

This girdle, like many of the new belts, is placed at the waist-line, the cloak pouching a bit above it. On the stage of the Comédie Française Mlle. Marie Leconte wears a Lanvin cloak—a straight, narrow cloak of rust-colored velours de laine—girdled in this fashion. The collar and cuffs are of gray astrakhan with touches of black and bright green velvet used as trimming at the neck and wrists.

Many of the new cloaks of satin and crêpe de Chine, usually black, are colared with fur. The sleeves are usually straight; and rather wide, the girdle is placed at the waist-line, and the coat skirts are narrow and often slit for several inches on the sides. The thin cloak over a frock of crêpe Georgette or some thin silk is both pretty and practical, and this idea will be featured in the spring collections.

Doubtless many of these thin frocks will be made of plain crêpe de Chine or satin combined with crêpe Georgette, while the cloaks—in effect one frock worn over another—will be of light-weight wool fabrics, satin, crêpe de Chine, or taffeta. All effect of bulkiness will be avoided in these double frocks—the outer garment a slender one-piece frock in appearance, the

under-dress more slender still. The sheath-like capes made by Jenny are worn over slender gowns, the silhouette being incredibly slim and graceful.

We are to see much of the long, close sleeve next season, with half-length and short sleeves of all sorts. A few bulging or puffed sleeves will be worn, but the long sleeve, close-fitting or loose and straight, will be smartest. In the double frock described above, for instance, the cloak sleeve will be long and straight or perhaps sometimes slightly bulging, while the sleeve of the under-dress will often be short and straight. As to the gigot sleeve—it chimes in well with the loose-shouldered effect so much in fashion during the mid-season; but, although Poiret showed a pronounced “mutton leg” last August, there is little chance of the idea being followed up in the February collections.

Skirts in General Continue Short

Here and there we see a skirt which is longer than those of last season, but in general skirts will continue short. The 1830 frocks by Lanvin often touch the instep in front and are equally long in the back, but are rounded up and very much shorter on the sides. Or—a new note for the spring—they are short in front and taper to heel-length in the back.

There is some attempt at drapery—often soft folds falling from the shoulder or hip in evening gowns. For evening wear



Crêpe de Chine, one of the smartest spring stuffs, fashions the black dress at left from Premet, embroidered in black beads. The Georgette frock above, youthful in its simplicity, is of gray serge, trimmed with bands of tucking

Handkerchief points, a variation of the cascade drapery indulged in by Doucet, are shown on the black crêpe de Chine gown above. The frock at right sponsors the new black foulard patterned in rust-colored designs

Glittering in steel and crystal paillettes, the Lanvin gown at left, of blue crêpe Georgette, is girdled with the season's long, flowing sash. Black Spanish lace over black satin recalls a romantic Spain, in the Doucet gown at right

Significant of a return to the Directoire period is the décolleté line of the gown at left below, of green satin. Distinction of line and trimming are achieved in the Lanvin dinner gown at right below, of lilac crêpe de Chine



the corsage cut straight across under the arms and supported by narrow straps over the shoulders has been replaced to a great extent by the V-necked or round-necked corsage with a rather wide shoulder-piece and a rather large, vague armhole. The straight 1830 corsage showing the top of the shoulder is extremely smart also.

The New Colors

In colors, for tailored frocks and afternoon gowns of cheviot and silk, beige will be smart—the new putty-beige described before in these columns. Very new for evening wear is lilac, with all the pastel shades again in fashion. Black is smart, either alone or combined with any color. Dark blue is combined by Jenny with bright green, and black is combined with vivid yellow, while a gray gabardine tailored frock is given a blouse, collar, and cuffs of bright green linen. Jenny fashions gilets and blouses of white piqué, and a slender, slightly draped frock of dark blue gabardine is adorned with a bow of white piqué posed on the right hip.

Bright green is combined with violet—a new frock being made of bright green silk with an over-dress of violet crêpe Georgette. The result is new and smart. Bright green is often combined with black, and Tuscan red is also often strikingly combined with this same color.

This year has brought, perhaps, a more decided change in the evening frocks we wear than in anything else. This is well shown by the four illustrations above. Here we find the round, high neck cut in kimono fashion with the suggestion of a sleeve; the Directoire neck-line which goes straight across the neck leaving the top of the shoulders bare; another round-necked frock with flowing sleeves caught at the wrist which yet reveal the arms; last, the somewhat more formal evening frock cut with the square neck back and front with rather broad shoulder straps and no sleeves whatsoever, as is the mode now.

The first frock worn on the stage of the Comédie Française shows the use of lilac, which is one of the new evening shades, trimmed with steel and crystal paillettes combined with touches of jet. There is a suggestion of informality about the simple cut of the dress which contrasts oddly with the two floating trains.

The model of green satin shown second is far more formal in character, though trainless. Here we find a slightly draped skirt with the drapery hanging longer on one side than the other and the distinctly new Directoire neck line which leaves the top of the shoulders bare.

The Georgette frock with its round neck and flowing sleeves is the least formal in character and would make a delightful theater frock or home dinner gown. Here vivid blue Georgette is the foundation with glitter given by crystal paillettes. Evening gowns as a class may be divided into those of extreme simplicity of plain satin or brocade which show no glitter, and those which by sashes or ornamentation shimmer at every movement of the body.

A summer evening frock which is particularly delightful and which would be as adaptable for lace as for net is the last one. Here Doucet has covered a black satin slip with black Spanish lace which he daringly combines with silver lace. Since we are not all fortunate enough to have good Spanish lace, the same idea could be carried out in net and silver lace.

Sashes of Chiffon, Satin or Tulle

Perhaps one of the prettiest conceits of the winter which will undoubtedly be smart through the spring and summer is the use of a soft broad sash of chiffon, satin, or tulle which is brought across the frock at a low waist-line and tied on one side in a big bow with two long ends, one end reaching just above the bottom of the skirt and the other possibly the floor, to suggest a train in some way or other.



Asserting the strong influence of Scotch plaids in sports, this set consists of a tan hat of camel's hair, striped in brown, and a broad scarf to match, edged with fringe

New Spring Sports Clothes in Tweeds and Flannels *Fashioned After the Smart English Mode*



SPORTS clothes are a thing apart. English women, who spend so much of their life in the country, and who walk and ride in comfortable clothes that will stand both weather and rough country, have set so good an example that they are followed the world over for their country clothes.

The smart American women are very well turned out in country neighborhoods. They have learned, as it would be well for all women who live in small towns or country villages to learn, that walking shoes with flat heels, comfortable walking skirts of tweed with coats to match, worn with hats of a similar character, make the best looking and most practical costumes.

Here are some of the smartest new English clothes for the coming season. The broad camel's hair scarf of plaid with a cap to match gives warmth if it is needed, and is ornamental if worn open. The cape with the waistcoat front is a comfortable sort of garment and has been adopted by well-dressed women in this country for race meets, as a rainy day garment, or as a warm, comfortable wrap for motoring. Such a top-coat as that at the left makes an excellent motor coat and is pretty in the new, bright colors worn over a plaid skirt. There is, by the way, a distinct fashion toward the wearing of plain coats with plaid skirts, and newer still is the striped un-plaited skirt shown on the opposite page.

A new sports suit is cut on the Norfolk model, only much (Continued on page 80)



For sports nothing is smarter than the camel's hair coat at left, with the new raglan shoulder. It comes in green, bright red, tan, or sand. The duvetyne hat shows a becoming mushroom shape

Long a favorite in England for sports wear, the waistcoat cape at right, of tan and brown camel's hair, makes its way to Western shores. Hat of English tweed with a soft crown and rolled brim

Smart sports hats this season are of a contrasting shade or, newer still, fashion themselves of the same, or a similar material to the suit, in some becoming country shape



Significant of the spring mode is the new oval neck-line on the drop-stitch sweater at left, of alpaca wool, which may be had in bright orange, jade, old blue, navy, or tan

NEW ENGLISH MODELS SHOWN BY KNOX



Truly English in style, this Norfolk suit of English tweed in an indefinite plaid comes in mixtures wherein brown or green is the predominating shade. Stitched hat of same material in a good country shape



Heralded from across the seas, English flannel again fashions many smart sports skirts. Here it is in green, rose, or blue and white. Appropriate for all sports is the tucked-bosom waist of white crêpe de Chine

Another style of suit much in vogue is this straight model without plaits, showing a narrow belt finished with a cloth-covered buckle. It is of solid-colored tweeds in browns, tans, or greens. Hat of same material

A new style is to combine a plain Tuxedo sweater, as at left, of camel's hair, in beige, tan, or green, with a straight, unplaited skirt of green and black striped flannel. The skirt belt holds in the sweater



HARRIS BLOUSES

IN YOUR LOCAL SHOPS

The Newest Spring Blouses

THE blouses here are of three types. A sports blouse of imported French voile has a Scotch checked organdy collar and vest effect, which is not only new but very fresh and pretty. In this waist, as in the one of French voile with real filet, a bit of hand embroidery and hand-drawn stitchery is used. A wash waist of this type is especially needed at this time to wear with a suit, or later on in the summer to wear with white skirts. The waist to match the skirt in color, which is particularly pretty this spring, is made of silk minunette (a silk tricolette), as in the model here shown. This is embroidered in gold and self color. The woman going South or who lives in the warmer parts of our country will be delighted with the suit of French ratiné shown above. This is a straight, Tuxedo model, the revers and cuffs of which are trimmed with drawn-work. Ask your dealer for these models by their trade name.

CUPID JR.

For the ten-year-old girl, this pretty hat of Milan straw trims its crown with a sand-colored ribbon which falls streamer-like to one side. Black, brown, navy, pheasant, or walnut; about \$12.50

The novel blouse at left above, of white French voile, fashions its Peter Pan collar and front of imported Scotch checked organdy with a hand-drawn center and edge. In sizes 34 to 46; about \$3

A washable waist of white French voile with real filet and hand-drawn work is that second from left above, which would be smart with either a sports or spring suit; 34 to 46; about \$6.50

Characteristic of the demi-saison hat, the model at right, of faille, shows a spray of long cock's feathers which graze the wearer's shoulder. In navy, henna, gray, or beige, for about \$27.50

42



CUPID

Another youthful shape for the girl from 10 to 14 yrs. is this large, split-braid hat faced with rust and embroidered in a colored silk dropstitch. In navy blue, black, or brown; about \$17.50

A waist which gives the effect of a dress to a spring suit is that second from the right above, of navy minunette (a silk tricolette), embroidered in gold or self color; 34 to 46, for about \$9.75

Of French ratiné, the suit at right above shows the becoming Tuxedo collar. The small Peter Pan collar and vest are of organdy. French blue, flesh, navy, henna, or lavender; about \$10.50

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT CARRY THESE MODELS UNDER THEIR TRADEMARK NAMES, WRITE US TO KNOW THE NAME OF THE DEALER IN YOUR TOWN OR LOCALITY WHO DOES HAVE THEM IN STOCK

IN YOUR LOCAL SHOPS

Suits, Collars and Vests of the Spring

ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR THESE MODELS UNDER THEIR TRADE-MARK MAKE. IF HE DOES NOT CARRY THEM WRITE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING FOR THE NAME OF A DEALER IN YOUR TOWN OR LOCALITY WHO DOES



This net collar with a Valenciennes lace edging is a pretty illustration of the square collar which because of its smart and becoming line finds its place in the latest spring fashions; about \$2.25

Very smart for a tailored suit are the vest and Peter Pan collar of Beach cloth or piqué at right; about \$3.50. The tan linen vest bound with a colored linen fold, second from right; about \$3.95

If an inexpensive but nice suit is needed for country wear the heather Jersey cloth model at left below can be recommended. Copenhagen, copper-tan, or brown; 14 to 20, 36 to 40; about \$20



Of piqué with the somewhat hard edge softened by a plaiting of batiste, the separate collar and cuff set above finishes many of the smart Jersey smocks and new sports waists; about \$2.75

A tailored suit which may be worn with or without a belt is shown in center below. It is of navy or black all worsted serge, and if worn with a belt is more youthful; 14 to 20, 36 to 40; about \$39.50

Well cut and showing excellent material and workmanship, the box suit of navy or black tricotine, at right below, suggests formal rather than informal wear; 14 to 20, 36 to 40; about \$58.50



CROWLEY NECKWEAR

AFTER a number of seasons when the smart neck-line has been an untrimmed one, it is rather a relief to know that on some of the dresses, at least, will be worn the becoming and softening collar. A neck-line which is distinctly smart just now for sports or tailored wear shows the collar which comes to the base of the throat—a Buster Brown or Peter Pan collar as they are called. This line is youthful and very becoming, if becoming at all, and should, when possible, be adopted.

A separate collar and cuff set of this type is illustrated at the right above. This is of piqué with the somewhat hard edge softened by a plaiting of batiste. A vest with the same type of collar is illustrated above in the center and would be smart worn with the strictly tailored suit for town or with the sports suit for the country. A vest of a softer outline shows a long "V" opening and a smart collar. This is of a type which can be worn most attractively with the box coats.

The square neck-line, the "U" line, and the oval which have been so very becoming, all find their places in the spring fashions, the square and the "U" perhaps being smartest of all. A collar of net with Valenciennes



MISS MANHATTAN
SPRING MODELS

lace edging is a very pretty illustration of the square.

The spring suits at the left show three types for the young girl or the small woman. The box model with the applied bands is of tricotine. This is an extremely well-cut model, showing excellent material and workmanship, and suggests formal rather than informal wear. The model in the center is of the tailored type in a good quality of serge and may be worn with or without the belt. In both these suits the skirt is a two-piece, straight affair with slight gathers across the back. The fastidious woman will like the lack of trimming and good cut of these spring models, if she wants something smart to wear in the city.

If, on the other hand, an inexpensive but nice suit is needed for country wear or for sports, the one at the left of the group can be recommended. This, though exceedingly inexpensive, is of a good quality material and the cut is the simple, straight line which is appropriate for such a suit. In suits of this character much of the good looks depend upon the color chosen. Having looked over the models very carefully, the browns and greens that are soft in color, in Jersey cloth, can be recommended.



This wool jersey waist with white linen collar and cuffs comes in henna, navy, bark, brown, or gray; 32 to 44; \$12.75

Waists and Attractive Dresses that Show a Forecast of Spring in the New York Shops



FEBRUARY is an in-between month, as it were, when it comes to shopping. It is a little too early to buy spring clothes and far too late to consider winter ones. Notwithstanding, however, a new dress waist and some children's clothes are often found necessary. A sports waist which is very smart indeed is the one above of Jersey cloth which comes in all the smart shades and may be worn with any contrasting or blending skirt. Such an overblouse is particularly smart with a plaited skirt to match, or a plaited or plain flannel skirt. The dainty waist at right shows the Peter Pan collar which is exceedingly smart and will be worn even more this year than last. It is of the finest sort of material with hand-embroidered collar and cuffs and can be recommended for its excellent fit and workmanship.

Three useful dresses for children in good styles and durable materials are shown below.



Suitable for sports or street wear this Porto Rican waist of the finest quality of white batiste is hand-made throughout. The collar and vestee are hand-drawn and hand-embroidered; 34 to 46; \$3.95

A pretty little frock for everyday wear is that at right of pink or blue chambray with a white collar and cuffs and unusual trimming of checked gingham. For the child from 6 to 10 years. Priced at \$6.95

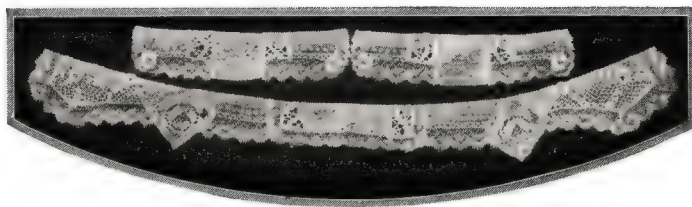
Edged with real filet is the white piqué frock second from right; 6 to 10 years; \$8.75. The overblouse dress, in center, of solid colored chambray is leather color, Copenhagen, or pink; 12 to 16 years; \$8.95



Of the finest sort of material with embroidered collar and cuffs, this waist of white striped dimity can be recommended for its excellent fit. Extremely smart is the Peter Pan collar; 32 to 44; \$5

A silk and wool sweater is at left which comes in white, maize, Copenhagen, tan, jade, pink, rose, coral, lavender, or orange; 1 to 2 yrs., \$3; 3 to 4, \$3.25; 5 to 6, \$3.75; 7 to 10, \$4.25. Postage 10c. extra

These smart spring models show some of the best values in the New York shops. We shall be happy to buy them for you on receipt of check or money-order. Good Housekeeping Shopping Service



Of real Irish and fillet with other fine laces, this collar gives a pretty finish to a dress, \$6; cuffs, \$3 extra

THESE attractive frocks for the in-between season bring with them a forecast of spring. Plaitings which made their bow last year are again much in vogue as the two afternoon frocks below seem to prove. The one at left is a happy addition to the wardrobe, as it may be used for afternoon wear in the spring and later for the street. The other is a becoming and youthful frock for the young girl from fourteen to twenty. A necessity at this time is a cloth dress. A smart model is the navy tricotine and black satin dress illustrated. The straight lines of the season are here achieved, while black embroidery trims the panels. The sleeveless dinner frock at left follows the precepts of the moment by draping its skirt with loops and veiling the upper part of its corsage in the back only, the front being made in the becoming surplice style. A new feature is the big bow of chiffon at the side.



Following the precepts of the moment, this sleeveless dinner gown of Georgette drapes its skirt with billowy loops. Only the back of the corsage is veiled, the front being made in the becoming surplice style. Orchid, geranium, light gray, or French blue; \$69.50

Of crêpe de Chine, a smart material this season, the afternoon gown at right trims itself with narrow plaitings and self embroidery. This frock may be used for afternoon wear in the spring and later for the street. Navy, light gray, brown, or black; \$49.50



A youthful type of gown is this of Georgette, trimmed with ruffles. In gray, navy, Copenhagen, or beige; 14 to 20 yrs., \$39.50. The navy tricotine and black satin dress at left embroidered in black becomes a necessity in the early spring; \$39.50

We shall be happy to help you with your shopping by buying any of these early spring models to complete your wardrobe. Please enclose a check or money-order and address Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 119 West 40th St., New York City

FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

A Practical Lesson in Dressmaking Showing How to Make the Smart Spring Frock Illustrated Below

MANY women are afraid to make a dress at home, because they do not know how intricate it may prove, or perhaps more often, because they fear to spoil good material. Many of the dresses today are not difficult to make if a good pattern is secured, and good patterns are simple. It depends upon the cut as to whether or not the dress is smart. For instance, the dress illustrated on this page has in the pattern just the four pieces shown in the diagram. The front, which is cut on a lengthwise fold of the material, is without a seam except at the shoulder and underarm. The back, which is cut on a lengthwise fold, is seamed to the front at the shoulders and underarms. The sleeve is in one piece; and the collar, which is placed on a fold at the center back is attached to the neckline. A small vest may be attached to the lining. The sash and loop effect are nothing but a straight piece of material or a piece of satin or moiré ribbon arranged as illustrated.

Suppose we make this dress together step by step. First let us consider the material. Such a frock is suitable for one of the new foulards or silk crêpes, or for tricotine or serge. It requires in 36-inch bust, five and a half yards of a thirty-six-inch material (in which some of the silks come), three yards of a fifty-four-inch material, or four and a half yards of a forty-two-inch material. Since the majority of women need a spring cloth dress for street wear, let us make it of serge or tricotine fifty-four inches wide.

3 yards serge, 54 in. wide, at \$2.50 a yard
(For dress and panels).....\$7.50
1 yard China silk, 36 in. wide, at 1.00
1 card hooks and eyes..... .10

\$8.60

3½ yards of ribbon are necessary if a ribbon sash is preferred to that of serge.

A difficult part of dressmaking which many people do not appreciate is making the lining. This is most important. Choose a durable quality of material. If China silk is used, get a good quality; if

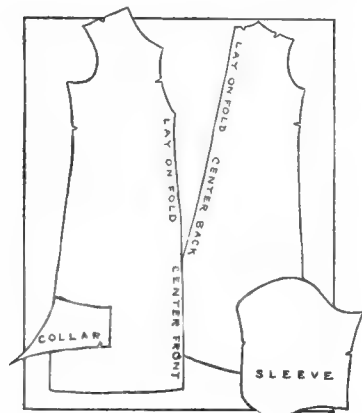
lawn, get it firm enough to hold its place. Be careful to lay your pattern on the straight of the goods. Do not try to save material by laying any part of it crosswise. The lining pattern, like the dress, is cut in but two pieces, a back and a front. Lay the back on the fold and cut the front on a fold or on selvage edges. Sew the shoulder seams together, then the underarm seams together. Now try on wrong side out, and pin the front together without allowing for the lap, and pin in a dart from the bust to the waist-line. This will take up the surplus fulness in the front at the waist-line and should leave the shoulders fitting smoothly. Have ready an inside belt about an inch wide, fastened by a hook and eye. Put this on under the lining, hooking it at the center front. Pin the center back to the center back of the belt. Then pin the underarm seam to the belt, being careful

to keep the underarm seam straight. It must come from the middle of the underarm in a straight line to the waist. Do not let this seam "shoot" either front or back. Keep it straight. If there is fulness in either the front or back, lay in small folds in the back and take it up in darts in the front. If your shoulders need adjustment, adjust them now. If the underarm is too broad or too tight, cut it by snipping the edges and gradually cutting it away to the desired width. If the underarm is too big, it is made smaller by taking the shoulder seams and the underarm seams a little deeper. When the shoulder, underarm, and armhole are correctly fitted, turn back on each side of the center front for the seam and mark for hooks and eyes to be placed on the two edges so that the lining, when hooked, closes without a lap.

Now baste the seams; try on to be sure the lining fits. If any adjustment is needed, rip the bastings and readjust. If not, sew the seams up on the machine. Pink the edges of the seams as a finish or overhand them. Now finish the hems on the two fronts and sew on the hooks and eyes. The lower edge of the lining which will come an inch or two below the inside hem may be pinked or finished by a narrow hem finished by a bit of Valenciennes lace. The neckline should be finished by a narrow hem and edged with a narrow lace. The lining is now completed, and is entirely independent of the dress, although it is the most important of foundations.

To Cut Out the Dress

If fearful of ruining the material whether through fear of incorrect cutting or fitting, it is an economical idea to purchase some unbleached muslin and cut it first by the pattern. Lay the center front on a lengthwise fold of the muslin and cut it by the pattern. Lay the center back on a lengthwise fold of the muslin and cut it by the pattern. This gives you the front of the dress and the back of the dress without any seam. Baste the two shoulder seams together; baste the two (Continued on page 116)



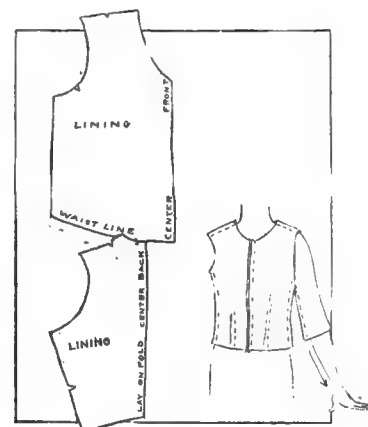
This dress pattern has four pieces: the front, and back to be laid on lengthwise folds, and a one-piece sleeve and collar

46



Attractive in one of the new foulards or silk crêpes, or in tricotine or serge, this frock slips over the head and achieves the straight silhouette

A pattern for this dress may be obtained upon receipt of sixty cents. Kindly give correct size and address Good Housekeeping Fashion Service



Above is a two-piece lining: a front and back; and a sketch showing the fitting of a lining and the adjusting of the sleeve



SILKS FROM MALLINSON'S

Newest silks of the season are: Printed Pussy Willow Crêpe, Printed Chinchilla Satin, Khaki Kool Repp, Kame-O Stripe, Printed Roshanara, and Fisher Maid

Silk Weaves Its Way Through Many a Picturesque and Romantic Path from Eastern to Western Civilization

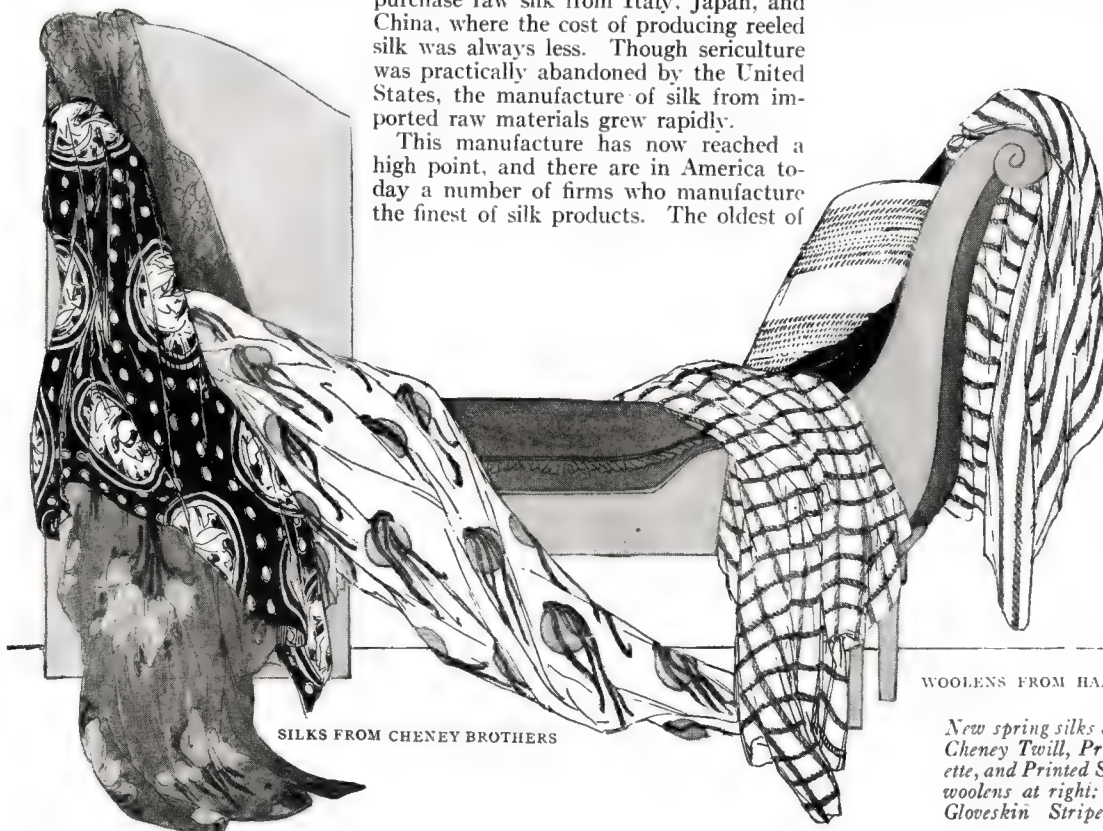
THE vogue of silk is greater than ever, this spring. The crêpey weaves in rather a heavy fabric will take their place for suits and tailored dresses, while the lighter fabrics, such as crêpe de Chine and many of the weaves akin to it, will be used for dresses. With the great interest in silks it is interesting to remember that no other textile industry, save silk, can trace its rise to such picturesque and romantic incidents. The silk-maker's art originated in China 3400 years before the Christian era. Thence the art traveled to India and Japan, but was slow in reaching Europe.

In 555 A. D. the industry was brought into the Roman Empire by monks, who had discovered the secret in the East. From Rome it gradually spread over Europe. In 1608 James I of England stocked his royal domain of Oatlands with mulberry trees, and later conceived the idea of making the American possessions yield silk for the mother country. Jamestown, Virginia, first attempted the experience of sericulture. It was later introduced into Louisiana and Georgia, but the most strenuous effort amounted to little. America, like France, was well content to purchase raw silk from Italy, Japan, and China, where the cost of producing reeled silk was always less. Though sericulture was practically abandoned by the United States, the manufacture of silk from imported raw materials grew rapidly.

This manufacture has now reached a high point, and there are in America today a number of firms who manufacture the finest of silk products. The oldest of

these firms was established by Ward Cheney in 1838. Others prominent in the field who started at perhaps a later date are R. H. Mallinson & Co., Rogers & Thompson, William Skinner and Sons, Belding Bros., Goetz Silk Mfg. Co., and Migel.

Cheney silks have achieved great success in their mills in the intricate process of printing. For the spring many of the formerly plain silks show figures of varied designs. The Showerproof Foulard, Printed Cinderella, and Printed Crêpe Chenette used for blouses, linings, and dresses show every (Continued on page 114)



SILKS FROM CHENEY BROTHERS

WOOLENS FROM HAAS BROTHERS

New spring silks at left: Sweetbriar, Cheney Twill, Printed Crêpe Chenette, and Printed Satin Panne. New woollens at right: Gloveskin Checks, Gloveskin Stripes, and Repcloth

Why One Father Succeeded With His Sons

By Frank H. Cheley

HE believed that being a father is the greatest privilege given to any man, and so took his fatherhood seriously.

He believed that all boys are mostly good, but that they very often get bad handling, especially by fathers.

He insisted that if he strove to be a boy with his sons, the sons must strive to become men with him.

He believed in doing a great deal *with* boys, but not too much *for* them.

He never tried to bluff his boys; he knew it was useless, for as a boy he himself had been a shrewd detector of hypocrisy.

He recognized that even a boy has rights and that they should be respected by his superiors.

He knew that the mother could accomplish certain things with the boys that he could not, but refused to unload his own rightful responsibilities on her.

He abhorred weakness in any form. "Victory is to the strong" was his slogan, whether in mental, physical, spiritual, or social life.

He believed a sound body was essential to a strong character, and so encouraged strenuous physical activity, in which he shared.

He believed that cleanliness was next to godliness and practised it consistently himself—inside and out.

He believed that directed fun was always an effective antidote for evil thoughts and temptations.

He counted it his sacred privilege to give the boys, step by step, the intimate information they needed. Best of all, he himself practised moral fitness and had no use for a "double standard."

He was friendly with everybody, rich and poor alike. All the boys and dogs in the neighborhood knew him and liked to "hang around."

He believed in boy gangs. Instead of forbidding his sons the privilege of gang life, he made himself worthy to be elected an honorary member.

He was certain that a few tools and a place to work were more of a home attraction to his boys than rewards—even promises to take them to the circus if they stayed in nights.

He recognized the fact that a boy's books are his silent comrades, and so took as much pains in seeing that each one was as carefully chosen as a new suit—that it fit, wore well, and made the boys self-respecting.

He invariably had time for questions, whether they were only incidental or profound queries, and made it a practise never to say "I don't know," and let it go at that.

He was convinced that character is as contagious as measles and never lost an opportunity to "expose" the boys—or himself, for that matter.

He understood perfectly that a broken will is a far greater misfortune than a crippled body, that a directed will is the greatest of all possessions; and he disciplined accordingly.

He believed it was a far greater thing for any boy to make a life than a living and that what you *are* is your only just claim to greatness.

He would rather be known any time as a successful father than as a successful business or professional man.

He was a real sport and played the old game of life for all that was in him, but always according to rules.

These are a few of the reasons why two boys, grown tall and straight and true, declare that they wish to be men just like their dear old Dad. That's better by far than having even a whole column in "Who's Who in America," a cigar named after you; or your statue placed on a pedestal in the city park.



"By no remote possibility," I cried hotly, "can there be anything but friendship between Lady Auriol Dayne and Petit Patou." "Thank you, my dear Hylton," said Bakkus. "That's exactly what I wanted to know"

T h e M O U N T E B A N K

B y W m . J . L o c k e

*Illustrated by
Pruett Carter*

THE first sign of commotion in the morning was a note from Bakkus, whose turn it was to act as luncheon host. Our friends at Clermont-Ferrand, said he, had cried off. They had also asked him to go over to see them. Would I be so kind as to regard this as a *dies non* in the rota of our pleasant gatherings?

I went out and bought some flowers, which I sent up to Lady Auriol with a polite message. The chasseur returned saying that Miladi had gone out about half an hour before.

"You don't mean that she has left the hotel with her luggage?"

The man smiled reassurance. She had only gone for a walk. I breathed freely. It would have been just like her to go off by the first train.

I suffered my treatment, drank my glasses of horrible water, and again inquired at the hotel for Lady Auriol. She had not yet returned. Having nothing to do, I took my *Moniteur du Puy de Dôme*, which I had not read, to the café which commands a view of the park gates and

the general going and coming of Royat. Presently, from the tram terminus, I saw advancing the familiar, gaunt figure of Lackaday. I was glad, I scarcely knew why, to note that he wore a gray soft felt instead of the awful straw hat. I rose to greet him and invited him to my table.

"I would join you with pleasure," said he, "but I am thinking of paying my respects to Lady Auriol."

When I told him that he would not find her, he sat down. "We could keep an eye on the hotel entrance," I remarked.

"I'm anxious not to miss Lady Auriol," he said. "It will be my only chance of seeing her. We're off tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"Our engagement ends tonight. We're due at Vichy next week."

I had not realized the flight of the pleasant days, but still I was puzzled. Yesterday there had been no talk of departure. I mentioned my surprise.

"I have ended the engagement of my own accord," said he. "The management had engaged another star turn for today, overlapping mine—a breach of contract which gave me the excuse for terminating it. I don't often stand on the vain dignity of the so-called 'artist,' but this time I've been glad to do so."

"But during these few days?"

"We wait at Vichy." He spoke woodenly, his lined face set hard.

"I shall miss you tremendously, my dear fellow," said I. "I shall miss your company even more," said he.

"We won't, at any rate, say good-by today," I ventured. "There are cars to be hired, and Vichy from the car point of view is close by."

"You, my dear Hylton, I shall be delighted to see."

The emphasis on the pronoun would have rendered his meaning clear to even a more obtuse man than myself. No Lady Auriols flaunting over to Vichy.

"May I ask when you came to this decision?" I inquired. "Bakkus's note suggested only a postponement of our meeting."

"Last night," said he. "That's one reason why I sent for Bakkus."

"I see," said I. But I did not tell him what I saw. It looked as though the gallant fellow were simply running away.

Soon afterward, to my great relief, Lady Auriol came swinging along on the other side of the pavement. I stood and waved an arresting hand. She hesitated for a second, and then crossed the road and met us outside the café. I offered a seat at our table within. She declined with a gesture. We all stood for a while, and then went diagonally over to the park entrance.

"I've been such a walk," she declared. "Miles and miles—through beautiful country and picturesque villages. You ought to explore. It's worth it."

"I know the district of old," said Lackaday.

She put up a hand to straying hair. "I'm falling to pieces. I have but two desires in the world—a cold bath and food. Perhaps I shall see you later."

He stood unflinching, like a soldier condemned for crime. I wondered at her icy indifference. He said:

"Unfortunately I can't have that pleasure. My engagements take up the rest of the day, and tomorrow I leave Clermont-Ferrand. I sha'n't have another opportunity of seeing you."

Their eyes met, and his, calm yet full of pain, dominated. She thrust her hand through my arm.

LOVE'S WAGES

By

Martha Haskell Clark

The wages of Love are small, so small
You scarce might know they were paid at all.
A glance, a smile, or the clasp of hands,
The coin of a heart that understands;
A name soft whispered, a lingered kiss—
The wages of Love are paid in this.

But oh, the magic such coin can buy—
The waking joy of a dawn-flushed sky,
Drudgery speeding on skylarks' wings,
Songs in the heartbeats of common things;
And firelit shadows of evening blent
With peace and comfort and all-content.

The wages of Love are small, so small
One scarce could say that they cost at all.
Yet lives are lonely, and hearts still ache
In bitter lack for the wee coins' sake;
And many a silk-clad life of ease
Would barter its purse of gold for these.

"Very well, then, let us get into the shade."

We entered the park, found an empty bench beneath the trees, and sat down, Auriol between us. She said,

"Do you mean at Royat or in the world in general?"

"Perhaps the latter."

She laughed queerly. "As chance has thrown us together here, it will possibly do the same somewhere else."

"My sphere isn't yours," said he. "If it hadn't been for the accident of Captain Hylton being here, we should not have met now."

"Captain Hylton had nothing to do with it," she said warmly. "I had no notion that you were at Clermont-Ferrand."

"I'm quite aware of that, Lady Auriol."

She flushed, vexed at having said a foolish thing. "And Captain Hylton had no notion that I was coming."

"Perfectly," said Lackaday.

"Well?" she said after a pause.

"I came over to Royat this morning," said Lackaday, "to call on you and bid you good-by."

"Why?" she asked in a low voice.

"It appeared to be ordinary courtesy."

"Was there anything particular you wanted to say to me?"

"Perhaps to supplement the little I could tell you yesterday afternoon."

"Captain Hylton supplemented it after you left. Oh, he was very discreet. But there were a few odds and ends that needed straightening out. If you had been frank with me from the beginning, there would have been no need of it. As it was, I had to clear everything up. If I had known exactly, I should not have gone to the circus last night."

His eyelids fluttered like those of a man who has received a bullet through him, and

his mouth set grimly. "You might have spared me that," said he. He bent forward. "Hylton, why did you let her do it?"

"I might just as well have tried to stop the thunder," said I, seeing no reason why this young woman should not bear the blame for her folly.

"A circus is a comfortless place of entertainment," he said in the familiar, even voice. "I wish it had been a proper theater. What did you think of the performance?"

She straightened herself upright, turned and looked at him, then looked away in front of her. A sharp breath or two caused a little convulsive heave of her bosom. To my astonishment I saw great tears run down her cheeks on her hands tightly clasped on her lap. As soon as she realized it, she dashed her hands roughly over her eyes.

Lackaday ventured the tip of his finger on her sleeve. "It's a sorry show, isn't it? I'm not proud of myself. But perhaps you understand now why I left you in ignorance."

"Yet you told Anthony. Why not me? I presume that I was quite as intimate a friend as Anthony?"

"Quite," said he. "But Hylton's a man, and you're a woman. There can be no comparison. You are on different planes of sentiment. For instance, Hylton, loyal friend as he is, has not to my knowledge done me the honor of shedding tears over *Petit Patou*."

I felt horribly out of place on the bench in this public leafy park beside these two warring lovers. But it was most humanly interesting. Lackaday seemed to be re-invested with the dignity of the man as I had first met him a year ago.

"Anthony," she said in her defiant way, "would have cried, if he could."

Lackaday's features relaxed into his child-like smile. "Ah," said he. "The little more and how much it is. The little less and how far away."

She was silent. Although the situation was painful, I could not help feeling an ironical satisfaction that she was getting the worst of the encounter. I was glad because I thought she had treated him cruelly. The unprecedented tears, however, were signs of grace. Yet the devil in her suggested a *riposte*.

"I hope Madame Patou is quite well."

Lackaday's smile faded into the mask. "Last night's thunderstorm upset her a little, but otherwise—yes—she is quite well." He rose.

Lady Auriol cried, "You're not going already?"

His ear caught a new tone, for he smiled again. "I must get back to Clermont-Ferrand. Good-by, Hylton."

We shook hands.

"Good-by, old chap," said I. "We'll meet soon."

Auriol rose and turned on me an ignoring back. As I did not seem to exist any longer, I faded shadow-like away to the park gate, where I hung about until Auriol should join me.

As to what happened between them then, I must rely on her own report, which, as you shall learn, she gave me later.

They stood for a while after I had gone. Then he held out his hand.

"Good-by, Lady Auriol," said he.

"No," she said. "There are things which we really ought to say to each other. You do believe I wish I had never come?"

"I can quite understand," said he stiffly.

"It hurts," she said.

"Why should it matter so much?" he asked. "Who and what am I?"

"I don't know—but it does."

He drew himself up, and his face grew stern. "I don't cease to be an honorable man because of my profession, or to be worthy of respect because I am loyal to sacred obligations."

"You put me in the wrong," she said. "I deserve it, but it all hurts. It hurts dreadfully. Can't you see? The awful pity of it! You of all men to be condemned to a life like this! And you suffer, too. It all hurts."

"Remember," said he, "it was the life to which I was bred."

She felt hopeless. "It's my own fault for coming," she said. "I should have left things as

they were when we parted in April. There was beauty—you made it quite clear that our parting was final. You couldn't have acted otherwise. Forgive me for all I've said. I pride myself on being a practical woman, but—for that reason, perhaps—I'm unused to grappling with emotional situations. If I've been unkind, it's because I've been stabbing

myself and forgetting I'm stabbing you at the same time."

He walked a pace or two further with her. For the first time he seemed to recognize what he had meant to her.

"I'm sorry," he said gravely. "I never dreamed it was a matter of such concern to you. If I had, I shouldn't have left you in any doubt. To me you were everything that man can conceive in woman. I wanted to remain in your memory as the man the war had made me. Vanity or pride, I don't know. We all have our failings. I worshiped you. I never told you that I am a man who has learned to keep himself under control—perhaps under too much control. I shouldn't tell you now, if—"

"You don't suppose I'm a fool," she interrupted. "I knew. And the Verity-Stewarts knew. Even my little cousin Evadne knew."

They still strolled along the path under the trees. He said after a while,

"I'm afraid I have made things very difficult for you."

She was pierced with remorse. "Oh, how like you! Any other man would have put it the other way round and accused me of making things difficult for him. And he would have been right. For I did come here to get news of you from Anthony Hylton. He was so discreet that I felt that he could tell me something. And I came and found you and have made things difficult for you."

He said in his sober way: "Perhaps it is for the best that we have met and had this talk. We ought to have had it months ago—but—" he turned his face wistfully on her—"we couldn't, because I didn't know. Anyhow, it's all over."

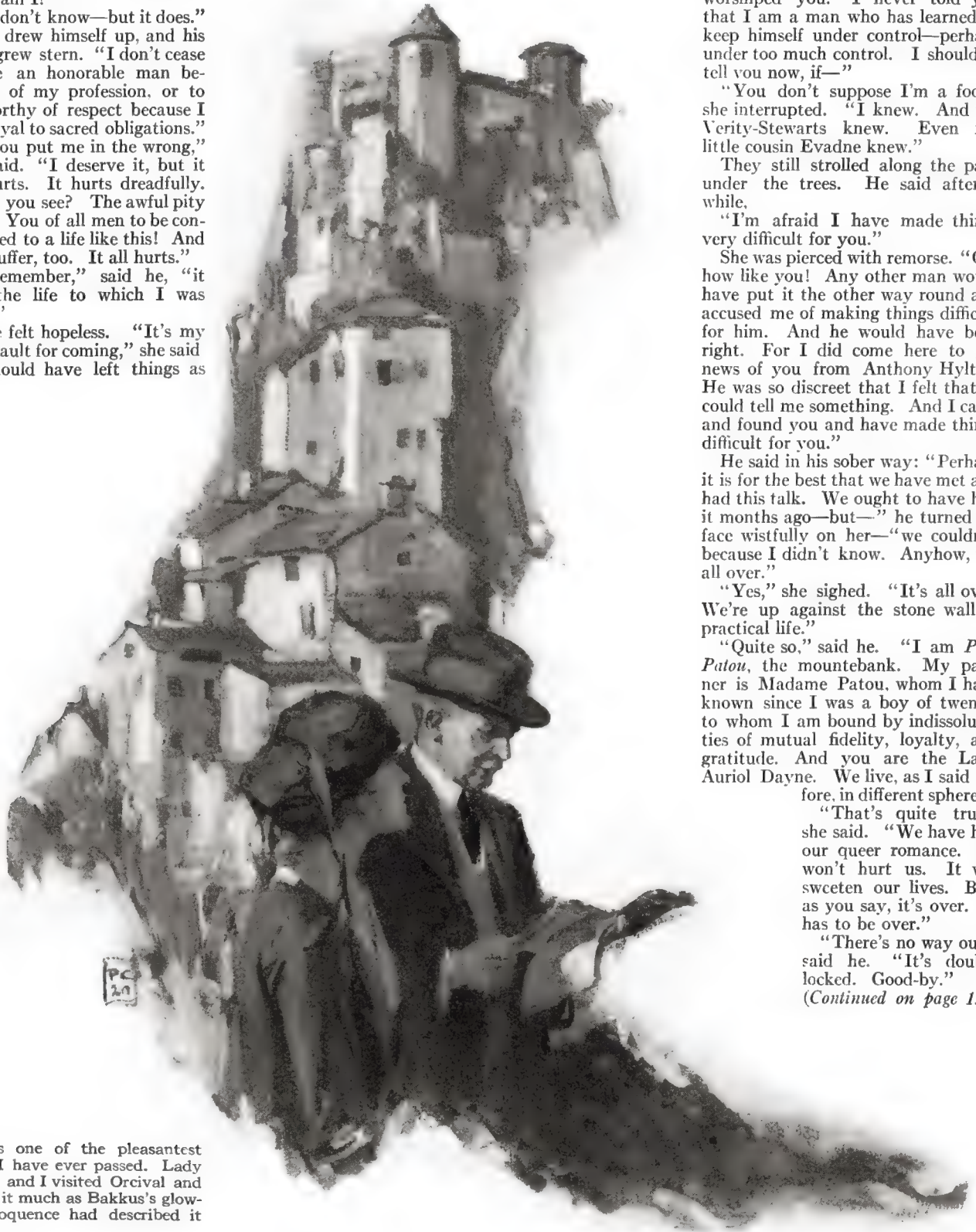
"Yes," she sighed. "It's all over. We're up against the stone wall of practical life."

"Quite so," said he. "I am *Petit Patou*, the mountebank. My partner is Madame Patou, whom I have known since I was a boy of twenty, to whom I am bound by indissoluble ties of mutual fidelity, loyalty, and gratitude. And you are the Lady Auriol Dayne. We live, as I said before, in different spheres."

"That's quite true," she said. "We have had our queer romance. It won't hurt us. It will sweeten our lives. But, as you say, it's over. It has to be over."

"There's no way out," said he. "It's doubly locked. Good-by."

(Continued on page 154)



It was one of the pleasantest days I have ever passed. Lady Auriol and I visited Orcival and found it much as Bakkus's glowing eloquence had described it

Department of HOUSEHOLD ENGINEERING

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

Mildred Maddocks, Director

We Test Them All

DURING these bleak wintry days, do you find you need a small auxiliary heater to supplement the heat when the fire goes down? If you are thinking of purchasing one, why not send to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE, 105 West 39th Street, New York City, for a list of those which have been tested and approved? The testing of these heaters is only a small part of our work. We test ranges of every description, refrigerators, washing and ironing machines—in fact, every device for household use. The practical test extends over many weeks and often many months, so that at the end of the test we feel we actually know every appliance. Each one that comes up to our standard has the privilege of using our tested and approved seal, so you may feel safe in buying any device carrying the seal



These are the only materials which will be necessary for soap making at home

The method must combine the art of yesterday with the science of today

Soap Making at Home

By Marion M. Mayer

Tested at the Institute

THE soap-making art of our grandmother's day, which has almost entirely disappeared except in some rural places, is a most economical practise. It is an excellent way of disposing of the accumulated cooking fats in homes where deep fat frying is popular or where bacon is served so frequently that valuable refrigerator space is being taken up by the drippings. One of our readers found soap making an effective way of "helping to beat the budget," so we are passing it on to you as a suggestion.

In chemical language a soap is the product of the saponification of a fat by an alkali. In other words, to make soap, or to form a perfect saponification, you must have a fat and an alkali combined in just the right proportions and under the right conditions. The quality of the soap will depend largely upon the pureness of both fat and alkali, the fatty acid content of the fat, and the proportions of fat and alkali used. Of course, you can not ex-

pect to produce as perfect a product as the manufacturer who has spent years in research and thousands of dollars on materials and salaries of skilled chemists, but you can produce a desirable light soap if you will carefully follow our directions.

Utensils for soap making must be given first consideration. Let me warn you against the use of aluminum in connection with lye; lye vigorously attacks this metal. A large, enameled iron pot, a wooden spoon, and a glass or tinned measuring cup are the best utensils to use for the purpose.

The boiled method of making soap is the longer of the two, but produces by far the better product. It is the usual commercial method, as the soap produced is more apt to be uniform in appearance and quality. Almost any kind of fat or oil can be used, but the best results are obtained with the harder fats. The photographs on the opposite page show the various steps in the process. First of all, in your largest

kettle dissolve one-half cupful of ordinary household lye in one gallon of water. Add eight pounds of fat and, stirring it, bring it quickly to a boil. Remove from the fire and allow to stand overnight. The fat will become creamy in appearance and rise to the top, and the impurities and coloring matter will sink. Skim the fat from the top, leaving the salt and other impurities at the bottom of the kettle. The fat is now in readiness for soap making. If oil is used, of course it will not harden like the fat, and a great deal more care must be taken in skimming it from the top.

Dissolve two cans of lye, the regular fourteen ounce size, in four gallons of water. When thoroughly dissolved, add the whole amount of clarified fat, and stir until it is entirely melted. Allow it to boil slowly for two hours. If oil is used, boil three hours instead of two. Turn out the gas or remove to the back of the stove where it will stop boiling but keep warm, and allow it to stand thirty minutes. At



First add the entire amount of fat to the lye solution and bring the mixture quickly to a boil

this stage it will be as thick as heavy molasses. One-half cupful of borax dissolved in one-half cupful of tepid water and one-half cupful of ammonia stirred in at this time will add some value to the cleansing properties of the soap. If you desire a floating soap, you must incorporate air at this time by beating vigorously with a Dover egg-beater for two minutes. If you are making the full quantity, you will probably have to divide it to do the beating, because it will be almost impossible to beat such a large quantity with a beater of an ordinary size.

The soap is now ready to mold. A large-sized wooden box makes a good mold provided the surface is smooth and the corners are tight. Line it with a piece of muslin or an old flour sack opened up and wrung out of cold water. Cut two strips just as you would for a candy box, having one strip go lengthwise and one crosswise, keeping the corners perfectly square. Cardboard boxes may be used if they are extra heavy, but light ones are of no use. Tinned cracker boxes make excellent molds and do not have to be lined.

After pouring the soap into the mold, allow it to stand at least twenty-four hours undisturbed. Remove from the mold and cut into cakes the size desired, using a piece of twine or very fine wire, but not a knife. The soap will be soft—much like cheese in texture, when new, but will harden upon standing.

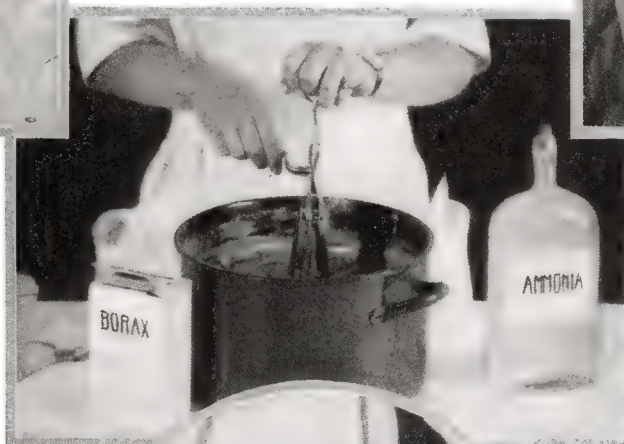
This soap is adapted for kitchen and laundry use only. If it is to be used in a washing-machine, it should be made into soap jelly by softening eight ounces of the soap in two quarts of water. When completely dissolved, pour into jars and store until ready for use.

The cold process, the usual household method of making soap, is much simpler and quicker and it produces a harder soap, although it is not so smooth and velvety a product as that

Then remove from the fire and allow to stand for a day. Carefully skim off the clarified fat and boil in another lye solution



Add ammonia and borax, beat for two minutes for a floating soap and then pour into molds



of the boiled method. First, clarify the fat by boiling it for about ten minutes with an equal volume of water. Then strain through at least four thicknesses of cheese-cloth and allow to cool. The fat will rise to the top, and when hard, may be easily removed. Make a lye solution by dissolving one can of commercial lye in one quart of water and store in bottles until ready to make the soap.

Melt one pound of fat in a large-sized utensil, and when warm, add very gradually one cupful of the previously prepared lye solution, stirring constantly. It is important that the temperature of the fat shall be warm, to be specific, 100° Fahrenheit. One-half teaspoonful of rose extract will give a desirable odor to the soap. The mixture must be turned into the mold soon after the ingredients are combined, and for that reason we were not able to beat it to incorporate enough air for producing a floating soap, but it may be possible. Pour into molds and proceed just as we have directed for the boiled soap.

As for the keeping qualities—any soap, of course, should be allowed to dry out and “ripen.” If it is used when very fresh and soft, it is wasted. Commercially there is an excellent reason for not shipping out brand-new soap; the manufacturer does not want to pay for the weight of any unnecessary water, and therefore the soap is kept for a while to allow some moisture to evaporate.

Home-made soap, however, should not be exposed to the air for an indefinite period of time, because it is not so highly refined as the commercial product, and upon long exposure crystals will form on the surface. It is advisable to dry it out for about a week. If it is cut up into smaller cakes, it will dry out quicker than if left in large pieces. Then wrap each cake individually, first in waxed paper, and then in some heavier paper, such as old newspaper, which makes an excellent outside wrapping.

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Use a piece of twine or fine wire for cutting the soap

The Business of Housekeeping

Your Neighbors' Working Schedules

EVERY housekeeper and mother is interested in the working schedule which will help her in systematizing the round of household duties.

So we are again bringing to you suggestive working schedules from some of your GOOD HOUSEKEEPING friends. From Minnesota comes this message to you:

"I am the mother of five children, aged respectively one, two and a half, five, six and a half, and eight and a half years. All the children are girls, and while I could get no housemaid this summer, I managed to get along with the help of the two oldest. My husband has to leave the house too early in the morning to help me at that time. Here is the schedule I used:

6:00 a.m. Get up and heat the milk for the baby, at the same time taking cereal from fireless cooker and putting it on stove to heat for breakfast.

6:15 Feed baby, dress myself and second child. Oversee older children as they dress.

7:15 As table was set the night before, I have only to put on the cream, milk, butter, bread for the electric toaster, start coffee, and serve cereal.

7:30 Breakfast. We always have eggs in some form, which are quick to prepare—shirred eggs or omelet can be left in a slow oven while the cereal is being eaten. The two older children always help put the dishes on the table and clear it off for me.

8:15 I wash the dishes, scalding them in the drainer so that they dry quickly, the children helping me wipe them and put them away.

9:00 With the children's help I make the beds, wipe up the floors of the bedrooms with a dust mop, and also dust the furniture that needs it.

9:30 Bathe the baby and set bathroom in order.

10:00 Feed the baby and put her in her pen on the porch.

10:15 Rinse out diapers for the day, and dust and put in order sitting-room and dining-room.

11:00 Prepare dinner after putting baby in crib for long nap.

12:15 Dinner.

1:00 p.m. Wash dishes with children's help as before—the oldest puts the second child in bed for a short nap. When dishes are out of the way, I sweep the kitchen floor and back porch. As we live on our front porch in summer, I alternate the care of the porch with the living-room, as there is not time to do both on the same day.

2:00 Feed baby and put her back in the pen again.

2:15 Take twenty minutes for nap and then dress for afternoon.

3:00 Dress the second child for the afternoon. Take mending or sewing on the porch with the children.

5:00 Start supper.

5:30 Give the two babies their supper and put them to bed.

6:15-6:30 Supper when their father comes home.

7:15 Wash dishes and set table for breakfast with father's and children's help.

8:00 Older children go to bed.

"This schedule necessitates much help on the part of the older children in overseeing the younger ones. Part of the time

electric vacuum cleaner. I have a nine-room house. I work as follows:

6:15 a.m. Arise and dress baby. Husband heats her breakfast and starts cereal.

6:30 Feed baby.

6:45 Dress little boy.

7:00 Dress self.

7:15 Take children downstairs, open house, and put baby on porch as soon as big boy has swept it.

7:45 Serve three-course breakfast of fruit, cereal, milk or coffee, toast or rolls, eggs or creamed fish.

8:15 Dishes stacked and food put away.

8:30 Go upstairs, make beds. Three times a week clothes of baby are collected and washed in washing-machine while I do dishes.

9:00 Wash breakfast dishes.

9:00-12:00 Weekly work.

12:00 Lunch for big boy and myself—simple, substantial.

12:30 Prepare little children's dinner. Nap until baby wakes.

1:15 p.m. Serve children's dinner. Feed baby and dress her for afternoon.

2:00 Straighten up kitchen, begin evening dinner.

2:45 Wash and dress little boy.

3:00-5:00 Continue day's weekly work.

5:00 Cook cereal, also dinner except for final touches.

5:45 Bathe one or both children.

6:00 Children's supper upstairs. Feed baby. Both in bed and quiet by 6:30.

7:00 Dinner served.

8:00 Finish dishes and put kitchen in order.

Monday: Dust whole house. Sort clothes. Bake.

Tuesday: Wash. Fold or sprinkle clothes.

Wednesday: Use mangle. Iron, mend, put away.

Thursday: Clean upstairs. Shop, sew, or garden.

Friday: Clean downstairs rooms.

Saturday: Clean kitchen, bake, and cook."

Here is the working schedule of a housewife from Pennsylvania:

"My family consists of two adults and two little girls aged three years and nine months. I do all my own work with electric devices, including washer, vacuum cleaner, iron, percolator, toaster, bottle warmer, sewing motor, and fan. I do all the children's sewing and all my own plain sewing after the children have been put to bed.

By 7:30 Baby's formula prepared for twenty-four hours. (Continued on page 117)

SOMETHING NEW

OUR bulletin, "Machine Washing without Boiling," is the last word on the subject. We shall be glad to send you a copy if you will fill out the questionnaire below, giving us your own experiences with washing-machines. Send your answers to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE, 105 West 39th Street.

1. Do you use the Institute method of washing?
2. Do you do any hand rubbing?
3. Is your water hard or soft?
4. Is the machine tub copper or galvanized metal?
5. How long have you had your machine?
6. What make is it?
7. What repairs have been necessary?
8. Who did the repair work—manufacturer, local agent, or individual other than manufacturer or his agents?
9. Was it done promptly and satisfactorily?
10. What type of current is your service—A. C. or D. C.?

I had a schoolgirl who helped me in that way. I also had a laundress who cleaned the house every other week."

From New Jersey comes the following working schedule:

"My family consists of husband, big boy aged twelve, little boy aged three, baby girl one year. I use a gas range and fireless cooker. I have an electric washing-machine, electric mangle, electric iron, a motor for my sewing-machine, and an



Delightful results in cutting, shredding, and snipping can all be achieved with the scissors

Snip It With the Kitchen Scissors

By Winnifred Hathaway

THE kitchen demands a good-sized, sharp, well-pointed pair of scissors for efficient work. They should be kept in a convenient place, either in the cabinet drawer or hanging on the wall. A hook is preferable to a nail, as the scissors are apt to slip off the nail, dulling their points in the fall, and doing damage to the floor or floor covering. As good a place as any is the end of the kitchen cabinet. The scissors should be hung at a convenient height, but far enough from the edge so that they do not protrude.

The ordinary uses for the scissors, such as cutting shelf paper, oilcloth, cord, clippings for the recipe book or card catalogue, stems of flowers, etc., are well known. A hundred others will gradually suggest themselves.

How often would the busy, tired housekeeper make food more appetizing by a sprinkling of chopped parsley if only the labor of getting out the chopping bowl and knife and the subsequent washing and putting away were not out of all proportion to the result achieved? When the parsley comes from the grocer, snip off the stems with the scissors, leaving what would be used in the decoration of dishes, wash, put into a small cheese-cloth bag, and place on the ice. It is then ready for use and will keep fresh and crisp much longer than by any other method. When the potatoes are in the dish ready to serve, add to them a little butter and with the scissors cut the parsley directly over them, as fine or as coarse as desired. In the same manner use the scissors to cut parsley directly into white sauce or drawn butter; on poached eggs; on slices of lemon to be served with fish; on the fish itself; into the stuffing for chicken, fish, tomatoes, etc.; on macaroni and cheese; into the omelet; over the salad—in short, wherever

chopped parsley will add to the relish and appearance of the dish.

Use the scissors, too, for shredding lettuce or cutting mint, celery, and peppers, or snipping beans.

In making marmalade at home, where a cutting machine is not available, a pair of scissors is essential for preparing the fruit. Quarter the oranges on a board with a sharp knife, remove the peel, and cut it into fine strips with the scissors. Cut the peel of the oranges for orange straws in the same manner, and the dainty is robbed of most of its hard work. The breakfast grapefruit, too, may be more quickly and easily prepared if a pair of scissors is used.

Cut raisins with the scissors directly into the flour for cake making, and you will be saved the labor of separating the compact mass that comes with the use of the

meat-chopper. Cut the handful of nuts in the same manner.

When making pies cut off the surplus pastry with the scissors. The slipping of a knife and the resultant uneven edges will thus be avoided, and time and energy will be saved.

In making large quantities of sandwiches with a chopped meat filling, the meat-chopper is an undisguised blessing, but when only a few are required, the cold chicken, ham, or tongue can be more readily cut with the scissors. The school luncheon of a couple of sandwiches no longer becomes a burden. In the matter of sandwiches, how difficult it is to keep the bread knife sharp enough to cut evenly and without waste the crusts from the three-cornered variety, especially if the bread is fresh! The scissors will accomplish this much better in half the time. The crusts may then be diced with the scissors and browned in the oven for croûtons.

For dicing salt pork or removing the rind of bacon which has already been sliced, a pair of scissors is very efficient.

If the fish man insists upon leaving the fins and pieces of neck on your had-dock, snip them off with the scissors, and the matter will cease to irritate you. Cut up the fish or clams for chowder with the scissors; prepare lobster for salad or Newburg in like manner. By the way, scissors will rip the tail shell of the lobster quicker than any other implement.

Broilers which the butcher has prepared by merely splitting them up the back can be easily quartered—if it is desired to serve them in that form—with the scissors.

Once the housekeeper begins to realize the value of the scissors in the kitchen, she will soon discover many unsuspected possibilities for saving time and labor, and there will be fewer cut fingers, less irritation, and much greater satisfaction in the preparation of appetizing dishes for your table.



For cutting up small amounts of meat and removing the crusts from the sandwiches,

For trimming off the surplus pastry in pie making, the scissors are equally efficient

The Dwarfies

By Johnny Gruelle

WELL, I'll declare!" cried Winkie Dwarfie, when he spied a window filled with lovely valentines. "Here we have been living hundreds of years and never thought of making pretty things like these!" And he called all the Dwarfies to see the window of valentines.

"They all say, 'I love you,'" cried Grampy

Dwarfie, "and give one a feeling of happiness just to look at them!"

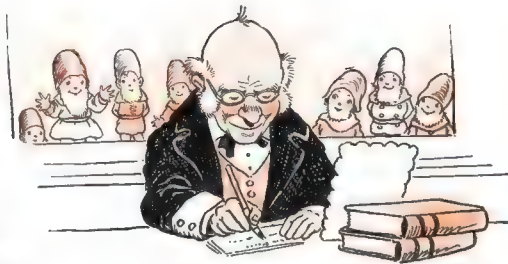
"I guess they are made to bring happiness," mused Winkie Dwarfie, "for I heard some children say they intended sending them to other children!"

"Then, what do you say?" Grampy Dwarfie turned to all the Dwarfies, "Let's run home and make our own valentines and send them to people!"

This pleased all the Dwarfies very much, for you know, they are very kindly little creatures and enjoy bringing sunshine to others.

The great difficulty was in finding paper, but Grampy Dwarfie called upon the Hornet family. The Hornets are the original paper makers you know; and it was by watching the Hornets that men learned to make paper from the pulp of trees. The Hornet family gladly gave the Dwarfies all the paper they wished, and all the little Forest





creatures helped the Dwarfies make their pretty valentines.

When Valentine night came around, the Dwarfie men started for town, and a kind-hearted boy gave them all a ride in his pony sleigh.

At first the Dwarfies hardly knew how to give away their valentines, but after watching children slip valentines under doors, then knock and run, the Dwarfies saw how easy it was and they had great fun. They peeped through the keyholes to see if children lived in the house, then they all stamped their tiny feet on the porch and ran. Then, when the person had come for the valentine, the Dwarfies would climb on the window-sills and see the pleasure they had given.

The Dwarfies put a pretty valentine under one door and then ran around the house and climbed to the window. When they peeped inside, they saw a pleasant-faced old gentleman sitting at his table with the valentine propped against some books. And as the Dwarfies watched him, they saw him writing a check for a great many golden pennies and heard him say that he was sending it to the orphans' home, so that on (Continued on page 122)





"What's the trouble?" asked Andy. "My new pink chiffon—I was counting on it, and it's *wrong!*" world to an end, does it? You've got tons of pretty dresses. Why not wear that black peek-a-boo

ANDY and Corinna Benson had been married eleven months and were quite successfully nearing their first anniversary when the landlord of their six-room flat on West Seventy-seventh Street called attention to the fact that they were also nearing their second year's lease. The landlord, in his form letter, listed several items prosaic and uninteresting save to himself—the rising price of coal, the increasing burden of taxation, the soaring demands of hall help, etc.—and then, as if in logical conclusion, suavely raised the rental fifty percent.

"The robber! I won't pay it," said Andy.

"But what if he won't let us have it for less?" questioned his helpmeet.

"He won't have *us*, that's all. Let him find some other suckers."

Corinna didn't answer; only let her eyes wander round the cosy living-room, from object to object, taking in the open fireplace in which you could burn real, honest-to-goodness logs without a suspicion of smoke; the window through which you

could get a slantwise peep at the river in the distance; the chintz curtains which had had to be sent back a second time before they fitted these exact measurements; the diminishing mirror which hung between those windows with as beautiful harmony as if the donor had previsualized the setting of the wedding-gift; the Whistler etching, hanging which Andy had so terribly thwacked his thumb that first unforgettable Sunday of their home-life together; the rug for which they had got down on hands and knees with a yard-tape at least a dozen times on this very floor; back to the fireplace again—Andy's big chair in just the right spot, with the reading-lamp at just the right angle.

No. No other place would ever do so well as this. Convenience, comfort, sentiment—sentiment especially, with a thousand tender memories—all cried out the denial. She felt a little hurt, indignant, that he could so callously suggest moving away. But, in the way women have, she cloaked her pricked feelings with an air of serene casualness.

"You mean we'd move?" she asked.

"We *will* move, if he doesn't come across. This isn't the only house in the world by a long shot."

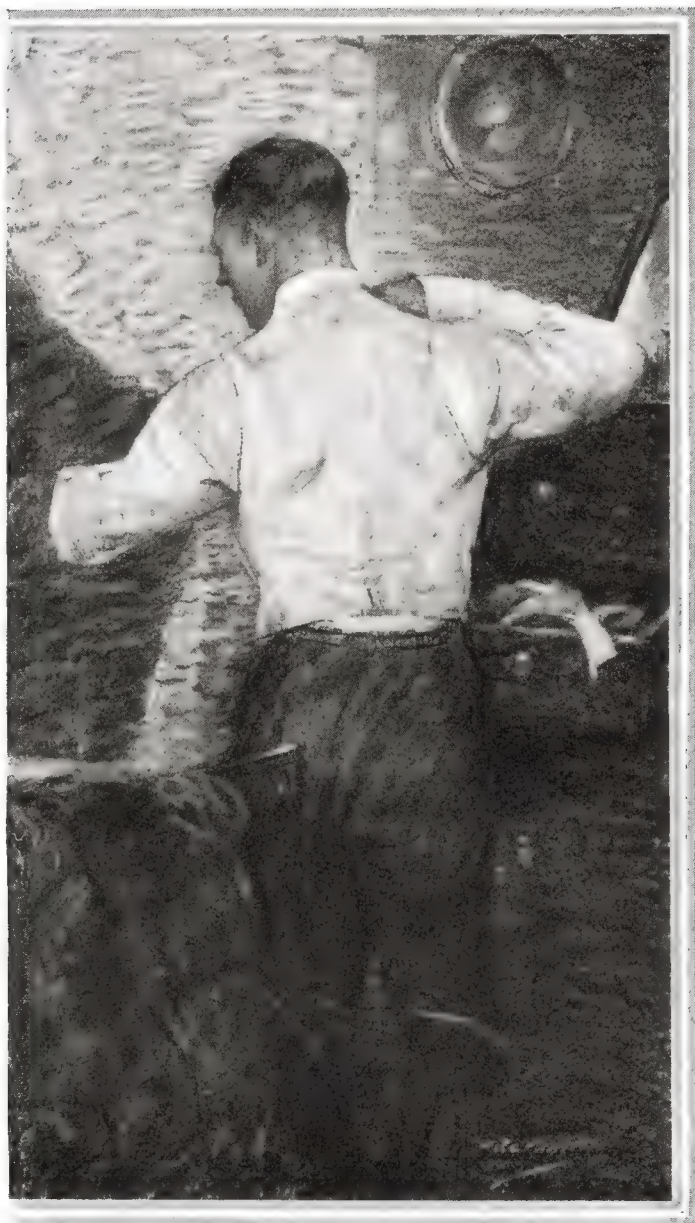
"But it's very convenient, and we've got so comfortably settled. And rents are going up all over town."

"Well, I won't just sit still and let any man put something over on me. I'd rather pay the raise to another robber!"

Corinna lifted an invisible spiritual eyebrow at this truly masculine logic, but she didn't disarrange that cloak of outward placidity. "It's very comfortable here," she reiterated. "And exactly what we want. I'd hate to leave it."

"Of course it's comfortable, but that's not the point."

Andy regarded her with just a hint of exasperation. How easily she took life, slipping out from under responsibilities and accepting every augmented expense as a matter of course! For all she worried, he ruminated; it might still be the day of Elijah—or whoever the old-timer was for whom the manna dropped from heaven. That was exactly the trouble with Corinna: she just ran up her bills, serene in her con-



The MARTYR'S CROWN

By
Dana Gatlin

Illustrated by
Grant Reynard

THIS is a story for married people.

It is a message and a promise and a solemn warning, all in one. Every couple whose lives are running smoothly should read it, that their lives may always run smoothly. Every couple whose days are embittered by nagging little misunderstandings should read it, so that there may not be any more of them. Dana Gatlin paints a picture in which you may recognize yourself as Andy or Corinna

said Corinna fretfully. "Well, that doesn't bring the thing?" "That old rag? They'll think I was born in it"

fidence that God or he, Andy, would provide. Of course he was, in one way, pleased at her trust in himself. Nor was it misplaced—he could, if necessary, pay treble the rent. But it was neither necessary nor right. And he wanted her to see it wasn't. He wanted her to face these little problems with him, to understand them; such was the real partnership of marriage. Not that he wanted her to worry—there was no need for her ever really worrying—but he did wish she'd lose that air of graceful, undisturbed, unreasoning *laissez faire*.

Hang it! he didn't want to move either. His eye roved over the prize rug which belonged to this room as it would never belong to another, over the special little chair which, at the cosy firelit hour, caught ruddy benedictions for her who was seated in it, over to the window where Corinna, as she put it, leaned out to watch the sun scatter its last gold across the river. She was wont to boast because so few of their friends, penned in by city walls, could share in this eventide bequest. No, he didn't want to move either; if it came to a show-down he probably wouldn't; yet

it was imperative to make a stand of some sort, just for the principle of the thing. He wished she could realize these things without his having to explain. But she didn't; she just sat in her gentle, complacent, unthinking placidity. And if he tried to explain, she was likely to retreat into some sudden, secret, mysterious grievance. That was the trouble with her: she was either too placid or, all of a sudden and inexplicably, too unplacid. You couldn't count on her to be an ordinary, rational human being. Were all women queer like that?

Now Andrew Benson had pondered the queerness of women in general and of his Corinna in particular many times before this. But usually his had been an indulgent attitude. They *were* queer, and he let it go at that. Sometimes he fancied his Corinna must be a trifle more baffling than the run of her sex, but the fancy made him only the more indulgent toward her, a sort of proprietary glow over possessing the blue-ribbon winner of the exhibit. Of course her moods and caprices were bewildering; you never could tell what she

might say or do under any given circumstances. Yet, as he was honest enough to admit to himself, he hadn't married her for her dependable qualities. He had fallen in love with a lovely, gracious (sometimes), alluring (always), rose-like creature under whose soft bloom were hid all kinds of little thorns; but he'd fallen in love with her, thorns and all. If the thorns were missing, she wouldn't have been Corinna, but something else, and he mightn't ever have fallen in love with her. Who could tell? Thus philosophically he usually reasoned with himself and waxed indulgent. But tonight the beef had been overdone, a milliner's bill had kept the landlord's notice company beside his plate, and Corinna had in one breath informed him that the cook demanded higher wages and that she'd seen, that afternoon, in a jeweler's window, a perfectly *exquisite* pearl bandeau for the hair—and all this on top of a particularly harassing day at the office.

And now she was tranquilly saying: "It's very comfortable here. I'd hate to leave it."

So, with a hint of exasperation, he

The Martyr's Crown

replied, "Of course it's comfortable, but that's not the point."

"What is the point?" and she languidly turned a slender arm so as to catch prismatic fires in her jeweled bracelet.

"The point is that he's asking more than this flat's worth simply because he thinks he's got the drop on us. And that's what I propose to show him, that he has *not* got the drop on us."

"I see."

Her tone was almost negligent in its acquiescence. But there was nothing acquiescent inside her. She was thinking: "For a few paltry extra dollars, which he can easily afford, he would desert this, our first home! Aren't memories worth a few dollars? Hasn't he any sentiment in him at all?" But not for worlds, now, would she have tried appealing to his sentiment. Just a few moments before she had been on the verge of voicing outright why she'd chiefly hate to move, but a subtle, unanalyzed reserve suddenly crept over her, hardening her. If anybody now mentioned sentiment, it was going to be Andy!

So, indolently turning and observing her sparkling wrist, she said, "I see."

"Of course it'll be a deuce of a pull to give this up, our first nest," he admitted after a pause.

She shot him a veiled glance. He was just then leaning forward to strike a match. The glow from the reading-lamp engulfed him mellowly; the blazing logs sent freakish lights and shadows to dart across his face. And then, just as suddenly and subtly as she had hardened, she softened; not to the point of letting go her secret reservations, to be sure, but to the point of a compromise.

"Do you know what I've just thought of?" almost eagerly.

"What have you thought of?" tolerantly.

"It just occurred to me that we could buy this apartment!"

"Buy it?" somewhat blankly.

"Yes, a lot of people are doing it nowadays. Suppose you bought it outright. Then it would be ours, and the landlord couldn't have anything more to say about it!"

She was leaning forward, the negligent bracelet play forgotten, all sincere animation. And at the same time her expression and attitude seemed to be crying: "Humor me! I suggest this as a wife unbusinesslike and knowing nothing whatever of business. But humor me, anyway. Maybe it would be a foolish investment, but you know you didn't marry me for my wisdom in investments. You know you even mightn't love me so much if I had a good business head—as good as yours! So humor me and buy this apartment—merely because I want you to."

All this in her attitude and expression, but Andy answered with a rallying smile. "My dear girl, have you any idea what the price would be?"

She pouted, thus revealing she was still in a softened mood, and argued, "But we'd never have any more rent to pay."

"How true!" said Andy, himself softened to a jocular indulgence. "But I'd have to pay more, to start with, than

it's worth; real estate's inflated just now. And in a year or so we might want a bigger place but have a white elephant on our hands. Then there are the taxes."

"Taxes for what?" delicately puckering her brows.

"I'm afraid you'd never make a successful landlord, my dear," was his patronizing though kindly reply.

"Very well, then," said Corinna, in rather jumping sequence, "I'll start looking for another place."

Her tone had taken on color—or, rather, lack of color—from the reserve which was again stealing up inside her. However, despite her casual utterance, despite that inner stiffening, against her will a large tear splashed down on her cheek.

At once Andy was beside her, penitent, consoling, caressing. "You poor baby! Did you think I'd give it up, either? Why, I wouldn't give it up for a ten-thousand bonus. Not for fifty thousand! There are memories a million couldn't pay for! You know that, don't you, sweetheart? We both know it. I don't know how I got to talking about moving. I didn't really mean a word of it. I was talking through my hat. That robber got my goat. I'll go down and see him personally in a day or so. I think I can get him to come down. Now stop crying, dear; you make me feel like a wife-beater."

As Corinna accepted his caresses and let him wipe away her tears, she was thinking: "He *is* sentimental, the poor old dear, a lot more sentimental than I am. Though I'd love him almost as much even if he were not. I couldn't help loving him; it's mostly the look in his eyes, I think. I love the way his hair grows back, and that square, honest set of his jaw, and the way he laughs—just like a boy; but mostly it's the look in his eyes, that sort of sad, bewil-

landlord's agent was rainy. The downpour, that day, might not have proved itself an ill-omened circumstance in the matter of this business conference alone, but it indisputably played an impish part in the conjunction of the conference with certain other facts: the fact that Corinna went shopping earlier in the afternoon, that Andy was set on toadying to the influential Mr. Jones, and that the Bensons were dated to dine with the smart young Gayleys at seven o'clock, sharp.

Let us take these salient facts in order: first, Corinna's shopping.

Every woman knows what a torrential day can do to the feminine toilet. The second-best suit—for if one doesn't yet own a limousine and virtuously refrains from a taxi by the hour, a stormy-day shopping tour inevitably brings forth the second-best suit—grows steadily and steadily more baggy and shabby. The skirt seems to grow longer if skirts should be short; each sleeve to grow bigger, if sleeves are decreed tight; and the very color to intensify its inherent hue in blatant contrast to the season's fashionable shade. Nor is the second-best suit alone in deriving increasing ignominy from each added damp hour. One's hat goes limply askew, one's hair straggles down, be its curl ever so natural, and one's spirit—well, it is one's spirit that wilts most dejectedly of all. Perhaps a woman could, even though in shabby garb, face a trying situation with a degree of buoyance provided the atmosphere furnished a bright, exhilarating tonic, but drizzling dampness soaks through to the very soul.

Soaked to the soul and exteriorly feeling herself a draggled scarecrow, at five o'clock of this wet afternoon Corinna stopped by her husband's uptown office. She had warned him she'd call for him at this hour;

she wanted to insure his getting home early and dressed on time. Nan Gayley had stressed that "dinner at seven, sharp." For there was to be bridge afterward, but even more imperative for promptitude was the fact that Nan's cook was serving an *entrée* which must be cooked at the last minute and served piping hot. If it "stood," it would be ruined.

Every ambitious housewife will appreciate the hostess's situation; the guests simply mustn't keep that *entrée* waiting. Moreover, as Nan explained, she was having trouble with her cook. The cook was temperamental, and should one belated guest cause the collapse of that *entrée*, she would as likely as not give notice.

Corinna had promised to be on time and had forewarned Andy, so imagine her budding irritation when a secretary told her, "Mr. Benson's in a conference, Mrs. Benson, and can't be disturbed just at present." True, he kept her waiting only seventeen minutes, but when he did appear, in a preoccupied way he said:

"Oh, hello. I've got to run over to the real-estate agent's. Want to come along?"

Corinna's eyes dilated. "You promised to come straight home. We won't have time to stop anywhere."

"We'll have to take time. I've had the dickens of a time getting round to this. Now he's waiting. (Continued on page 137)

A Friend of Ours

has offered to discuss with you your music problems and your children's too. If you are interested, turn back to page 118 for particulars

dered, but loving look, like a faithful dog. Even in a dog you must love that look, and in a man you adore it. I'd adore Andy even if he should beat me, though that's nonsense, because with those eyes he could never be unkind. Or unsentimental, either. Though he *has* got a splendid business head, too, which is a good thing, because we shall want money. Yet he's willing to sacrifice his business principles for sentiment—for me. It's marvellous how much he loves me, even more deeply and absurdly than I love him. Why, I can do what I like with him. A tear or two . . ."

There, in the fire-glow and lamp-glow which spelled "home" was connubial tranquillity reestablished. But the little tempest aroused by the raised rental was not yet spent; it was only resting dormant a space, before with refreshed energy it should start up again, more widely and violently aswirl.

The day Andy appointed to visit the



EVERY woman knows what a torrential day can do to the feminine toilet. One's hat goes limply askew, one's hair straggles down, be its curl ever so natural, and one's spirit—well, it is one's spirit that wilts most dejectedly of all. Soaked to the soul and exteriorly feeling herself a draggled scarecrow, at five o'clock of this wet afternoon Corinna stopped at Andy's office

DEPARTMENT OF COOKERY

Good Housekeeping Institute

Mildred Maddocks, Director



Tested and Tasted

THIS is the slogan of the Department of Cookery. You need not hesitate to use any of the material which you find in these pages. Every recipe, every method, every suggestion, has been carefully tried before being printed here. This is to make them thoroughly safe for you to use. The experimental work is carried on by a trained staff in the laboratory kitchen of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE, 105 West 39th Street, New York City. There is a tasting corps, too, and in each case the vote of the majority rules. Use the cookery helps given here to aid you in varying your daily menus. They will save you time and money, too

Doughnuts For All Occasions

By Mabel Jewett Crosby

Evolved in the Institute

AN even golden brown, round or twisted as the case may be, slightly crisp on the outside but light in color and texture on the inside! And a cup of coffee, too! A morsel fit for a king, to be sure! It matters little whether they are called doughnuts, crullers, or fried cakes. The nomenclature seems to vary in different parts of the country, and even the shape has something to do with the name.

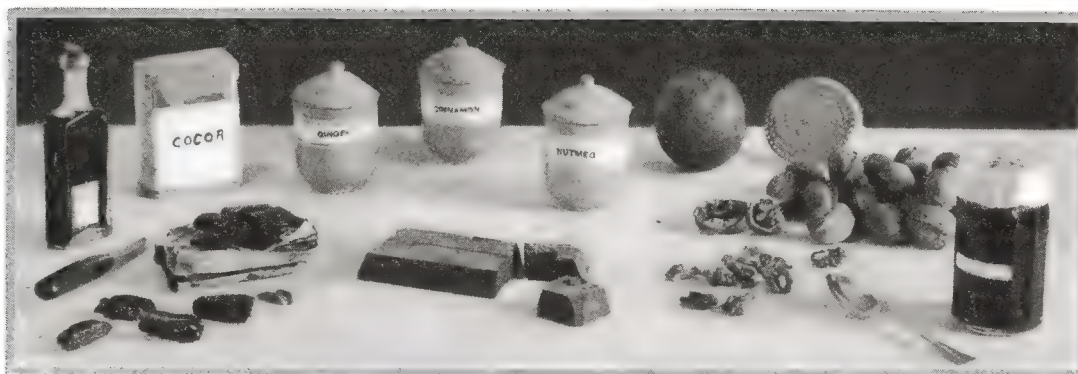
The actual making of doughnuts is not difficult and not complicated. But there are a few important details which must be followed carefully in order to insure the best results. And there is a certain amount of knack in the handling of the dough which comes with practise.

Although doughnuts may be made from a yeast-raised dough, the most popular variety is made from the more quickly raised mixture, one that depends on baking-powder for the leavening agent. There are two types of baking-powder which may be used in this and all quickly raised mixtures. It matters little which type is selected, but the methods of using

them differ radically. In the cream-of-tartar powders chemical reaction begins as soon as the mixture becomes moistened. Therefore, the more rapidly the mixing is accomplished and the more quickly the product is cooked, the better will be the result. "Mix lightly and rapidly" is the invariable rule for this type of baking-powder. On the other hand, the phosphate powders require heat before the reaction which forms carbon dioxid takes place in the mixture, and the best results are obtained with this type of baking-powder if the mixture is allowed to stand for twenty to thirty minutes. The actual choice of the baking-powder to use in the making of doughnuts will depend somewhat upon circumstances and the individual worker. With a clear understanding of the types of baking-powders which may be used and a knowledge of the methods to employ in order to obtain the very best results from each the final choice should not be difficult. It may even differ on different occasions, owing to varying circumstances. It is a good plan to keep both types of baking-powder at hand.

One of the chief considerations in the making of a good doughnut is to make a soft dough and handle it as lightly and as little as possible. At the same time it is vital that the doughnut shall retain its shape during the process of being removed from board to frying kettle. Recipes heretofore printed have not been consistent in the kind of flour designated for doughnut making. Although either bread or pastry flour may be used in the making of a good doughnut, repeated experiments have shown that it is possible to make a dough with bread flour, which can be easily and deftly handled, by using less flour than can possibly be sufficient if pastry flour is used. For this reason the bread flour has a tendency to give a lighter, less compact texture to the doughnut than the pastry flour.

Doughnuts need not be a prohibitive article of diet either because of their cost or because of their reputed tendency to indigestibility, if they are carefully made from properly chosen ingredients and fried at the correct temperature so that they,



By additions of fruit and nuts new flavors may be developed in doughnuts

will be merely seared on the outside by the fat medium and not saturated with it. From the many tests using the different kinds of fats and oils as deep fat frying media for foods of all kinds, the results point to the fact that it matters not at all what kind of frying medium you select, provided you use the right temperature for the frying. A thermometer makes doughnut frying a sure process instead of a more or less hit-or-miss one. Use preferably a frying kettle designed especially for the purpose. The Scotch kettle is especially well adapted to doughnut frying, because the doughnut slips easily down the sloping side. It is by far the best choice when using a coal range, because it sets comfortably into the hole left by removing a stove lid. Although this kettle can be used with good results over gas or oil ranges, its base is not flat enough to be perfectly secure. For this reason the flat-bottomed, sheet-iron kettle designed especially for deep fat frying is perhaps a safer and wiser choice. When using an electric range, it is absolutely essential to select a flat-bottomed utensil, so that it will set firmly and cover completely the heating element.

For frying the doughnuts, select any fat or cooking oil which you prefer. Fill the kettle about one-half to two-thirds full and place it over the fire. Just as soon as the fat is melted, place the thermometer in it. Heat gradually until the proper temperature is reached. The best temperature for frying all uncooked batter or dough mixtures like doughnuts is 360° F. Maintain this temperature just as nearly as possible throughout the frying. Do not try to fry too many doughnuts at a time, because the fat will become too suddenly cooled, and the results will not be good. When immersing the doughnuts, it is safe to have the temperature from five to ten degrees hotter than that desired for frying. Watch the thermometer closely and adjust the heat accordingly. Turn the doughnuts frequently during the frying and cook them until they have assumed a rich golden brown. This should take three minutes. When done, take them up on a fork or a special tool designed for the purpose, such as the one illus-



trated, if the doughnut has an opening. Shake off the surplus fat, and drain on crumpled paper. If the doughnut has no hole, use a skimmer for removing from the fat.

Now for the recipe itself. In the mixing bowl place one cupful of granulated sugar, add one-half teaspoonful of butter, and cream together until they are well blended. Break into the sugar mixture one egg and stir well with a slotted spoon. Now mix and sift together three cupfuls of bread flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of nutmeg, and one-fourth teaspoonful of cinnamon. Add these sifted dry ingredients to the first mixture, alternating with one cupful of milk. Mix together well and add one more cupful of sifted bread flour to make a soft dough.



Use a paper bag to sugar-coat the doughnuts

Fry the doughnuts by temperature and drain them well on crumpled paper

Take one-third of the dough and toss it on a floured board, roll lightly to about one-fourth inch in thickness, cut in desired shapes, and fry as directed, either immediately or after standing, depending upon the type of baking-powder used. Knead the cuttings lightly with half of the mixture remaining and roll again. Repeat until the mixture is all used, being very careful to handle as deftly and lightly as possible.

This recipe makes the plain doughnut which is so popularly found, especially in New England, on the breakfast menu. However, doughnuts need not be confined to breakfast service. They can be made particularly attractive and delicious for afternoon tea or coffee service—in fact, for any time—in place of the usual tiny cakes or cookies.

The doughnut may be varied in two ways: first, by a change in ingredients; second, by the use of variety as to shapes. The regulation round cutter with the hole in the center is good, but if you have just a few other cutters similar to those illustrated, the possibilities are many. Crinkled edges and heart or diamond shapes all make the same mixture taste differently. A pastry wheel makes possible other variations. Cut the rolled dough into small squares and then slash it two or three times with the pastry wheel. Or cut the dough into oblongs, and cut with the pastry cutter to within one-half inch of one end, thus making two or three strips which can be twisted or braided. For special service make the doughnuts small and dainty and roll them in sugar. For sugaring, place two tablespoonfuls of sugar in a paper bag and toss the doughnuts about in the bag until thoroughly coated. Sugar only a few at a time.

For Chocolate Doughnuts omit the butter and spices, and add to the batter two squares of bitter chocolate melted over

hot water, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Cut in fancy shapes and always sugar after frying.

Nut Doughnuts are especially delicious. Add to the chocolate mixture three-fourths cupful of chopped nut-meats. Or use the plain recipe, omit the spices, and add the nut-meats and the grated

Use different shapes and sizes for special service



Potato Fritters are a great treat for all and very easy to make

Potatoes à la Française

By Jeanne Marie

Tested in Good Housekeeping Institute

POTATOES make a most palatable and nutritious dish when of good quality and cooked with care. They must be served hot and should be eaten as soon as they are removed from the stove. The French say that the potatoes must not wait for the guests, rather the guests must wait for the potatoes—a good rule for us all to follow. In the following recipes, some form a good substitute for meat, while others suggest delicious luncheon dishes.

As the season advances, and before the new potatoes are in the market, old potatoes sometimes acquire a rather strong, unpleasant taste. To remedy this, pare the potatoes, drop them in very cold water, and let them remain so for two or three hours, changing the water several times. The flavor of the potatoes will be greatly improved.

Puffed Potatoes are crisp and most tasty when rightly prepared. Select six potatoes which are rather long in shape. Pare and cut them lengthwise in slices about as thick as a silver dollar. Wash them carefully and dry with a towel. Heat a kettle of deep fat to 250° F. Drop the potatoes in the fat and cook them slowly until tender, without allowing them to brown. Remove and drain. Bring the fat up to 395° F. Place in the frying basket only enough potatoes to cover the bottom. Fry the potatoes until crisp and golden brown on both sides—about four minutes. Drain, salt, and serve.

Parisian Potatoes. Slice one onion thin and put in a kettle with six tablespoonfuls of drippings or vegetable fat. Fry the onions until golden brown. Then add six potatoes sliced very thin, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley. Cover and cook very slowly, taking care to stir the potatoes gently with a fork so that they will brown evenly and without breaking.

Potatoes with Cheese. Wash and pare six medium-sized potatoes; cut in very thin rounds. Arrange the potatoes in layers



Here they are, piping hot and ready to serve

in a baking-dish, sprinkling over each layer one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of butter, and a sprinkle of pepper. Beat the yolks of two eggs and add one quart of milk. Pour over the potatoes and cook for one and one-quarter hours at 350° F., or until the potatoes are tender and the custard is set.

Potatoes with Ham. Wash and pare six potatoes. Cook in boiling, salted water until tender; drain and put through a ricer or strainer. To this add one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, three-fourths cupful of ham cut in dice, and the least bit of crushed garlic. Mix well. Beat two eggs, and add one quart of milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter in small pieces. Pour over the potatoes and turn into a buttered casserole. Bake in a 325° F. oven for forty-five minutes, or until set.

Potatoes *Maître d'Hôtel*. Wash and pare six medium-sized potatoes. Cook until tender in boiling, salted water. Drain and cut the potatoes in slices. Return them to the saucepan, adding two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Heat thoroughly, being careful not to break the potatoes in stirring. Just before serving add one teaspoonful of lemon juice.

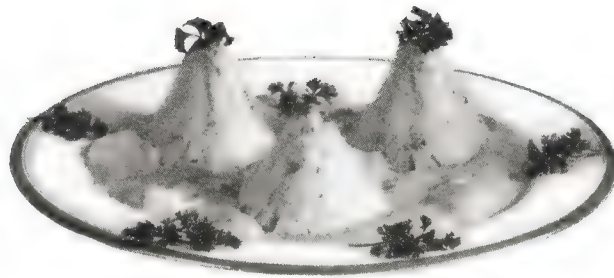
Mashed Potato Pie. Wash and pare six medium-sized potatoes. Cook in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain and put through the potato ricer. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, the yolk of one egg, two teaspoonfuls of salt, eight tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and one cupful of milk. Mix thoroughly. Spread this mixture in a buttered casserole, smooth the surface, and sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and two tablespoonfuls of butter in small pieces. Bake in a 350° F. oven for twenty minutes or until brown.

Potatoes Roasted in Drippings.

Wash and pare six uniform-sized potatoes and cook in boiling, salted water for ten minutes. Drain. In a shallow pan put enough drippings to cover the bottom of the pan well, and to baste the potatoes. When the fat is hot arrange the potatoes side by side in the pan and let them cook slowly, having first sprinkled them with salt. Turn the potatoes frequently, so that they will roast evenly. It will take about one-half hour in a 400° F. oven. When the potatoes are tender, drain and serve at once.

Potato Fritters. Boil and mash four large potatoes. Add four tablespoonfuls of flour, the yolks of two eggs slightly beaten, one-fourth cupful of sugar, and enough milk to make a soft dough—about one-fourth cupful. Flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla or the grated rind of one lemon, and fold in the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Drop by spoonfuls in deep fat at 390° F., and fry until golden brown. Without sugar or flavoring these fritters make a delicious garnish for a roast.

Potato Cake. Bake six large potatoes at 500° F. for one hour or until well cooked. When done, open with a fork and remove the pulp. Put through the potato ricer and then add three tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cupful of scalded milk, one teaspoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and the grated rind of one lemon. Add the beaten yolks of three eggs, then fold in the beaten whites of three eggs. Butter a pudding dish, pour in the mixture, and bake at 375° F. for thirty minutes.



For the luncheon meal these Smothered Sausages with Tomato or White Sauce are a real surprise

Sausage Specialties

By Florence Spring

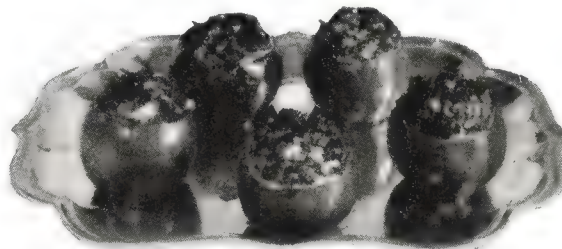
Every Recipe Tested by the Department of Cookery

WE housekeepers are always glad, when, on the coming of cold weather, we are again able to include in our menus sausages and the various combinations and arrangements to which they make such a delicious and appetizing addition. We seldom tire of sausages either by themselves or utilized as left-overs to supply a piquant and spicy flavor in made dishes, and if not too frequently used, they form a perfectly healthful addition to the bill of fare for grown-ups and the older children.

Have you ever eaten Baked Apples Stuffed with Sausages? Scoop out the center of six good-sized, tart apples, leaving a thick shell, and cut all the pulp possible from the core. Chop this and mix with one cupful of minced, cooked sausage meat. Refill the apples with this mixture, heaping the filling, and bake in a medium-hot oven until the apples are tender. Serve with baked or fried potatoes for lunch or supper, or as a garnish to roast chicken or pork.

Sausage Rolls are both attractive and appetizing as a luncheon dish. Make a baking-powder dough and roll it to one-fourth-inch thickness. Cut into oblongs three inches long and two inches wide. In the meantime, cook twelve sausages in a frying pan until tender, but not crisp. Roll one sausage in each oblong of dough. Press the sides together, leaving the ends open. Lay in a greased pan with the whole side up. Brush the surface of each roll with milk and bake in a 450° F. oven for fifteen minutes. When baked, lay symmetrically on a hot platter and surround with peas in white sauce, creamed sliced eggs, or fried apples, and serve at once.

Smothered Sausages may be prepared either as a main dish or in individual servings. Fry one cupful of sausage meat until tender, and to it add one cupful of diced celery cooked until tender. Mix and moisten with two tablespoonfuls of either tomato or white sauce. Prepare one quart of highly-seasoned mashed potato and add to it one-half of a beaten egg. Form

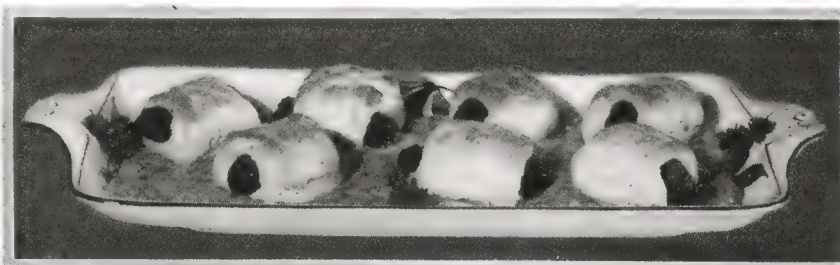


Baked Apples Stuffed with Sausages are new

into a thick roll with the sausage mixture in the center, lay in a greased baking-pan, and brush with the rest of the beaten egg. Bake about twenty minutes in a medium-hot oven, or until the potato is golden brown in color. Remove to a hot serving dish, surround with white sauce or tomato sauce, garnish, and serve. For individual servings, as shown in the picture at the top of the page, line an ice-cream scoop with mashed potato, fill the center with sausage mixture, and spread a layer of mashed potato on top. Invert on a greased baking pan and bake and serve as directed above.

For Surprise Rice Croquettes, cook one cupful of rice in one quart of boiling, salted water until soft. Drain, and pour cold water through the rice to separate the kernels. Season with one and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful each of pepper and paprika, and a bit of cayenne. Spread on a plate, and when partially cooled, add one-half of a beaten egg, then chill entirely and form into croquettes, rolling in the center of each one, half of a small cooked sausage. Roll each croquette in fine crumbs, then in the remainder of the beaten egg to which two tablespoonfuls of water have been added, then in crumbs again, and fry in deep fat at 390° F. until golden brown. Serve with

Vary your menu with Sausage Rolls



tomato sauce or white sauce in which hard-cooked eggs have been cut up.

Sausage Timbales suggest a most tempting way of serving sausages. Cook one and one-half cupfuls of spaghetti in boiling, salted water until soft. Drain, and pour cold water through it. Add one teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Line buttered timbale molds or custard cups with this mixture and fill with small pieces of cooked sausage—two cupfuls of sausage meat are sufficient for six molds. Cover the top of each mold with spaghetti and pour in as much of the following mixture as the molds will take up: Mix one and one-half teaspoonfuls of corn-starch with one-third cupful of milk, add two egg-yolks beaten slightly, then add one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of cayenne. Fold this into the beaten whites of two eggs. Set the molds in a pan of boiling water and bake at 350° F. for thirty minutes. Invert and serve with hot tomato sauce.

Chafing Dish Sausage Scramble is a suggestion dish for the Sunday night supper. Fry in the chafing dish, until done, four sausages cut in small pieces. Pour off part of the fat and scramble with the sausages four eggs slightly beaten and mixed with one-half cupful of milk. Season with a half teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, and serve on hot buttered toast. The milk may be omitted or scanted if a dryer scramble is preferred.

For a tempting Sunday Night Supper Combination fry six thin but good-sized slices of sausage meat until crisp and brown. Poach the same number of eggs. Lay a slice of sausage topped with a poached egg on each slice of toast. Meantime make a Mock Hollandaise Sauce and pour some of this around and over each slice of toast. Serve at once.

For Savory Biscuit bake round Baking Powder Biscuits in two thin layers, brushing them with melted butter before baking. Serve with hot tomato sauce to which minced, cooked sausage has been added.



They are all tested and tasted

Mrs. J. H. Braman, Spencer St., Queens, N. Y.

Mrs. L. R. Appleton, 2305 Walton St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. E. M. Laughhead, 15 Sherman Ave., Washington, Pa.

Rachel F. Dahlgren, Redding, Conn.

Mrs. E. H. Morean, 484 Convent Ave., New York, N.Y.

Mrs. L. K. Snyder, Paulsen Bldg., Spokane, Wash.

Cayenne pepper

Mrs. J. W. Bartholow, 615 Fillmore, Topeka, Kan.

Mince the fish; add the salt, pepper, and paprika. Stir in the egg well beaten and the white sauce made from the margarin, flour, and milk. Add the rest of the ingredients and mix well together. Pour into a well-greased mold which can be covered. Cover closely, set in a pan of boiling water, and boil for one hour. Serve cold with Tartare Sauce. Mrs. M. Englander, Box 311, Balboa, C. Z.

Illustrations used on the Institute pages are from photographs made by the Bradley & Merrill studios



Cabbage Salad San Francisco, with here and there a garnish of red pimientos and parsley, is tempting

As California Cooks

By Hester Conklin and Pauline Partridge

Every Recipe tested by the Department of Cookery

THE California housewife with the fresh vegetable market always overflowing with bounty has evolved many practical ways for serving winter vegetables and fruits. A bit of seasoning alone will often transform a plain dish into something quite delicious and out of the ordinary. The following recipes are worth trying in that period between seasons and are quite as refreshing as their spring rivals.

Cabbage Salad San Francisco makes a most attractive salad course. Remove any wilted or damaged leaves from a medium-sized cabbage and soak it in salted water for thirty minutes. Drain thoroughly and remove the center. Discard the coarse heart and chop the rest of the cabbage very fine. Mix with it one-half cupful of chopped celery, one tablespoonful of minced onion, one small green pepper chopped fine, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of olive oil or any good vegetable oil, one tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, and allow to stand in a cold place for at least thirty minutes. Then mix with one-half cupful of mayonnaise, refill the cabbage shell, and garnish with strips of red pimiento.

Shoe-String Turnips in Cream. Pare four large yellow turnips and cut in one-fourth-inch slices with a sharp knife. Cut each slice into strips one-fourth inch wide. Boil in a large amount of boiling, salted water until the turnips are tender. Then drain.

Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until bubbling. Then add gradually one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Stir constantly until thick and glossy. Then add the turnips and two tablespoonfuls of red pimientos chopped fine. Serve hot.

California Baked Potatoes. Wash and bake six medium-sized potatoes at 500° F. for three-quarters of an hour, or until the potatoes are done. Cut in halves lengthwise, scoop out the potato, and mash, adding about one-half cupful of hot milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, and one-half cupful of finely chopped walnuts. Refill the potato shells and brush over the top with melted butter—two tablespoonfuls will be sufficient for the six potatoes. Sprinkle with paprika and brown in a hot oven.

Onions, French Style. Peel three cupfuls of small, white onions and cook them in a large quantity of boiling, salted water for fifteen minutes. Drain, and dry them thoroughly. Put in a shallow, greased baking-dish, pour three-quarters of a cupful of meat stock or bouillon around them, and sprinkle with three-quarters of a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, three-eighths cupful of sugar, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of melted fat. Bake until the onions are tender, basting them often with the stock.

Bananas, Tropical Style. Peel eight

bananas, cut in halves lengthwise, and arrange in a greased baking-dish. Add one cupful of sugar to one-half cupful of hot water and bring to the boiling point. Add six tablespoonfuls of chopped raisins, one-third cupful of chopped almonds, and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, and pour over the bananas. Bake in a moderate oven until the bananas are tender.

Up-to-Date Apple Pie. Pare, core, and quarter four medium-sized apples. Steam until tender and press through a ricer or strainer. Add one-half cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, two egg-yolks slightly beaten, and three-fourths cupful of cream. Pour into a pastry-lined pie-plate and bake at 450° F. for ten minutes, to set the rim; then reduce the heat to 325° F. for thirty minutes. Remove and spread with a meringue made from two egg-whites stiffly beaten, to which six tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla have been added. Bake for fifteen minutes at 300° F.

Squash Pie, Saint Francis. Measure two cupfuls of cooked squash. To this add one cupful of milk and bring to the scalding point. Then add three-fourths cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of seedless raisins, one-fourth teaspoonful of ginger, one-fourth teaspoonful of allspice, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly and stir into two eggs, well beaten. Pour into a pastry-lined pie-plate and bake at a temperature of 450° F. for ten minutes, then at 325° F. for thirty minutes.



Fresh, crisp vegetables and spicy seasonings are needed for this salad



GIFTS FOR BABY

*Things That Add Charm
To the Layette*

By Anne Orr

An attractive addition to a basket is this talcum can cover in a violet design, which is easily removed and laundered. The hot-water bag is not only pretty, but protects the child

OF all things to make, the daintiest and prettiest are little baby clothes. A large selection is offered here. For the baby in short clothes are the long bootees arranged to pin over the knee under the bow, while the short bootees are sufficient for the tiny baby in long dresses. The round bib gives a delightful touch to a simple dress and would not muss and soil so quickly as the usual type of bib. The sleeveless yoke, square in design, could be inserted in a baby's dress, while the yoke with sleeves worked in a fine thread is also appropriate for this purpose.

Something new in filet that many mothers will appreciate is the crocheted jacket, with a cap designed to wear with either of the two yokes shown. This dainty cap would make a charming addition to the baby's wardrobe. If a larger cap is required than the one the directions plan for, a number eighty or seventy thread should be used instead of the one hundred.

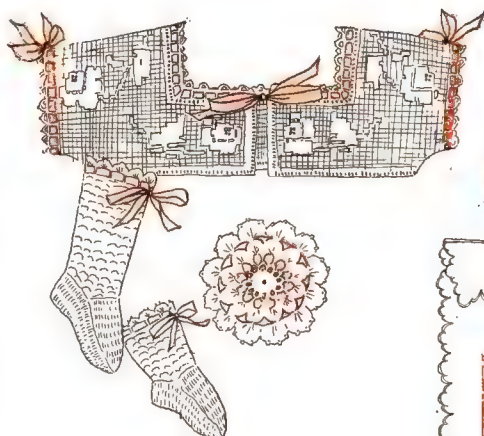


Simple to make, the sleeveless square yoke above could be neatly inserted in a dress, while the bib would be effective on a plain little dress, as no further trimming would be needed

The "Bye-Baby Bunting" pillow and the "Daddy's Gone a Hunting" spread are something entirely new for the nursery. The crochet medallions for both the spread and pillow should be set into the linen with a buttonhole stitch or a hemstitched edge. The linen can be simply embroidered or just scalloped. A large pink or blue bow at one of the corners gives an effective finish to both these articles.

A dainty gift to send a baby is the crocheted sachet lined with silk, which could be tucked away in a baby's basket or layette. Other pretty articles are the talcum can cover in a violet design, which makes the can much more attractive for the baby's basket. When soiled, the cover is easily removed and laundered. The cover for the hot-water bag is a dear little gift for the baby and prevents the heat from injuring the child. It is made of pink or blue satin ribbon with a crocheted insert the width of the ribbon.

At right. Worked in a very fine thread, the yoke with sleeves is unusually dainty. For the baby in short dresses are the long bootees arranged to pin over the knee under the bow, whereas the short bootees are sufficient for the tiny baby in long clothes. A dainty gift to send a baby is the crocheted sachet lined with silk, which could be tucked away in the layette



Working patterns and directions for these articles come in 2 groups. Group 1 carries the bed or cradle cover, pillow, talcum box cover, round bib, baby yoke with sleeves, and short bootees for 30 cents. Group 2 carries square yoke without sleeves, baby cap, hot-water bag, sachet, baby jacket, and long bootees, all for 30 cents. Both for 55 cents. Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping



At left, something new for the nursery are the "Bye-Baby Bunting" pillow and the "Daddy's Gone a Hunting" spread. The crochet medallions are set into the linen with a buttonhole stitch or a hemstitched edge. The baby jacket, in center above, is a new design in filet. A charming addition to baby's wardrobe is the bonnet designed to wear with either yoke.

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It seemed like a big job at first but as I got into it I found that most of the material was contained in my "Comfort Letters" and in my correspondence with thousands of mothers who have written me regarding their baby problems. I have consulted most of the big authorities in order to check up on my experience with my own babies and at the hospitals during the war.

Several people who are qualified to judge have told me that my book is the most useful and practical text book for motherhood that has been written.

The Mennen Company, who make Mennen Talcum, is publishing my book. It is beautifully illustrated, contains charts, tables, question blanks and is thoroughly indexed. It's the sort of book you would pay about two dollars for at a book store, but The Mennen Company will send out a limited number of copies for 25c.

That is because I frankly say in the book that only Mennen Talcum should be used on babies because it is pure, safe and endorsed by three generations of doctors, nurses and mothers.

Better fill out the coupon at once.

Lovingly,
Belle.

★ THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



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Please send me Aunt
Belle's Baby Book for
which I send 25 cents.

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Address.....

DISCOVERIES For the Seamstress Good Housekeeping Institute

EVERY woman welcomes any help which lightens her household duties. Can you give her that very help? We will pay one dollar for every available new discovery. A stamped, addressed envelop secures the return of unavailable discoveries. Address **GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE**, 105 W. 39th Street, New York City

An Easy Way to Cover Cording—

Silk or satin-covered cord is much used in finishing edges on frocks, in making ornaments and girdles, besides its uses in fancy-work. I have discovered a simple way of covering the cord and wish to pass it on to others. I keep in my work-basket six inches of small, strong tape with an inch safety-pin sewed to each end. Pin one safety-pin to the end of the tube of silk and use the other pin as a bodkin to slip the tape through, and so turn the tube to the right side on the tape without taking a stitch, then slip in the cord. *Mrs. E. C., Tenn.*

For Picot Edging—Picot edging is very expensive at the present time, especially when yards of ruffles must be made. You can save just half in price by cutting the material for ruffles twice the desired width and half the length. Have the hemstitching done through the center of the material. Then cut directly through the center of the hemstitching, and you have two ruffles and have made use of each side of the hemstitching. *K. A. J., N. Y.*

Making a Slit for Belts—In making a slit to run belts or sashes through, have three rows of hemstitching of the desired length done close together on the line where you wish the slit to be. Then cut through the middle row of hemstitching. The slit thus made is very strong and neat in appearance. *Mrs. H. R., Pa.*

Crocheted Shoulder-Straps—Crochet a strip of plain filet half an inch wide and of the desired length to go over the shoulders. Sew it to the vest in place of ribbon or tape, and you will have a most satisfactory shoulder tape. It will outwear the garment, stand any number of washings, yet always remain pure white. It also makes an excellent camisole strap in pink or white. *M. L. M., N. J.*

The Button Jar—Among the donations of clothing made to our orphanage during a recent campaign, one of the most acceptable gifts came from the poorest contributor. It consisted of a glass jar full of buttons of all shapes, colors, sizes, and kinds, that had been cut from discarded shoes and garments. Any one who has wrestled with the problem of replacing the buttons on children's clothing will appreciate the feeling of our matron when she received that assortment of extra buttons. *Mrs. W. H. B., N. Y.*

For the Dressmaker—I have found that a heavy grade of curtain marquisette is preferable to net for underwaists of silk dresses, since it is not only more durable but does not stretch as the net does. *Mrs. H. A., Tex.*

To Mate Hosiery—I have found that the easiest plan for mating socks and stockings is to mark each pair correspondingly. Use contrasting colored thread and make a cross-stitch mark on one pair of stockings, two cross-stitches for another, three and four for others. Straight stitches are also quickly done. These stitches in time save much trouble later. *Mrs. H. T. C., N. C.*

A New Shirt Discovery—Many ways for using men's shirts which have worn about the necks and cuffs have been suggested, but this one seems to me a real discovery. Put on to such a shirt a new piece in the front, shaped like the old-style bosom. Then, if needed, attach new cuffs. It does not matter if the material is not the same as the original shirt, because the new parts are the only ones which show when the coat and vest are worn. This gives double life to each shirt, quite a saving in these days. *Mrs. L. S. C., Mass.*

Elastic for Little Bloomers—I find that the half-yard length of elastic corset lacing with the metal ends is invaluable for little bloomers. The ends run through the hem so easily that I have found them preferable to the use of piece elastic and a tape needle. *Mrs. E. H. H., Mass.*

To Save Covered Buttons—The tendency to trim wash dresses with covered buttons, small bows, and neckties of unwashable material has caused many groans whenever the dress had to be laundered. Having ripped and sewed two dozen buttons off and on a wash dress twice, I hit upon a wonderful time-saver. I sewed the top of a snap fastener to the back of the button and the bottom of the fastener to the dress. It worked like a charm. Of course, a non-rustable fastener must be used. The same plan has been adapted to a sports suit. The tunic is snapped on at the shoulders instead of tacked. The tie snaps under the revers. If you have ever wanted to wear a freshly laundered dress at a moment's notice and have had to sit still long enough to stitch fol-de-rols into place, you will appreciate my discovery. *Mrs. C. B. R., N. Y.*

A Use for Old Blankets—When blankets, either cotton or woollen, become thin and threadbare, they make a fine interlining for comfortables. When pieces are used, lap the edges and baste together so that the edges will not curl up inside. Cover, line, and knot the same as any other comfortable. Old worsted skirts can be used in the same way. Rip the skirt, reverse every other gore, lap the edges, and baste together. Silkatene is very good for tying off with, as it passes through the material more easily than yarn. I have three such comfortables and would not exchange them for the batting, for the reason that they wash better and do not ball up as cotton is apt to do. *Mrs. C. F. H., Pa.*

My Baby's Bibs—I have three small children, and the question of feeding bibs became quite a problem when the youngest began feeding himself. And this is how I solved it. I cut the bibs from white oilcloth, bound the neck with bias lawn, leaving enough for strings. Then at meal-time I turn up the bottom and fasten with paper clips so as to form a pocket. This catches any food which might fall, and as the oilcloth is impervious to moisture, the dress is as clean after the meal as before. After the meal remove the clips, wipe the bib, and lay it away carefully. *Mrs. J. S. M., Minn.*



KODAK means most in the home, because home pictures tell the simple every day story of the children—each one a fascinating chapter for the Kodak Album.

Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*



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BECAUSE—PEQUOTS are the recognized standard of sheeting excellence.

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DR. WILEY'S Question - Box

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered by Dr. Wiley only if a stamped, addressed envelop accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptive advice can not be given nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

Vibrating the Skin

May I impinge upon a busy man's time long enough to ask you what is your opinion of the efficacy of electric vibrators and what makes are the best? My husband is thirty-six years old, ten or fifteen pounds underweight, and suffers from nervous irritability. I suffer from it too, indirectly. He dislikes physical exertion, has a capricious appetite, and is cold most of the time. He wants the house kept at about 85°. Would an electric vibrator help?

Mrs. B. A. C., Ohio.

Pounding the surface of the body with a frequently vibrating hammer is the principle upon which the so-called “vibrators” work. It makes no difference what kind of power is used. A small dynamo is perhaps the most convenient. Massage of the skin promotes its natural functions. It quickens the circulation and increases the blood supply in the peripheral capillaries. I do not think it makes any difference who makes a vibrator, just as long as it vibrates. Your husband's circulation would be improved by plenty of outdoor exercise, of which walking and horseback riding are typical. A cold morning bath followed by a brisk rub until the skin glows is advisable. Massage of the legs just before retiring will be found useful in combating the lack of circulation therein. While it is comfortable to use a warming pan, you should remember that in the presence of artificial heat nature will be less inclined to provide a natural supply.

Rebuilding the Tissue

I write to ask your advice about a skin like mine. It is coarse, with very large pores and a great many blackheads. It is sallow and has a great many brown spots. Is there any cream, lotion, oil, or anything to clear my face of the blackheads and make the texture of the skin finer?

F. S., District of Columbia.

It is a difficult undertaking to attempt to rebuild the tissues. The best you can do is to eat wholesome, simple food in moderation, and keep the skin clean by proper bathing and massage. When blackheads form in the face, a small tube pressed down gently over each one, in the center of the tube hole, will detach it. I do not believe in the efficacy of any creams or lotions for this purpose. It may be that their removal may be made easier by a previous injunction with a cream. That is about as far as the benefit of a cream extends.

Too Much Fat in the Milk

Is there any dietetic means by which the milk of a nursing mother can be made less rich? My baby has a tendency to diarrhea with numerous whitish lumps in the stools. He does not gain weight as rapidly as he should. He is two pounds underweight now at four months. At birth he weighed 8½ pounds and now weighs 12¼. C. V. H., Utah.

Diet has very little effect upon the composition of the milk, but does have a very important effect upon its quantity. When you speak of your milk being too rich, I assume that you refer to the content of fat therein. The fat in milk is one of the most important constituents, as far as growth is concerned. The quantity of your milk may be diminished by eating less proteins. If your milk is too rich, it is a good fault. It is far better than to have it too poor. If your baby is healthy and grows gradually, do not be alarmed by

DR. WILEY has prepared for distribution an important series of pamphlets bearing on health and hygiene: for children, “Artificial Foods for Infants,” and “The Feeding of Older Children”; for adults, “Constipation,” and “Reducing and Increasing the Weight.” These pamphlets will be sent for five cents in stamps apiece. All those interested in health should send a stamped, self-addressed envelop for the questionnaire designed for The League for Longer Life. With its aid, your exact physical condition may be determined and improvement made

the lack of plumpness. Babies fed on so-called infant foods are nearly always too fat.

South Dakota Doctors and Dope

We live twenty-five miles from a doctor and are not sure to find him sober if we visit him. This is a state with prohibition in its constitution nevertheless. There is a better doctor forty miles away, but besides being a heavy drinker he is also a dope fiend. You may imagine I am interested in the Maternity Bill Good Housekeeping is promoting. But after all, what hope is there of Congress voting for anything just because it is needed? What improvement may we hope for in doctors?

Mrs. E. K., South Dakota.

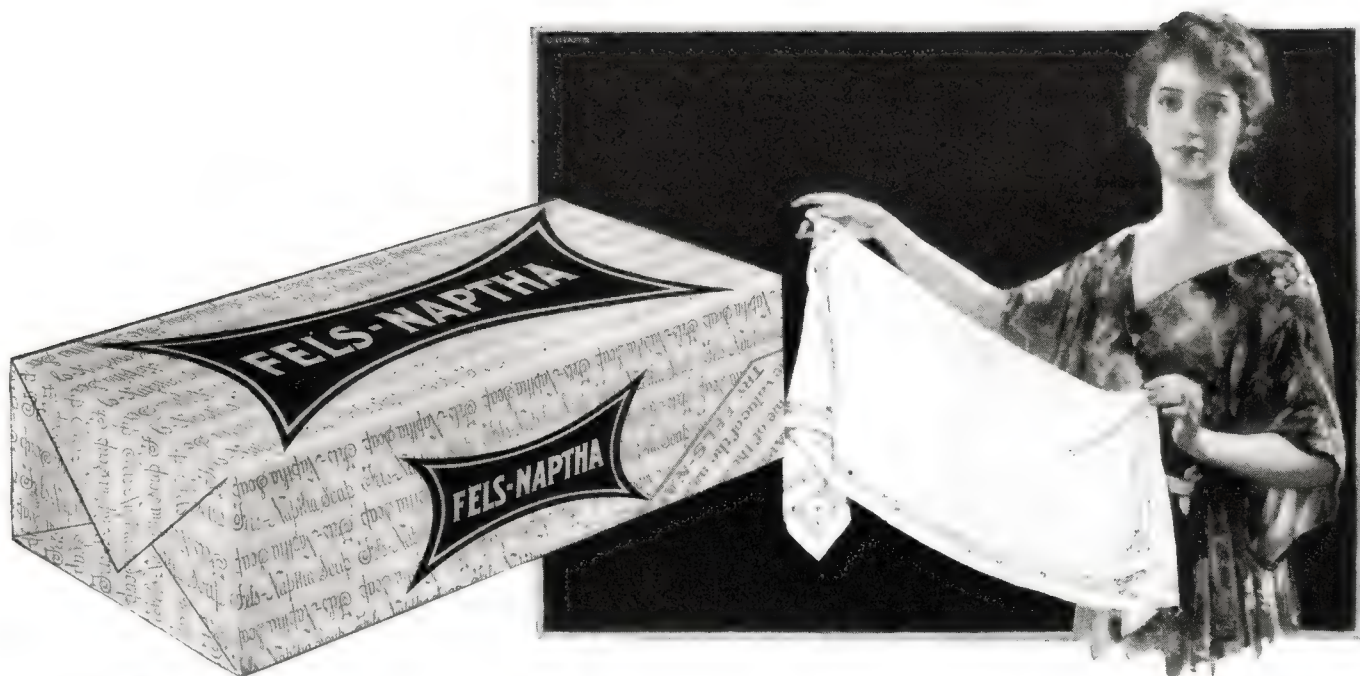
You give the South Dakota doctors a rather bad reputation. They are not very numerous in your part of the state, and they may be seeking consolation for their isolation from the bottle and the dope counter. I can not conscientiously advise any one to go to a physician who is a slave to the habits you mention, whether he is near by, namely, twenty-five miles away, or slightly more distant, like forty miles away. Evidently State and National prohibition does not prohibit, in so far as some doctors are concerned. Under the Volstead Law, doctors are allowed to prescribe liquors for medicinal purposes and possibly, at times, may fail to draw the line at what is strictly medicinal. If you lived in other communities, you would not find doctors so unanimously dope fiends. I have a large acquaintance among physicians and never have known but one of that kind. When the doctors get closer together, as your state increases in population, they will join local medical societies and escape the wiles of my Lady Morphia.

Hard on the Connecticut Milk Inspector

What can I do to improve the condition of the milk supply by our local dairy. It is our only source of supply in winter. The milk frequently tastes of foreign matter, and I have found not only sediment, but small coins in the bottom of the bottles. This indicates that they are refilled without washing. Sometimes the milk is left in tin pails, fruit jars, or stopperless bottles. I assume that the herd is never inspected.

Mrs. K. V. R., Conn.

The only thing I can suggest is that you appeal to the Connecticut Board of Health. Most persons do not object to finding coins in a milk bottle. If those who produce pure and clean milk and fail to receive a price which pays them for their service should put a coin in the milk bottle, it would represent their contribution to the consumer. To have inspected herds, kept in sanitary surroundings of modern date and under all the precautions necessary to a clean milk supply, involves a very great expense. I should say that milk produced in this manner costs at least ten cents a gallon more than the dirty milk such as you describe. I do not know the milk requirements of Connecticut. A state that refused to ratify the Woman's Suffrage Amendment until the last moment could not be expected to pay any attention to a woman's appeal. You now have a vote, and the officials of the state will listen to you.



The Miracle of the Golden Bar



Smell the real Naptha in Fels-Naptha! Blindfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps.

How many uses in your home?

Besides being a wonderful laundry soap Fels-Naptha takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Cleans enamel of bath tub, washstand, sink. Safely cleans anything cleanable.

The *whiteness* of white clothes washed with Fels-Naptha!! And without the labor of hard rubbing! How *can* it be possible?

You simply soap the clothes with Fels-Naptha, roll up and let them soak half an hour. A dousing in the foamy Fels-Naptha suds, or with some pieces a light rub; a good rinse — and there they are, the whitest of the white! Sparkling, sweet, clean.

A washday with nothing to tire you out!

It is hard to believe; yet such is the miracle happening weekly in millions of homes with Fels-Naptha.

Real naptha, that surprising dirt loosener used by dry cleaners to

cleanse even the most delicate fabrics, is perfectly combined with good soap. The real naptha penetrates to every fibre of the fabric and *makes the dirt let go* without hard rubbing, and without boiling. Of course you may boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish, but there is no need to. Fels-Naptha suds flush the dirt away and leave the clothes spotless and sanitary.

Whether you do your own work or have it done for you Fels-Naptha will prove a wonder in your home in saving time and labor.

Three things identify the genuine Fels-Naptha — the golden bar, the clean naptha odor, and the red-and-green wrapper. Order it of your grocer today!

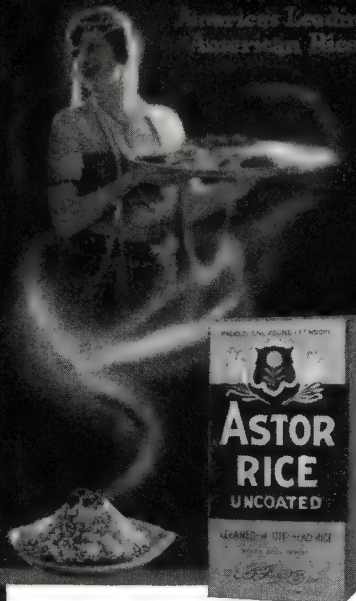
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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

ASTOR RICE

America's Leading
American Rice



*A Place for Rice in Every Menu

Each breakfast, luncheon or dinner menu holds a place for a well-prepared rice dish.

As a cereal, as an entree, or served in one of the countless ways American housewives know, rice is equally wholesome and delicious. And dietitians universally commend its high food value. Astor Rice is the choicest, full, uniform grain, put up with modern sanitary care. It comes to you conveniently packed in 16-ounces-to-the-pound packages.

Already Astor Rice is the choice for the kitchens of the finest homes and hotels. Millions appreciate its extra quality of flavor, purity and wholesomeness.

Order a package of "Astor" and try this famous recipe for "Indian Curry with Rice" given below.

Good grocers recommend it. Write us if yours does not carry "Astor." We will refer you to a near-by grocer who does.

B. FISCHER & COMPANY, Inc.
Franklin Street New York City

Astor Rice—Curried

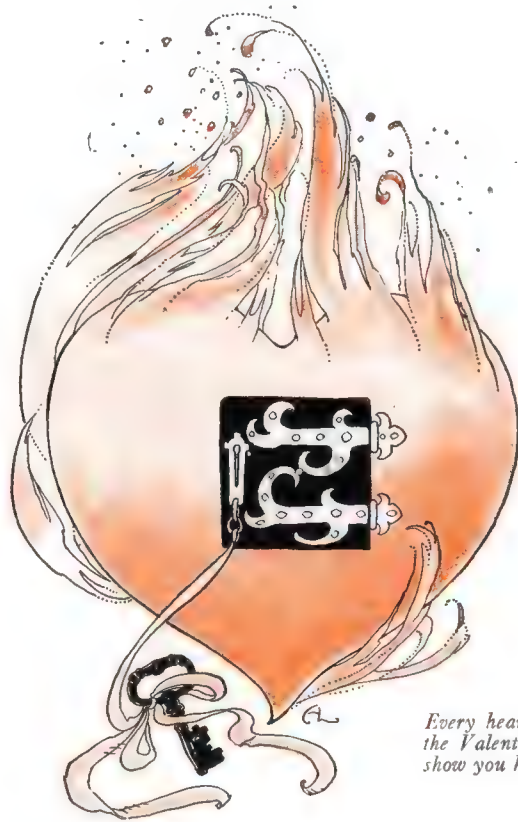
1 cup Astor Rice 1 teaspoonful curry powder
2 qts. boiling water 1 cup white sauce
1 tablespoonful salt

Wash rice, add to rapidly boiling water, cook 20 to 30 minutes or until kernels are tender. Drain in colander, pour boiling water through it. Shake and stand back on stove to dry. Make 1 cup of white sauce with 1 tablespoonful of butter, blend in tablespoon of flour, add 1 cup of milk gradually, stir until smooth. Dilute in curry powder, add to sauce and pour over the drained Astor Rice.

HEARTS AFLAME PARTY

For Valentine Day

By ELAINE, Entertainment Editor



Every heart has its key, and at the Valentine Party Cupid will show you how to unlock them all

PLANS NO ONE WILL KNOW BUT THE HOSTESS

A NOVEL party which is appropriate for St. Valentine's Day is Hearts Aflame. This is as unusual for St. Valentine's Day as the Spook Party was for Hallowe'en. The illustrations give but a faint idea of what it is, as the secret is preserved for the hostess alone, so that the guests at such a party will have a surprise. Directions for the party are all ready to be sent out immediately upon all requests accompanied by 10 cents in

postage, which covers only the expense of stamps, stationery, and printing.

From time to time general ideas on entertaining for such occasions as card parties and dances, and such formal affairs as weddings and wedding anniversaries, will be printed in the Entertainment Department, as well as suggestions for bazaars for churches, clubs, or schools. The etiquette of giving a card party, for instance, was given in full in the January number.

SPECIAL PARTIES

On receipt of 10 cts. in stamps, instructions will be sent for a Children's Party, and for a Patriotic Party. Address Elaine, Entertainment Editor



COMPLETE VALENTINE INSTRUCTIONS

On receipt of 10 cents in stamps, complete instructions will be sent for a Valentine Party, with games, including Hearts Aflame Game, and directions for making decorations, invitations, and the containers and favor illustrated. Address Elaine, Entertainment Editor, Good Housekeeping, 119 West 40 St., N. Y. City



The new Cocoa Cookery with Runkel's

DO you *drink* Runkel's All-Purpose Cocoa? Try *eating* it—transformed into marvelous chocolaty icings, cakes, pies, puddings and ices!

"*That chocolaty taste*" you love in the beverage is the whole secret. Runkel's is actually more chocolaty in flavor than chocolate itself.

Where you have been bothering to grate an ounce of chocolate, simply use three-fourths of an ounce of Runkel's All-Purpose Cocoa (three level tablespoonfuls). This saves grating, one fourth the cost, and gives the finished dessert that Runkel "chocolaty taste."

Write for the Cocoa Cookery Recipe Book

Our recipe book, now in its third hundred thousand edition, is revised and up-to-date to include all the latest developments of the new Cocoa Cookery. Write for your copy today. It tells you all you want to know.

RUNKEL BROTHERS, Inc.

449 West 30th Street New York City

Manufacturers of Runkel's Almond Bars and Fruit-Nut Bars

Runkel's

All-Purpose Cocoa

for Drinking, Baking and Cooking





Fresh Pumpkin Pie, Direct from Garden to You

One tablespoonful of golden "Caladero" Pumpkin Flour will make the most delicious pumpkin pie you ever ate. "Caladero" Pumpkin Flour is selected, fresh pumpkins, dehydrated, ground and bolted into a fine golden flour. Add water and you have the fresh pumpkin without waste, muss or dirt. It will keep indefinitely.

The choicest selected pumpkins are carefully dehydrated (the water taken from them by warm, dry air blasts) by our "Caladero" process, and then ground into golden flour. Nothing is taken from the pumpkins, which we grow ourselves, but the water. (This water is about 90 per cent of the bulk and weight of the fresh vegetable.)

It requires ten pounds of selected, cleaned, pared and sliced fresh pumpkin to make one pound of our golden "Caladero" Pumpkin Flour. We want you to try it. If your grocer does not have it, send 50 cents for a canister that will make ten large pies.

Our great plant is one of the largest in the world and produces the famous "Caladero" Dehydrated Products—peaches, apricots, apples, Bartlett pears, French prunes, and "Caladero" vegetables.

Cut out the coupon and send to us for a sample canister of "Caladero" Pumpkin Flour. Your money back if not pleased.

CALADERO PRODUCTS CO.
Atascadero, California
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Arroyo Grande, Cal.



*A tablespoon-
full of
"Caladero"
Pumpkin Flour
makes a pie.*

CALADERO PRODUCTS COMPANY,
DEPT. A, ATASCADERO, CALIFORNIA

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 50 cents. Please send me postpaid one can of "Caladero" Pumpkin Flour (enough to make 10 large pies). My money to be refunded if not pleased.

Name _____
P. O. Address _____
City or Town _____
State _____



Hair softly coiled at the nape of the neck becomes the face with a retroussé nose, while hair dressed high suits the broader face



The person with even, regular features may wear almost anything becoming, though the Psyche knot perhaps harmonizes best

HEALTH and BEAUTY

Suggestions for the Girl in Business

By Nora Mullane

THE average girl in business is bright, intelligent, capable, and in no way too busy to cultivate the fine points of appearance and character which are essential to success in home, business, and social life. And there is no question but that appearance is an asset second only to efficiency. Natural refinement and common sense should be the guide in adapting a person to the requirements of the occasion.

The following suggestions are intended for the girl in business who is young, inexperienced, and not likely to realize that incongruities of costume or other inconsistencies will do her great harm.

There is every reason why a young girl should strive to make herself attractive in appearance. The trouble often is that her standard of what is attractive is wrong. It is a mistake to strive to be overdressed and conspicuous, while it is right to look charming, neat, and inconspicuous. Cleanliness and tidiness are two great factors. The hair and hands should be immaculate, while great puffs of hair and frowziness are never attractive. Spotted finery or gay colors give an appearance of carelessness and frivolity which do not speak well for the business character of the individual or the work she is likely to perform, whereas cleanliness and well-brushed and becoming plain clothes inspire confidence and betoken a capable, self-respecting individual.

There is charm in well-arranged hair and pretty clothes which every young girl should take advantage of, but do not make the mistake of thinking that exaggerated hair and fussy clothes have charm, whether during business hours or after. They have not. There is a correct standard of dress for business as well as for social life. It is not good form

to go to the office or shop in an abbreviated dress or low-necked blouse. Open-work silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, and white kid gloves are inappropriate in working hours, just as a grotesque style of hair-dressing is in bad taste. The large puffs over the ears so much worn now often add years to a girl's appearance, and are not usually becoming.

To be suitably dressed for a given occasion is to be well dressed. Upon the kind of work depends the costume. If most of the time is spent indoors, tailored dresses are more becoming than a shirtwaist and skirt. If, on the other hand, the work is out of doors, a suit is smarter. The over-blouse now used, of the same shade as the suit, has done away with the hard line of demarcation between the light waist and dark skirt, which proved at all times unbecoming. Whether a dress or a suit, the secret of smartness is simplicity of line and cut. Black, navy blue, and brown are the most suitable colors for business, for they blend with their surroundings. The epitome of good taste is inconspicuous dressing. Well-dressed, well-bred women always wear plain street clothes or tailored dresses during the day.

Not only is it important for a woman to be suitably gowned, but also her hair must be becomingly dressed.

Hair-dressing can be made a fine art; the features should be studied and the style adapted to the contour of the face. A becoming coiffure softens angles, counteracts irregularities of features, and by contrast brings about the most pleasing effects.

The fashion of bobbing the hair is not to be commended. It is exclusively a style which belongs to the very young girl. There are exceptions to this rule, and upon the advice of the family physician, it is sometimes



Keep the feet comfortable by wearing good-looking oxfords or smart, high laced or buttoned shoes with Cuban or low heels

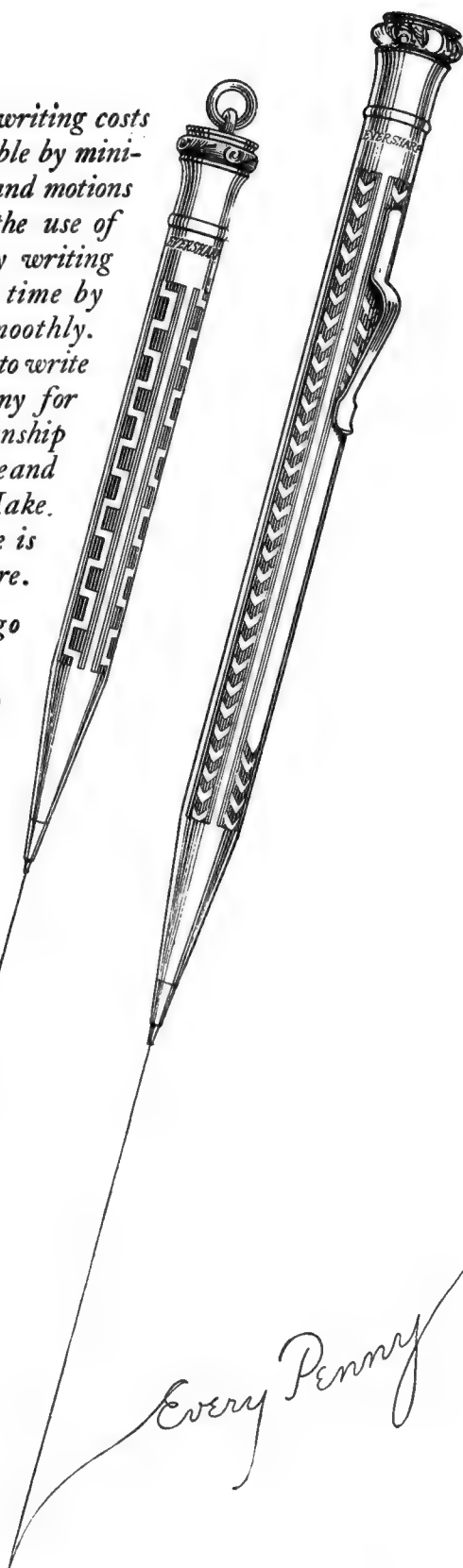


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on the pencil. Dealers everywhere.

THE WAHL COMPANY, Chicago

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EVERSHARP



Every Penny

Electrical



"Come out of the Kitchen"

THERE'S no longer any need to take time from your evening's pleasure for cleaning up the dishes. Just put them in the Western Electric Dishwasher.

Then the next morning you can slip the breakfast dishes in too, and this welcome kitchen aid will wash them all together—and even dry them.

Washing dishes by hand is about as wasteful of energy as washing clothes by hand, and as unnecessary. Here's how the Western Electric Dishwasher gets them every bit as clean—

After you have poured hot water in on the dishes and snapped the switch, the water is sprayed over them again and again for ten minutes or so. The torrent of spraying hot water, for that is all that touches the dishes, offers a sure means of cutting through the grease and cleaning right down to the china.

Then drain the water off, pour in boiling rinse water and leave the dishes a few minutes till they dry themselves.

And finally, the most exceptional feature of this appliance is that it has a double usefulness. When it is not washing the dishes, it becomes a generous-sized kitchen table with white enamel top.



The Western Electric Vacuum Sweeper has a motor-driven brush for thorough cleaning.



Western

"The Eight Hour Day in the Home"

A beautifully illustrated book that in thorough and interesting fashion covers the subject of Electrical Housekeeping. You will find in it helpful suggestions for economically placing housework on the short, easy hours basis.

Write for your copy to Western Electric Housekeeping Department, 110 William St., New York.

No pedal to push, no belt to adjust—with the Western Electric Sewing Machine home clothes-making is easy.



Housekeeping



Peaceful Washdays

YOU can carry on the day's work just as comfortably on washday as on other days, when you wash the easy Western Electric way.

Your part is just to put the clothes into the wooden cylinder of this Washer, and switch on the electricity. Then you can go about the rest of your work and gain the fifteen minutes or so needed for a thorough washing.

Meanwhile the cylinder keeps turning and reversing through the soapy water. Compare this gentle action of swishing, swirling water with the old time rub-a-dub-dub of the washboard, and you see why the Western Electric way of washing clothes makes them last longer—from woolen blanket to sheerest georgette.

When it comes to wringing, the part you play is a simple one. You "feed" the clothes into the wringer, and the motor does the work. Just move a handle to start or stop this action.

In the Western Electric you will find a sturdy simplicity, an ease of operation and a super refinement in the little conveniences of design. There is a dealer in your neighborhood who will be glad to demonstrate this splendid clothes washer.




Electric★

A Company which for half a century has been making and selling dependable electrical products.

With a Western Electric Heat Regulator you can control the furnace from upstairs.

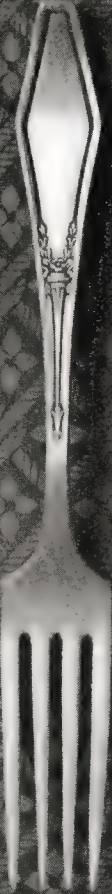


You will appreciate the points of superiority in the Western Electric Iron.



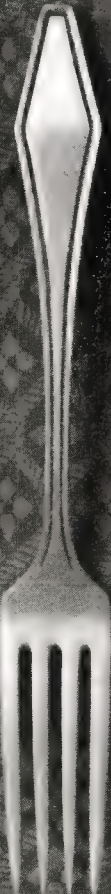
HOLMES & EDWARDS

SILVERWARE



BECAUSE silverware from the House of Holmes & Edwards offers service that is steadfast through the years, and beauty of design that never palls, it is in constant use in homes where the art of entertaining grows naturally from the art of daily living.

You may have Holmes & Edwards Silver in Super-Plate with its wear protecting silver scientifically applied, or the most used pieces in Silver-Inlaid with solid silver where the wear comes.



Illustrated
 "Newport Pattern" at right
 "Jamestown Pattern" at left

Silver-Inlaid Tea-Spoons 6 for \$5
 Super-Plate Tea-Spoons 6 for \$4

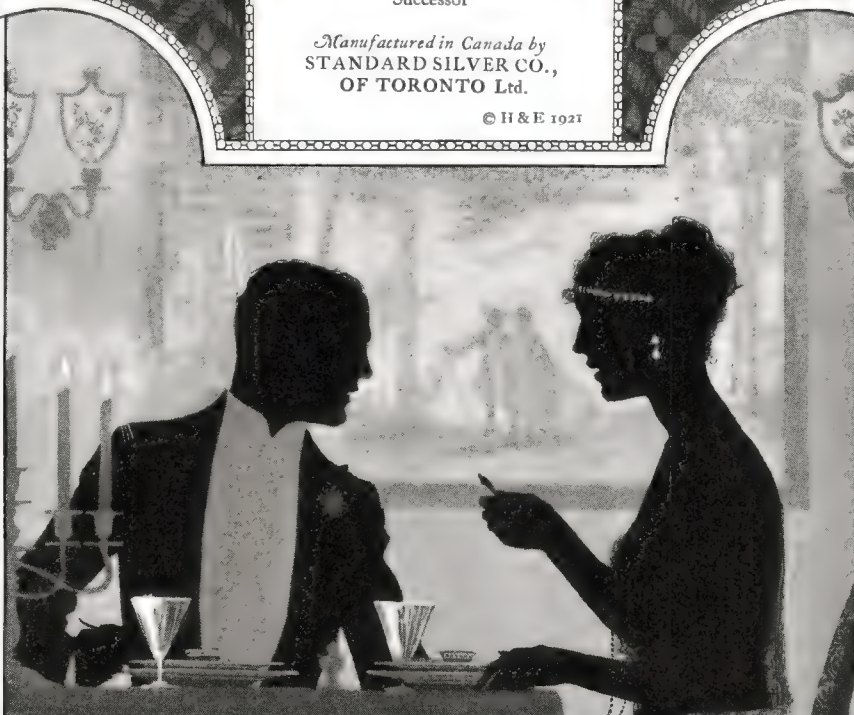
AT ALL BETTER DEALERS
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Health and Beauty

necessary to sacrifice the hair on account of illness.

The styles illustrated on page 76 will help those who can not afford the services of a professional hair-dresser.

When the face is broad, the hair should be combed up, not down over the ears, and dressed high or in an irregular figure eight, as shown in the center above of page 76.

The face with a retroussé nose, as at the left above of page 76, will look best if the hair is coiled softly at the nape of the neck or in any irregular style becoming to the face.

Those with regular features are indeed fortunate, for the style of hair-dressing may be changed as often as the costume is changed. However, it will be found that the Psyche knot, as shown at the right above of page 76, harmonizes best with this particular style of beauty.

No matter how simply the hair is arranged, it is well to have a system to work on. If you begin in an orderly way by dividing the hair evenly in parts, have a starting point to work on. If you are going to dress the hair close to the head, begin by separating the hair in three parts—or two, if you wear your hair parted in the middle. Then make another separation by lifting a small amount of hair from the inside about the middle or top of the back of the head. Build on this little knot. First, take the front section, arrange it loosely, fix it in place with pins or comb, then fold in the loose ends, and pin it on the knot. Fix the side sections in the same way, taking first one side, then the other, and do the final fixing after you have placed a net over all the hair.

The simpler the fashion chosen by a girl, the more charming she will look. There is every reason to follow the mode if it is becoming. If not, choose one which suits the individual type, but always avoid the exaggeration of a mode, as exaggerated styles should be left for those who like to appear conspicuous.

Shoes are another important factor in the appearance. With the splendid lasts now on the market there is no reason why comfort and good looks can not be combined. Avoid high heels and narrow toes, as high heels unquestionably bring fatigue, and ill nature or pettiness is often due to the irritating effects of tight shoes. Just as well-dressed women wear plain clothes during the daytime, so they wear good-looking calfskin shoes or oxford ties with a Cuban or flat heel during their busy hours, reserving the high heel for patent leather or satin slippers for the elaborate afternoon costume or evening frock. When the girl in business goes home and wishes to put on a pretty dinner frock, she may then wear high heels, or if she is going to a party or dance, she may wear high heels on her satin slippers.

Above everything consider the suitability of the occasion. Do not try to wear at nine in the morning what is appropriate only for six in the evening.

New Spring Sports Clothes

(Continued from page 40)

longer than those of previous years. This, in an English tweed in an indefinite plaid, is exceedingly smart, but hardly more so than solid mixtures in the plain cut. The choice would rest in suiting the individual figure.

Sweaters find new conceits each year to convince us that we can not do without them. Here is one with the attractive new drop stitch and new neck-line.

Above all, in dress for sports or for the country, remember that the hat and shoes must be plain. The smartest hats are the stitched models made of the material of the suit, as they will stand any sort of weather. For warm weather, oxford ties in white, tipped with contrasting black or brown leather, and in cold weather oxford ties with spats, or high laced boots, are the correct, comfortable, and practical footwear.

*Recipes
worth saving*

Cream of Tomato Soup

- 1 can tomatoes
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
- 2 cups Libby's Evaporated Milk
- 1 pint water
- 1 slice onion
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper

Makesauce by stirring flour and butter together until it bubbles well; add water, seasoning and Libby's Evaporated Milk which has been scalded. Stir until mixture thickens. Cook tomatoes, onion and sugar together fifteen minutes. Rub through a sieve, add soda and combine the two mixtures

Cream of Almond and Celery Soup

- 3 stalks celery
- 3 cups water
- 1 cup Libby's Evaporated Milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup almonds
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- Pepper

Wash celery and cut in small pieces. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rub through sieve, return to sauce pan, add enough water to liquid which has been drained from celery to make three cups; add milk and seasoning. Melt butter, add flour and stir until it bubbles; combine with celery mixture and heat to boiling. Remove from fire, add one-half cup blanched, chopped almonds and serve



How fine cooks make cream soups today

After eating a rich cream soup somewhere, do you sigh and say to yourself "if I could only afford to use real cream, I could serve soup like that, too!"

The chances are that the soup you wish you could afford to duplicate was not made with cream at all. For many fine cooks have learned today a culinary secret that makes of cream soups a banquet dish at every-day cost.

The secret is—make them with Libby's Evaporated Milk.

For twenty years Libby has worked to give American homes a finer, richer milk. Their plans were far-reaching. First they sought out the finest pasture lands in this country. Here they encouraged the breeding of splendid milk herds and the use of all the appliances and practises of scientific dairying. And here they established their milk condenseries so equipped as to assure absolute purity and cleanliness.

At these condenseries the whole milk from these fine herds, with the cream left in, is canned for you. Half the moisture is taken from it by evaporation. Nothing is added to it. So you have in this milk just the rich, pure product of the finest cows, but with twice the food value, twice the butter fat, of ordinary milk.

This milk makes cream soups so smooth, so rich, so mellow that they taste like the soups made by extravagant cooks.

Used in coffee, this milk gives a creamy richness at half the cost of cream.

Try it tonight in one of the cream soups given on this page. Try it in your own favorite recipes where cream or milk is called for. See how much better it makes every kind of dish.

Your grocer has Libby's Milk or will get it for you.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
202 Welfare Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

February 1921 Good Housekeeping

Campfire Marshmallow Mousse'

1 cup cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{1}{4}$ box Campfire marshmallows
 2 slices canned pineapple
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup nut meats. Few grains salt

Beat cream until stiff, add vanilla, salt and Campfire marshmallows, pineapple and nut meats cut in small pieces. Pack in a mold which has been rubbed over with cooking oil and wiped out with a piece of soft paper. Chill thoroughly, remove from mold to serving dish, garnish with half slices of pineapple, marshmallows cut in small pieces and arranged like daisies, and with maraschino cherries. This may be packed and frozen if one-fourth cup sugar is added to the cream.



THIS month Alice Bradley offers you one of her most tempting desserts—Campfire Marshmallow Mousse'.

You can easily make it just as you see it here—a dessert that reflects the caterer's skill; attractive to serve, truly delicious.

Campfire Marshmallows are specified because they are specially prepared for culinary use. Their distinctive flavor and texture will add to the success of all table foods you prepare in which marshmallows are used. Six ounces are packed in each carton; economical for recipes which require large quantities.

Write for the Campfire Book containing Alice Bradley's complete set of Campfire recipes. An excellent variety, many of them absolutely new. Address our Cookery Dept.

★ The Campfire Co., Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Campfire

Marshmallows



THE BULLETIN BOARD

of the Better Homes Movement

Edited by Winnifred Fales

YOU ARE INVITED to send us full details of any effort to arouse an interest in better home furnishing which has been made in your community through the medium of local exhibitions, lectures, study clubs, or other activities. In acknowledgment of every letter containing a suggestion likely to prove helpful to other communities, we will mail a check for \$2.00 to the sender

Has Your Home Town Had an "Institute"?

HAVE you ever seen a room "created" from rugs to lighting fixtures before your very eyes? That is one of the fascinating experiences enjoyed by members of communities which are visited by the Better Homes Institute, launched by the Extension Department of the Chicago Art Institute. The idea was originated by Mr. Ross Crane, who conducts the Institute in person with the aid of several assistants, a fair-sized collection of good paintings, scores of house plans, photographs and sketches, and a collapsible three-wall room with movable windows, doors, draperies, and a fireplace.

The Institute usually lasts five days, with lectures and demonstrations both afternoon and evening. At the opening session the bare walls of the portable room confront the audience from the stage, and as the lecture progresses, furniture, rugs, draperies, lamps, and other accessories are brought in, one by one, and properly arranged, the reasons for the choice and placement of each object being explained in accordance with the fundamental laws of design, scale, color harmony, balance, etc. With the exception of the draperies and pictures, all furnishings are borrowed from local dealers.

At another session an overcrowded room is shown and discussed, and then by a process of gradual elimination a harmonious and artistic arrangement is effected. Other subjects covered by the Institute include "How to Build a House," "Planting the Home Grounds," and "A Picture Gallery Talk." A special session is usually included for the pupils of the upper grades of the public schools with a view to inspiring them with a desire for more beautiful surroundings, both at home and in the community at large. The closing lecture is entitled "Dollars and Sense for Your Town." In this the speaker presents forceful arguments in support of the Better Homes Movement, calling attention to the commercial benefits which result from the coöperation between schools, citizens, dealers, and manufacturers, in the work of upbuilding a community of ideal homes, and also to the influence on character of beautiful and harmonious surroundings.

Among the local agencies under the auspices of which the Better Homes Institute has been held, are women's clubs, Own Your Own Home Associations, Chambers of Commerce, and Merchants' Associations. The expense involved is nominal, as the community is asked to defray only the actual operating costs. If you wish to secure an "Institute" for your community, write for full particulars to P. A. Spaulding, Business Manager, Art Institute, Chicago.

A Home Furnishings Exposition in Rochester, N. Y.

Thanks to the initiative and enthusiasm of Mr. Royal B. Farnum, Director of the School of Applied Art of the Mechanics Institute, Rochester, N. Y., that city has enthusiastically set herself the task of establishing higher local standards of taste in home furnishings, and thereby creating a demand for better designs, better workmanship, and better finish in all objects of use or decoration which enter into

the home. As a first step, representatives of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, Board of Education, Memorial Art Gallery, Athenaeum and Mechanics Institute, together with prominent merchants, decorators, and manufacturers, were invited to meet and consider: (1) Organization; (2) Ways in which the School of Art and the public schools can coöperate with home industries for the betterment of public taste; (3) Plans for an early fall exhibition of Rochester Made Furnishings.

As a result of this meeting, a permanent organization was formed and committees appointed, through whose efforts a very comprehensive exhibition of home furnishings was arranged, lasting several days and supplemented by a series of talks upon the various phases of domestic art. So great was the success of this enterprise that it was voted to hold a similar exposition every year. Rochester thus bids fair to realize the ambition of the sponsors of the undertaking, which is to make her "one of the leading communities to foster, to encourage, and to resolve for better homes."

Girls' Clubs in Iowa

From Miss Josephine Arnquist, Assistant State Club Leader, comes an inspiring account of the organization of girls' clubs in Iowa under the auspices of the Extension Department of the State College of Agriculture. To quote Miss Arnquist, "The aim of these clubs is to promote an appreciation of the artistic possibilities of even our most unpretentious homes, a desire for good line and color, and a wise expenditure for household furnishings." Programs for club meetings are suggested, bulletins on home furnishing distributed for study, and practical demonstrations planned. A special feature of the work consists of talks by department specialists, which are given at various times during the season, but for the most part the work is carried on by the club members themselves. Each girl is expected to apply to the decoration of her own room the principles she has learned. At the end of the season a small prize is awarded to the member who is considered to have been most successful in solving her individual problems.

How the Woman's Club May Help

The Better Homes movement is one that should engage the active interest of women's clubs everywhere, for it is to woman, the homemaker and the guardian of the family purse, that we must look to take the initiative in all matters pertaining to home betterment. If every club, large or small, would pledge itself to definite, constructive effort in the direction of promoting local industries, arranging for home furnishings exhibitions and public lectures on interior decoration and the fine arts, forming collections of photographs, prints, and books for presentation to the local library or the high school, and refusing to purchase home furnishings of poor construction and tawdry design, higher standards of living and more artistic homes would be the inevitable result. Lack of space forbids the mention of numerous other avenues of service which are open to the woman's club, but for the benefit of interested readers we have prepared a leaflet outlining a constructive "Better Homes" program, which will be mailed on receipt of four cents in stamps.

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STERLING SILVER TABLEWARE



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The careful, discriminating purchaser plans a home that will become more beautiful as the years go by—which both in exterior and interior appearance will take on additional charm as it grows older.

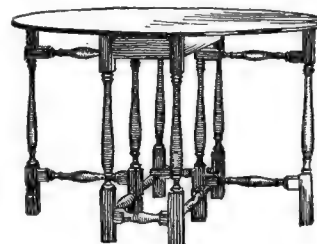
He selects

Leavens Colonial Furniture

for interiors knowing that like the house itself this wonderful furniture will grow old gracefully—remaining always in vogue and satisfying even the most fastidious taste.

Personal preference may be exercised in the matter of finish. We will gladly supply unfinished pieces if desired, to be finished to match any interior.

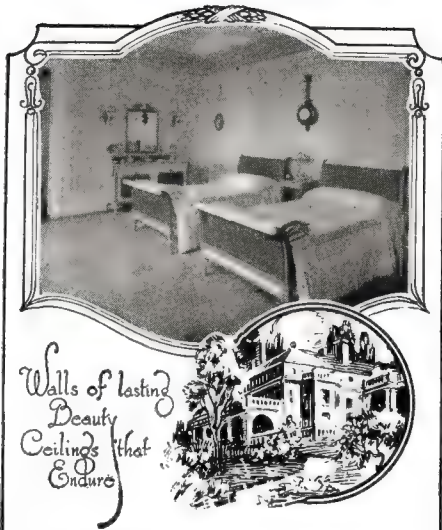
Write for set No. 3 of illustrations and Leavens stains.



WILLIAM LEAVENS & CO. INC.
MANUFACTURERS
32 CANAL STREET,
BOSTON, MASS.

Something Afar

(Continued from page 18)



Restful Color in the Bed Room

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\$1.25

coming, you know, Jim. You aren't my only dinner-guest this evening, much as I like you."

"Just so you do like me!" he retorted cheerfully.

He got to his feet and walked beside her to the house. Sunset had melted into dusk; one star hung silver-sharp in a lilac sky above them.

"Is it you or the garden that's so sweet?" asked McNamara suddenly.

Zoë stooped to a cup-shaped white lily that grew beside the walk, plucked it, and held it up for him to smell. Then she smiled into the flower-face and threw it away from her.

"Mine's only gilding," she confessed regretfully.

When the party had gone its way, that night, she slipped out and sat for a long time alone on the steps that led down to the beach.

She thought how Honolulu had come to seem a kind of Journey's End for her and how now it would not seem so any more. "Journeys end in lovers' meetings—" The old song went through her head again and again. She put it aside with a deliberate coldness. After all, what reason had she had to suppose that life would ever mean to her more than it had meant in the past? A soft place to lie in—silk next the skin—delicate foods to eat—only pleasant things to look on—perfumes, flowers, music, books, light-footed service, and all the paraphernalia of ease which is able to pay for itself.

That, as she had said of her heaped-up cities, was something. But, as McNamara had reminded her, it was not enough. It would never be enough any more.

SHE had resented her dead husband's will, had resented his greedy hand reaching back from the grave itself to have and to hold what was left of her youth. He had taught her to need money, had taught her to depend on it for happiness. He had made a quiescent, soft-fleshed thing of her. She hid her face in her hands, sitting there in the starlit dark, and cried—for her vanishing youth—for the lover she had never had—never would have, now. Then she knew, all at once—it went through her like a flame—that if Jim McNamara had cared for her, she would have thrown the dead man's money back in his face with a laugh. It was in her to do that! She stopped crying and put back her head with a touch of exquisite pride.

However, Jim hadn't cared—wasn't, apparently, going to care, except in the delightful, unmeaning way in which he cared for a great many other women—and if he thought Zoë cool and sophisticated and clever, she would be all those things.

Until the girl out of a convent came along to pull down the pillars of Zoë's temple.

Zoë's wistful heart muttered, just here, that most likely such a girl didn't live, would never come Jim's way—in which case, one might go on being ardent friends with him forever and forever. . . .

She got up off the steps, said goodnight to the stars and the sea, and went into the house. She was brushing out her long, dark hair before the mirror of her dressing-table when Miss Jenkins came into the room to see why Zoë's light was burning so late.

Miss Jenkins wore a brown flannelette wrapper over a high-necked, long-sleeved nightgown, and her scanty brown hair was knotted so tightly upon the top of her head that it seemed to draw her eyebrows upward into an expression of unalterable inquiry. She had small, pleasant gray eyes and the kindest, thinnest mouth in the world. When she looked at Zoë sitting there, all soft, pale silks and laces, with lovely, smooth arms uplifted to the sweep of the brush, she softened delightfully. She asked laconically to hide this softening of which she was somehow ashamed:

"Everything all right tonight? I was a little worried about the chicken."

"Everything was perfect," Zoë said softly.

"Why aren't you in bed, Ida?"

"Why aren't you in bed?" retorted Miss Jenkins like an embodied conscience. "I saw your light burning, and I was afraid you might not be feeling well."

Zoë assured her instantly: "Nonsense! I sat on the steps for a bit after the party went home—that's all."

"You'll be getting neuralgia in the night air," warned Miss Jenkins.

"If that were all one got!" murmured Zoë with a whimsical sigh.

"Better have a hot-water bottle to your feet when you get into bed."

"I think I'll have a hot-water bottle to my heart," said Zoë meekly.

Miss Jenkins stiffened, alert as a terrier. "Have you got a stitch—in the side?"

"I've got a stitch—in time," the sufferer explained. "Saves nine, Ida dear, emotionally speaking." She added with a yawn, not entirely genuine: "Don't worry your nice old head about me. I'm absolutely well. The dinner was perfection, and I consider myself a very lucky person to have you to look after me."

"Shoe's on the other foot," said Miss Jenkins abruptly. She turned to go.

Zoë stopped her in the doorway with an impulsive little cry: "Ida—wait—just one minute. Do you know as much about men as you do about everything else?"

"I know nothing at all about men," said Miss Jenkins briskly. "When I die, there will have been three men in my life—my father, the doctor, and the undertaker—and that's a-plenty for me!"

She went off to bed with a new worry. What did Mrs. Gerard mean by that? As for Zoë, she stayed awake dissecting an old one. What did life mean—and why?

She woke next morning to a world washed clean and singing in the grip of a masterful trade-wind. "Never mind," she said to herself as she looked out of her window and saw the surf lacing a silken blue sea. "I've got today—and tomorrow—and most likely a lot of tomorrows. What do I care? I'm free—and I've a house—and a fireplace—and the sunset right at my finger-tips. That other one may never come. . . ."

But that other one did.

LIFE, as any artist will admit, is nothing like so careful of the probabilities as art. It doesn't have to be. It swings the long arm of coincidence without regard to critics.

Just one week after Zoë and McNamara had sat on the steps leading down to the beach and McNamara had talked of the girl from the convent who was to be his companion in a marital wilderness, the girl came. It was perhaps not the least interesting feature of the thing that directly he saw what was happening to him, he rushed off to Zoë with the news.

It was, appropriately, a rainy afternoon—what people who live in the Islands call a *kona*, meaning a southerly rain. The sea was wrapped in a crawling, gray mist. East, west, north, south, the sky was gray as glass. A low-spirited, querulous wind tugged at the shutters of Zoë's cottage and sent sudden, gusty whispers down the chimney. She had had a fire built and was sitting before it in a deep chair with cushions, a book in her listless fingers, tea things on a little table at her elbow. There were roses, crimson and saffron, in bowls about the room. A powder-puff of a cat slept on the hearth-rug, its paws neatly doubled in beneath its snowy bosom. It was the room of a lonely woman, and the man brought, as men do bring, disturbance to its quietude.

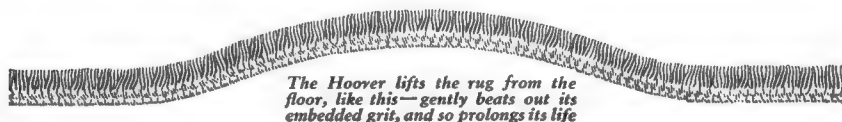
He took off his rain-coat and cap and flung



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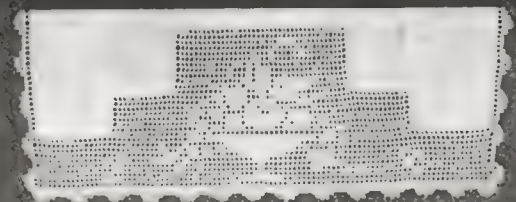
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The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—gently beats out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life

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Dainty towel insertions add individuality to your guest's welcome, pretty center-pieces lend distinction to your table service, and many a summer frock or bit of lingerie owes its charm to medallions worked by nimble fingers.

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Something Afar

them on a chair on the *lanai*, drew up another chair to the fire, and, when he had crushed Zoë's carefully languid fingers in both brown hands, threw himself down with a big sigh and stared at her, smiling. She was worth staring at. Above the ivory softness of her gown the fire had flushed her delicate face, and her eyes and hair were dark as black pansies, than which there are few things darker.

"You look like the peace which passeth all understanding," said Jim McNamara appreciatively.

Zoë reflected in silence upon the deceptiveness of appearance. She said: "Will you have tea, Jim? And have you come all the way out to Diamond Head in the rain to quote the prayer-book to me?"

"All women are psychic," said McNamara, gravely.

"And all men are simple," returned Zoë. It seemed an excellent epigrammatic gambit.

He countered after the barest hesitation: "Thank God, some women are, too!"

"Psychic—or simple?" inquired Zoë. But her heart failed her. She knew even before he began to speak what he was going to tell her.

"I won't have any tea, but I will have some cake," said McNamara. "I didn't have any lunch. Zoë—I've found her!"

"You big, silly boy!" said Zoë and handed him cake with a smile that cost her something. "Found whom? Begin at the beginning and tell me about it."

McNAMARA began at the beginning which, it appeared, was no further removed than ten o'clock that morning, and told his soul. "She's nineteen—just," he said, "and she came in on a boat from the Coast, this morning, with her father. I met them by the merest chance, in Judge Kearney's office. Zoë, she's just out of a New Orleans convent! Remember what I told you the other night?"

"What an impetuous young thing it is!" said Zoë sweetly. Her heart was fluttering horribly in her breast. "Of course I remember."

"Well, do you believe in fate?" asked the son of an Irish father.

"I should, shouldn't I?" said Zoë.

McNamara barely heard her. His eyes were shining; his eager smile was absurdly boyish. "She's everything in the world I've been looking for," he said. "Wait till you see her! Absolutely unspoiled, absolutely untouched, fresh as a rose, innocent as a child. I didn't believe there was a girl like that left."

"You seem to have wasted very little time discovering her," said Zoë.

McNamara quoted with a touch of shame-faced humor: "'Whoever loved, y'know!'"

"Yes—I know," said Zoë.

He twisted the fringe of her black scarf, his familiar trick. She looked into the fire and tried to keep the smile from stiffening on her lips.

"I dashed off to you with it—like a tool," he said presently, "because—oh, I don't know—I rather thought you'd be *simpatica*."

The slight husk in his drawing voice had grown so dear; the bronze smoothness of his bent head drew her fingers so hopelessly . . .

Zoë laughed. "I am," she assured him. "Deeply *simpatica*! When am I to see her? Or am I to see her? Does she know yet that you have found her? And is she prepared to find you? Also, what about the father? Is he found, too? Or—"

"You make me look a bit of an ass, do you know it?" said McNamara suddenly.

"Oh, not for the world, Jim dear!" sighed Zoë.

She offered him cake again with an absent-minded sweetness. He refused it almost brusquely.

"May I bring them to see you?" he asked.

Then Zoë knew that he meant it. She looked back at him with an equal gravity, her great eyes deepening.

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WHEN YOU are wondering about the distinctively delicious flavor of HEINZ Tomato Ketchup—

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Just remember how it is made.

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Some
of the

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Vinegars
Spaghetti

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THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Something Afar

"I thought you were perhaps only staging one more raffle in the emotions," she suggested, curiously still.

"Not this time!" said McNamara. "Of course the dramatic entrance and all that was thrown in to cheer your rainy solitude. But honestly, Zoë, I had to come out, straight off, and tell you about her. She seems to be the girl of my dreams."

"Bring her out to tea tomorrow afternoon, if you like, Jim. The father, too."

"Thanks, Zoë! I do want you to see her." "Haven't you anything nearer and dearer than me to take her to for inspection and approval?"

"Neither," said McNamara briefly. "Funny—you were the first person I thought of when I realized I was hit!"

"That is funny, isn't it?" Zoë agreed quietly. "Well, you've been very good to me, Jim. You found me this cottage—and Ida—and you've brought amusing people to see me—"

"Beginning with the very first night of our acquaintance, I'd say I'd been extraordinarily good to you," said McNamara grimly.

"Oh, that!" said Zoë curiously. "You needn't worry about that, Jim. It isn't going to matter in the least."

She demanded to know more about the girl. "Is she going to be here long?"

"A month," said McNamara, and lamented feelingly the unnatural shortness of it. "Zoë, you've got to help me with her. Have her out here a lot, won't you? All I need is a chance."

"We shall see that you get it," Zoë assured him, making chill-fingered play with the tea-cups.

She let him talk himself tired, her eyes on the dancing yellow flames in the chimney. When he came to go, she gave him her hand and a smile glazed with impersonality.

"Tomorrow afternoon, then! Bring them out in time for a swim. We'll have tea on the terrace."

McNamara said that he would. He displayed incredible reserves of enthusiasm bordering on fatuity when he spoke of Lois Legrance. That, it appeared, was the name of the girl. When he had gone, the twilight settled in grayer than ever, and the rain streamed down the window-panes as if the sky had melted and the world were slipping after.

MISS JENKINS came in and built up the fire, herself. She scolded Zoë for reading in a waning light.

"You'll be blind before you're an old woman!"

"I am an old woman, and we are all blind," said Zoë.

She glanced once more at the page she had been reading when McNamara came in, and dog-eared it sharply. The book was Dunsany's "Tales of a Dreamer." She had come to the bottom of the page. "—And the gray currents crept away to the south like companionless serpents that love something afar, with a restless, deadly love. . . ."

"You are a foolish creature," cried Miss Jenkins. Her thin, sallow face was warped with anxiety for things which she could not help seeing and of which she might not dare to speak.

"I am a companionless serpent," said Zoë with an odd little laugh, "and you are an old dear—which leaves us quite a houseful, zoologically speaking, doesn't it, Ida?"

She was ready, next day, before the hour and lay in her long chair among gayly-flowered cushions, looking out across the terrace to the sea. The rain had vanished overnight. It was a world washed clean of any stain—a world replete with bending palm-trees and pleasant earthy odors—a world of crooning seas and lovely empty skies.

Into which Lois Legrance, coming across the grass between a solidly pleasant person in pongee and the cleanly slimmness of Jim McNamara, walked as naturally as a picture goes into its



"Aren't they beauties?" gloated Milly

IF ONE ONLY KNEW

By Beatrice Imboden

"WELL, well—if here isn't Milly leaving us, too. If this keeps up, Grangeville might as well change its name to Rip Van Winkle-ville and go to sleep. Won't be a boy or girl left in town!"

"Why, how do you do, Dr. Putnam?" The girl impatiently pacing the little station platform turned to laugh, her eyes bright with excitement, "I'm not going for good, this time. Just a little visit with Rose Gordon."

"That's good. Stay with us, Milly. That city is swallowing up our young folks at a fearful rate. Hardly get them safely past the measles and chickenpox age till —off they go to 'accept positions' or find 'careers' for themselves, chasing opportunity in that maelstrom up there."

"Well, I'm not gone yet, so don't scold me. But mother is sensible, you know, doctor. She wouldn't stand in the way of my success. You know, as well as I do, that there's no opportunity for young people in this little town."

"Not so sure about that," grunted the doctor. "Plenty of money here, if money's what you're after. A smart young person might take some of it from us."

"Granted I could—money isn't all. I want a chance to develop. Goodness, the train's going—" With a saucy wave of the hand for the doctor and a hug for her mother, she was off.

Late that evening she was met in the big noisy station by an eager but tired friend. "I had to work overtime tonight," said Rose, wearily. "My boss decided to get out some extra letters and I was 'it'."

"Well, that's not so bad," was Milly's hearty response. "It's good training. I should think, and I know he picked you out because you could do them best."

"He picked me out because I was late at noon and he had a 'grouch.'"

Rose's gloom abated somewhat at sight of the box of goodies sent by her aunt and Milly's mother. "Let's not go to a horrid restaurant for supper tonight. I've an electric percolator and we'll have a spread in my room."

"I thought city restaurants were so jolly—" began Milly, a little disappointed.

"Not the ones I patronize. You've been witnessing supper parties in the movies. They have those restaurants here—but it takes a fortune to eat in them."

"You'll want to go shopping tomorrow," planned Rose, over the fried chicken and cake. "Thank goodness, it's Saturday and I have a whole afternoon off. What are you going to buy?" She said it a bit wistfully. "I've been trying to save for a suit."

"I'm going to get one thing, if nothing else—a good hat. For once in my life I'm going to have a real, exclusive-looking, Frenchified, glorified HAT! I've wanted one all my life and I don't care if it takes all the money I brought."

Next day Rose found her guest lost to the world in front of a milliner's window.

"You have good taste," she laughed. "Madame Marie's is one of the smartest places in town. You may be able to get a sailor or something in there for your twenty-five dollars."

"Aren't they beauties?" gloated Milly. "But—there can't be more than ten yards of narrow ribbon in that sweet turquoise one over there. That's about all there is to it, just rows of ribbon shirred on a frame."

Advertisement

at hats. More and more marvelous were the creations presented to Milly's bewildered eyes.

"They are simply gorgeous," she said as they recuperated over marshmallow sundaes. "But gorgeously simple—did you notice that? A person who knows how could reproduce many of those expensive hats very reasonably. Mother has so many pretty scraps of velvet and silks I could use—if I just knew how—"

"I've thought of learning millinery in one of the good workrooms here. Do you know anything about them?"

"They're all right, if you've plenty of time. I know a girl who wanted to be a designer and she said they made her sew hat frames for a year."

"But I want to design and trim hats as soon as possible," said the discouraged Milly. "I have half an idea to be a millinery saleslady, just to live with lovely hats."

"Small pay, on your feet all the time, you'd get tired of handing out your pet hats to haughty women you didn't know," were some of Rose's objections.

Saturday Milly left for home. Helping her to crowd many small packages into her bag, Rose suddenly exclaimed, "Why—your hat! You never bought it!"

"No," was the placid answer, "I've got something else."

"Oh—please, let me see!"

"Can't. It's—just an idea. I'll tell you in a few months, if it works out."

Early in September, Rose took her vacation. Home, of course—how dear the little town was, with its white cottages peeping out through the brilliant maples.

How familiar Main Street looked, with its funny shops, the hotel and the town's pride—a brick "sky scraper" of three stories. But one window caught her eye. Why, it was just like a city shop!

Then she stopped, delighted by the artistic display. Against a background of soft velvet curtains, hung on brass rods, were hats—just a few of them. There was one—wide, graceful, of apricot velvet, suavely simple with a garland of pink velvet rosebuds trailing languidly across it.

"What a beautifully shaped frame! Oh!—isn't that one charming, with little gold and purple grapes massed against the gray velvet brim!"

There was a smart tailored one of brown satin, a cunning poke for a wee maiden, and a strangely familiar one, all rows of shirred turquoise ribbon. A beauty of a picture hat, all lustrous black velvet save for a silver rose against its high crown, completed the exhibition.

"Just a few—displayed like rare jewels. Exactly as Madame Marie would do it. I must peep inside."

She met two people coming out, a lady with a little girl, the latter staggering under the bulk of a gay band box—its contents too precious, evidently, to be trusted even to mother. There were cases against the wall, filled with allurements, and a pretty girl was showing some hats to a nicely dressed lady.

"Yes, I think this one suits you best," the girl was saying—

"Why—Milly Deane—what are you doing here? And whose is this dear little shop?"

"Mine," was the proud reply.

"Yours!"

"Yes, I'll tell you all about it in a few minutes—it's almost closing time. This

Advertisement

is my opening week—I haven't had time to write you—" The astonished visitor sank into a chair.

"You see here the fruition of an idea," began Milly, almost solemnly after the door was closed. "I hinted of it last June after I had read in a magazine I happened to buy, of a girl who had become independent by learning millinery at home through the Woman's Institute."

"Coming, as it did, at the moment, just when I was so anxious for a suggestion, it set me thinking. I sent to the Institute for information and was even more impressed. So I spent my hat money on the course, got some frames and other materials, and here are the results!"

"But—you couldn't learn to make these lovely hats by a correspondence course? It's incredible!" gasped Rose.

"Oh, but I did. Why, you couldn't help learning! You start at the very beginning with the simplest stitches used in millinery and you learn step by step just how to make foundation crowns and brims and how to handle all kinds of material in covering them; you learn to make the most wonderful ribbon flowers and bows, and the dearest ornaments—Rose, it's the most fascinating thing."

"Then I learned all the little secrets of distinctiveness in creating hats—what colors and shapes and materials to use for certain types. And so on all the way through. The Institute even told me just how to start in business and fix up my shop and how to attract customers. The textbooks are simply wonderful with hundreds of illustrations that show just what to do. And the teachers take such a personal interest in your work!"

"You see, it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to your course as you wish and just when it is most convenient."

"I know that the Woman's Institute has made me more capable than most professional milliners in just these few months of study at home!"

"Every one was so interested when I got brave enough to think of a shop," continued Milly. "Doctor Putnam gave me my first order and I made the most adorable pink plush bonnet for his little granddaughter and a lavender and silver turban for his wife. Now—I'm simply overwhelmed with orders."

"I—I wish I could find something as pleasant and profitable to do here. Home looks pretty good to me tonight."

"Why, I know just the thing," exclaimed Milly. "The Woman's Institute has a splendid dressmaking course—and you were always clever with the needle. You study that this winter—you can do it home in the evenings and Saturdays—then in the spring you can open up a modiste's shop here with me. Won't that be wonderful!"

"I believe I'll try it!" said Rose.

"I'll be up in the city Christmas to do my spring buying—doesn't that sound important? And we'll visit some of those restaurants this time, I promise you."

"Do you know what I think is the best part of it all?" asked Rose before they went to sleep. "Your mother's face. Don't her eyes just shine?"

"Yes," whispered Milly. "I know."

What Milly did, you, too, can do. More than 75,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

It costs you nothing to find out what the Institute can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below and you will receive the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business, to women and girls all over the world.

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Chief among today's instruments for this purpose is the electric motor. Whether it is doing the work of a dozen men, or lightening the labor of thousands of women, the satisfactory operation of countless modern methods depends upon the faultless behavior of the motor, alike in industry and in the home.

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Something Afar

frame. She was small and slender and blonde—ash-blonde—with wide, innocent gray eyes and the softest bud of a mouth imaginable. The artistic perfection of her frock and hat, the amazing delicacy of her grooming, suggested vaguely that prettiness and innocence and ash-blondeness and all had not been underrated in the matter of reckoning up assets. Zoë loathed herself for thinking it. She stood up and came forward at once, a hand outstretched, her smooth cheeks flushing:

"This is so nice of you, Jim. I have been looking forward all day. . . ."

McNamara presented his convoy. His manner, where the girl was concerned, held a touch almost of pride. Zoë flinched from it, smiling.

"What an absolutely perfect place!" said Miss Legrange slowly. She spoke with a delicious trace of accent, although no flaw in idiom. "Father, look at that beach! Did you ever see such a picture? Oh, Mrs. Gerard, you've no idea how badly we wanted to come, after Mr. McNamara—"

"I've told them a lot about you, Zoë," supplied McNamara eagerly.

They sat near the edge of the terrace and talked, the pleasant person in pongee near Zoë; Lois, after the first idle interchange of small politenesses, in a big willow chair with McNamara at her elbow. The girl was full of a charming and inquisitive excitement. She asked dozens of questions, leaned to McNamara's answers with a rapt and adorable attention. There was a special sort of charm about her, Zoë realized; a Botticellian frailty and glamour. "But convent," thought Zoë within the first fifteen minutes, "never!—Unless the walls had ears."

Then she disdained herself for so flagrant an inner outburst of felinity and bent to the task of keeping Mr. Legrange amused. Not a difficult one. She rather wished he would not look at her with such obvious middle-aged approval in his faded blue eyes. It recalled another look of approval with which Zoë had been all too familiar. And Mr. Gerard's eyes had been blue as well.

McNAMARA and the girl went in swimming, a half-hour of radiant, aimless drifting through languid seas, with the sun slipping lower in an unclouded sky. Zoë sat on the stone steps leading down to the beach and talked to Mr. Legrange, who feared his fate too much for immersion, even in the semi-tropics. She burned with desire to be out, making for the reef, with the feel of the water on her shoulders and arms, the sting of the spray on her eyelids. After a time McNamara and Lois came laughing up the beach, and McNamara whispered in Zoë's ear as he passed her:

"This is simply wonderful of you. I'll do as much for you, some day!"

Zoë smiled back at him from a bruised and numbing distance. She made tea for them presently, and so the time went by.

When they left her, about sunset, with a scattering of grateful phrases, there were already other meetings looming ahead.

"I want Miss Legrange and her father to see my beach house at Kailua," McNamara explained. "You'll come too, Zoë? How about Thursday evening? Later on, we can borrow somebody's mountain place."

Now, there are things one always does for a *malihini*, which is to say a newcomer, in the Islands—beach parties; week-ends in mountain houses, perched precariously high, up the side of jagged purple peaks; long drives under the honey-colored moon, through gulches drowsy with the sweetness of the wild-ginger flower—nowhere in all the world, perhaps, is the stranger drawn in so simply, so unquestioningly, to the heart of the land. There have been strangers, no blinking the fact, whose drawing-in was afterward regretted, but that is one of life's other stories. Zoë, herself, had had all these things done for her in the beginning. She recognized with a wry, small smile the sequence unfolding itself before Lois

★ HEINZ

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made with
Real Cream

HERE is the richness of pure cream, which nourishes, and the appetizing taste of ripe tomatoes, which gives a keener zest to the food that follows.

No artificial thickening or meat stock is used—nothing but tomatoes and real cream. Heinz tomatoes are sun-ripened, and gathered just when they attain their finest flavor.

Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup is perfectly prepared, ready for the table; smooth, rich and tasty. Just heat it. A fine example of Heinz quality.

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If a Price Tag came on breakfasts

Were breakfast dishes marked with prices you would see this at a glance: Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish.



A chop costs 12 cents—two eggs cost 9 cents. One serving of bacon and eggs costs as much as 15 of Quaker Oats.

A meat, egg or fish breakfast, on the average, costs ten times Quaker Oats.

Then figure by calories—the energy measure of food value. Quaker Oats nutrition costs $6\frac{1}{2}$ cents per 1,000 calories. Meat, eggs and fish will average about nine times that.

Consider how that difference mounts up. It means 35 cents per breakfast in a family of five.

The One-Cent Dish

The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. As food for growth and vim-food it has age-old fame. Everybody should start the day on oats. Then think what you save when Quaker Oats is made your basic breakfast.

Calories per Pound		Cost per 1,000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	1810	Quaker Oats	$6\frac{1}{2}$ c
Round Steak	890	Average Meats	45c
Average Fish	375	Average Fish	50c

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The flavory queen grains only

Get Quaker Oats to make the dish doubly delightful. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. These super-grade oats cost no extra price, so you should insist that you get them.

15 cents and 35 cents per package

Except in far west and south

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

Something Afar

Legrange's child-like eyes. However, no woman may tell all she sees.

"Thursday would be very nice," said Zoë quietly. "You swim well, Miss Legrange?"

"Not very well," said Lois. "I have to be taken care of, when I do it." She turned a trusting smile on McNamara.

That seeker after the untouched met her appeal with an ardent eagerness. "Oh, you'll be taken care of!" he promised.

"She usually is," contributed the father with a touch of dryness.

Zoë fancied a warning glint in the tail of the daughter's glance. She fancied also a certain guarded reconnaissance where she herself was concerned, as if the ungilded lily were taking notes and filing them away for future guidance.

"What do you think of Miss Legrange, Ida?" Zoë asked her faithful dragon when the sound of McNamara's engine had died away down the road.

"I think she's a canny little devil," said Miss Jenkins briefly. She had come out upon the *lanai* to look for her eyeglasses, which she habitually mislaid.

"She's just out of a convent," said Zoë.

"Girls like her can learn all they need to know even there."

"Don't you think she's lovely to look at?—Such a cool, fresh little thing!"

"Fresh, she may be—and cool I'd certainly take her to be," said Miss Jenkins, wilfully misunderstanding. "But if that young man ain't careful, he'll be getting his fingers pinched when she shuts the door in his face."

"Why, Ida!" cried Zoë, feeling oddly comforted. "Aren't you too hard on the child?"

"Child!" said Miss Jenkins and sniffed ominously. "Women like her are born old. Don't you let her fool you, my lamb!"

Her lamb hugged this unasked-for corroboration of her own instincts to a sore heart, but it was, for the moment, the only consolation she got.

THURSDAY'S fiesta proceeded apace. It involved a moon, a beach beyond the dreams of romance, a bonfire, and a two-hours homeward drive over empty roads under argent skies. Zoë went out with a man who interested her but slightly and returned with another of equal innocuousness. Somewhere about the middle of the evening Jim leaned over her shoulder—she was sitting silent, a little way from the fire—and asked in an infatuated whisper:

"Isn't she sweet? Wasn't I right about her?"

"I think she's frightfully pretty," murmured Zoë.

She had no tangible proof of anything else she felt, and beyond any question the Lily Maid of Astolat would have seemed old and wise that night beside Lois' starry gaze, the trustful question of her mouth. That she turned to McNamara in the sweetest possessive way was already obvious. Zoë caught at least one shy summons not intended for her ear,

"Jim—please!—I want you!"

A knife in the heart of the older woman. She knew, after less than a year in the Islands, how suddenly emotions flower on the edge of those perilous seas—how quickly the tide comes in—and who ever stayed to fear the ebb!

"I think she's pretty," she said again.

"I wish you thought more than that," Jim said reproachfully.

The simplicity of men—and the duplicity of women!

"You know I want you to be happy," whispered Zoë.

He caught her hand in his, held it close for a moment, then left her.

She had, after that, whatever may have been her own instinct for evading hurt, to see a great deal of the little blonde girl from New Orleans. There was the week-end on Tantalus, in the Morris house, from which high place at nightfall one looks down upon town and harbor as upon the first act of "Madame Butterfly," an exotic gloom swarming

★ MORTON'S SALT

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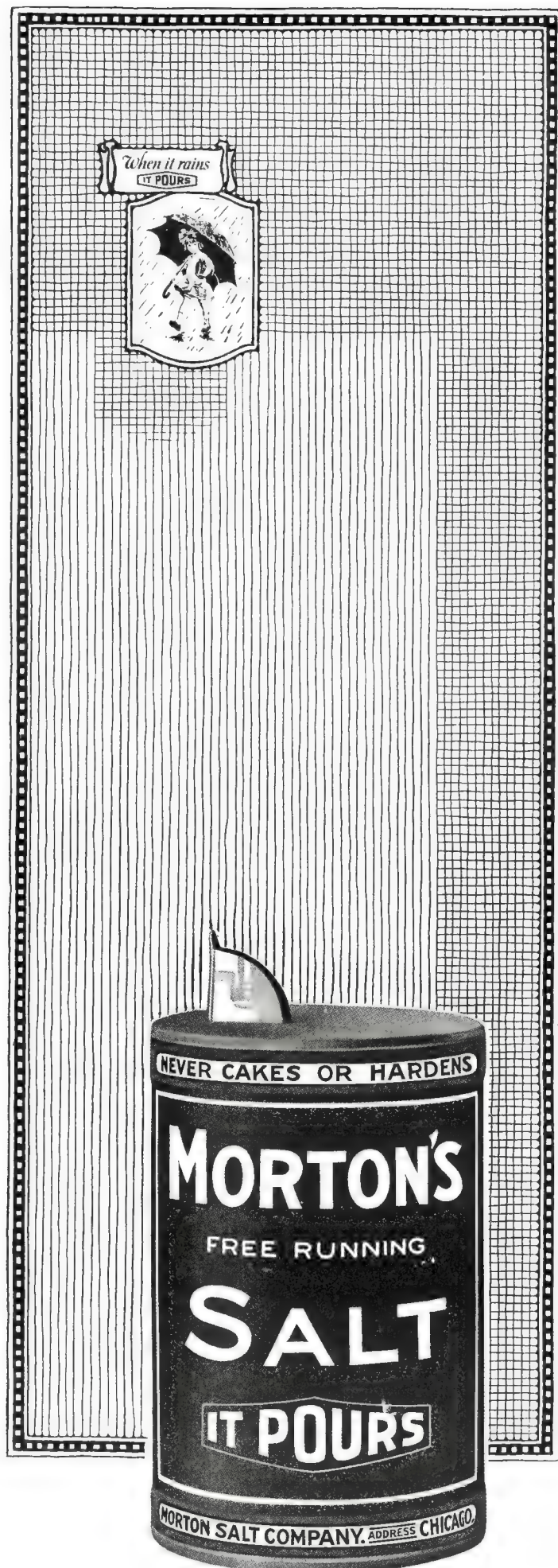
It has more flavor than ordinary salts.

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Water remains hot in them longer than in metal pans because Vollrath Ware radiates heat slowly. This feature, with the smooth, hollow, firm-to-the-grip handles which do not convey heat, also eliminates the danger of painful burns from accidental contact.

There is genuine satisfaction in using a Vollrath Dish Pan. Like all Vollrath Ware it is very durable and pleasing to look at. Its smooth, seamless, hard surface, (a triple coating of purest enamel), is easily kept spotlessly clean and wholesome. The greasy residue of dishwater readily washes from it.

If you are interested in Vollrath Oval Dish Pans you will also wish to know about the many other articles of Vollrath Ware described in the booklet "How To Select Household Utensils." Mailed free at your request.

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This useful article illustrated above, is an original Vollrath design. Rests firmly upon enameled feet made round specially to prevent collecting of dirt. Has no seams or sharp edges and is easily kept clean and free from odors. Triple coated with pure enamel and very durable.

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For sale by department and hardware stores throughout the United States.



Every article of genuine Vollrath Ware bears this blue oval label.



Something Afar

with firefly lights. There were unnumbered dances at the Country Club and other where, *poi* suppers, one or two, to instruct Lois in Island epicureanism—one night, a *luau* with an expurgated *hula* to follow, because Lois desired to see the ancient dance of the natives. It developed that she had seen it before in vaudeville; even offered, with delightful innocence, to do it herself. McNamara wouldn't let her.

"She didn't understand," he said later to Zoë, his humorous smile softened with an appreciative indulgence. "Bless her little white heart! It's incredible how little a girl like that can know of the world!"

"Nothing to how little a man can know!" said Zoë—and regretted it at once. She put white fingers on his sleeve, patted it remorsefully: "Oh, Jim, I am a cat! But women know each other so much better than men can ever hope to."

"A woman—a sophisticated woman—doesn't really know the heart of a child like that. How could she?" McNamara insisted.

"How indeed!" said Zoë. She almost hated him in that instant for his reverent simplicity. She held herself still with the grim reflection that the woman is a fool who offers to show a man the truth about another woman. It is one form of service which the conqueror, man, does not gladly accept. "Only," she told him in parting, "I can't help thinking, Jim, you're riding for a fall!" Which also she regretted, to no use.

IT was at the *luau*, followed by the *hula*, that Montgomery Flynt first appeared upon the scene of Zoë's tragical comedy. Lois asked that he should be invited. He had come out, she said, from the Coast, on his way to the Orient, and finding her father and herself at the hotel, had renewed a former friendship with deep pleasure.

Lois didn't put it just that way. What she said was: "Oh, Jim—" she had never returned to the more formal address since the night of that first beach party—"Oh, Jim—I saw a man we used to know, back home, at the hotel today. He's stopping off here for a week, and he's horribly lonesome. I've been so happy since we came—I do want him to see how lovely the people here can be. Ask him to the *luau* tomorrow night, will you, Jim?"

"What's he like?" asked McNamara jealously.

"Why, not too tall," said Lois vaguely. "He wears awfully good clothes—and a little dark mustache."

"Did you know him well in the States?"

"I used to know his sister."

That seemed quite harmless, so McNamara asked him. By way of piling Ossa upon Pelion, he asked Zoë to look out for him.

Zoë, from the first instant of his presentation, did not care for Mr. Flynt. She said to herself, rather ruefully, that she was becoming difficult, but the dislike remained. Montgomery Flynt—it appeared that Lois called him Monty—was not tall. He did wear very good clothes, almost too good to be inconspicuous, and he had indeed a little dark mustache upon an upper lip of doubtful firmness.

In the matter of chin he was also negligible. He had an ingratiating manner, and it developed almost at once that he was the only child of considerable wealth situated somewhere along the Pacific Coast. He spoke of his kennels, of his polo ponies and his French racer. Lois, he averred, was "some child."

"Look at those eyes!" he said, and "Ever see her dance?"

Zoë said she did seem to dance rather nicely.

"Some steppin' queen!" said Monty.

His look followed Lois' silver-gold head all evening. Even Zoë could not have doubted his sincerity. Amenities, after that, with ready Island hospitality included Monty. Zoë could not have told when the idea first came to her that in Monty lay the solution of tomorrow's tangle. If Lois could be shifted

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Something Afar

somehow—she was not, after all, an Old Man of the Sea—but if her delicate, girlish interest could somehow be deflected from Jim to Monty . . .

"Jim would loathe me," said Zoë wretchedly to herself, "but at least I should have saved him from a deadly mistake."

To that end she cultivated assiduously the society of Monty and Lois. She implored them to come out and swim whenever they cared to—to run out for tea, which they did, almost daily. She assumed a matronly indulgence she was volcanically far from feeling, and invited confidences, which came rather earlier than she had dared to hope.

Lois, lounging on the beach about the fifth day after Monty's arrival, her smooth, silvery-fair head not very far from Zoë's knee, spoke, between delicate torturings of an unhappy sand-crab. Well out toward the reef Jim and Monty were swimming. All four had been in the water a good half-hour, but Zoë and Lois had tired first and had come lazily up to rest on the sand. It was almost sunset and very still.

"MONTY'S a good swimmer, don't you think?" said Lois dreamily.

"Very good, indeed," said Zoë. She caught the glimmer of some deeper purpose in the girl's sidelong look and waited, smiling encouragingly.

"We've swum a lot together," continued the other.

"I thought," said Zoë softly, "that you had known Mr. Flynt's sister better than you had known Mr. Flynt himself."

"He was on the Coast when we were there," mused Lois. She penned the sand-crab in with coarse, wet sand and watched his futile dashes for release. Presently she added, "Dad doesn't care for him—much."

"Why?" inquired Zoë with flattering incredulity.

"Isn't it funny? He's such a peach, too, Monty is! Oh, I don't know. He's afraid I'll marry him."

"He wouldn't want you—to marry him?"

"He doesn't want me to marry any one before I'm twenty-one."

When Zoë made no comment, she insisted with growing intensity, "I think that's foolish, don't you?"

"It isn't long to wait," said Zoë soothingly.

"Almost two years. I'm barely nineteen.

It's a lifetime," said Youth despairingly. "Besides, I know Monty. He'd get tired waiting and go away. Then somebody else'd get him."

Zoë caught her breath between amusement and uncertainty. She was reasonably sure that no childish naïveté directed these apparently aimless confidences. Lois, even to the most casual eye, was not given to aimlessness. So Zoë waited, looking out across the opalescent sea and feeling her heart-beats quicken.

"Monty's followed us all the way from Coronado, do you know that?" said Lois abruptly.

"Followed you?"

"He didn't just happen out here. We worked it all out, he and I, before I left California. If Dad knew it, he'd be wild."

"Why are you telling me?" asked Zoë quietly. She had left off smiling.

"Because I want you to help us. I like you—and I can see you understand."

"Understand what?" Zoë demanded breathlessly. She knew an instant's panic. What might not those wide, gray eyes have discovered under cover of all their dewy sweetness.

"You're not happy. There's something you want and haven't got. If you don't want people to know it, you ought to wear smoked glasses," said Lois calmly. "You have the hungriest eyes I ever saw in my life—and the saddest."

She went on while the older woman sat wordless and without defense: "That's why I can tell you what I couldn't tell any one else in



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Something Afar

this place. You know what it means to be in love."

"With whom?" asked Zoë in a stifled voice.

"How do I know!" returned Lois sweetly. "And it's none of my business, anyhow." She dragged herself nearer, beat a small, slim, sandy hand imperatively upon Zoë's wet, white knee. "Look here! We've got to talk fast; the men are coming back! I want you to help us. Will you or won't you?"

"Help you what?"

"Help us to get married. I've got a plan—Tomorrow morning—"

"Listen to me, my dear," said Zoë gently. She put a certain insistent temptation relentlessly aside. She shut her eyes to the years ahead and flung hope away from her. "You mustn't do it," she said desperately. "It would be dreadful for you. You'd be sorry all the rest of your life. He isn't good enough for a child like you, Monty isn't. Wait—wait! Some day there'll be a man like—like Jim McNamara."

Lois' sudden laughter shrilled out, edged with scorn, raw with the savagery of youth. "Like that!" she jeered. "Like that! He's thirty, if he's a day! She covered the numeral with obloquy. The thought of Monty's not being good enough had gone deep, perhaps. "Thirty—at the very least!" As a matter of fact McNamara was thirty-five. "And anyhow, he nearly drives me crazy—that pedestal stuff! That's old. Where's he been living all these years?"

"Not in a convent, certainly," admitted Zoë with a dreary flash of humor.

"I should say not!" the other cried resentfully. "He's driven me nearly out of my mind pretending I didn't know anything—and never heard anything—and never read anything. What he wants is a little wax angel with a halo. He forgets women have got to live in this world. If they weren't human, how could they do it?" She finished with an outrageous grimace of disgust and flung the hapless sand-crab clean across the beach.

"If you won't help us," she said suddenly, "be a good sport and keep what I told you to yourself!" She eyed Zoë with searching keenness.

"I have no intention of repeating it," said Zoë a little tiredly. She put her hand on the girl's slim arm. "But please—please—don't do anything so insane! I'm older than you. I know."

"I'm so glad I talked to you first," murmured Lois softly. Like a delicate mask, a look of childish appeal came down across the wide gray eyes, across the soft, pink mouth.

Monty and McNamara were coming up out of the water. She ran to them, a small blonde Atlanta, her hair rippling free on her shoulders, and gave a hand to each.

"Race you down the beach!" she cried happily.

ZOË was grubbing languidly among her heliotropes and begonias a little before noon, next day, when McNamara came down the path and stopped beside her in silence.

She said, her heart stumbling unpleasantly: "Why, Jim—! This time in the morning! What on earth?"

"Come down on the steps—by the beach," said McNamara quietly, "for a bit. I want to talk to you."

She washed her hands at a near-by faucet and led the way.

He said without preface or comment, "Lois Legrange was married this morning, at eight o'clock, to young Flynt."

"Oh, Jim!"

They sat without speaking for a little, the hot, blue sea before them, the palm-fronds rasping dryly overhead.

"I am sorry," whispered Zoë at last.

"She sent me a note," continued McNamara evenly, "asking me to tell her father. Which I did." A queer smile crossed his sunburned



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Orange Cream Layer Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening 1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour 1 egg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt 1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup sweetened flavored whipped cream

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, beating well; add beaten egg, one-half the milk and mix well; add one-half the flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder; add remainder of milk, then remainder of flour and flavoring; beat after each addition. Bake in two greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Spread the whipped cream thickly between the layers. Cover top with

Orange Frosting

1 tablespoon cream ★
1 cup confectioner's sugar
1 tablespoon melted butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon orange extract
pulp and rind of 1 orange
To cream add sugar slowly. Add orange pulp, rind, extract, and melted butter. Beat until smooth and spread on top of cake.





Launder your silk underwear this gentle way—it will wear twice as long

IT was putting that georgette and satin camisole away without laundering, or laundering it the wrong way, that made it go so fast. The acids in perspiration attack the fine silk threads and make them tender. Leaving a vest slightly soiled even a single day will injure it—make it wear out quickly.

Your fine silk things must be laundered immediately and in the very gentlest way, if you want them to last. As soon as you take off your crêpe de Chine chemise drop it into a bowlful of pure Lux suds.

There is no harsh rubbing of cake soap on the fine fabric—there is not one particle of undissolved soap to lodge in the delicate threads to weaken or yellow them. Lux is

as delicate as the most fragile fabric—it cannot injure anything pure water alone won't harm.

That jade bed jacket of charmeuse will come back from repeated Lux tubbings without the slightest fuzzy look. There is no rubbing to split or break the threads in your sheerest stockings. The careful Lux laundering will lengthen the life of your silk underthings so that they actually wear twice as long.

Wash your most cherished possessions the Lux way. They are too important—too expensive—for you to take chances. Lux keeps their sheen, their soft, fine texture, after innumerable launderings. Your grocer, druggist, or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

To launder your fragile silk underthings

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds again and again through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel—when nearly dry, press with a warm iron, never a hot one.

Colored silks. Lux won't cause the color to run if pure water won't. If you are not sure a color is fast, try to set it this way: Use half cup of vinegar to a gallon of cold water and soak for two hours.



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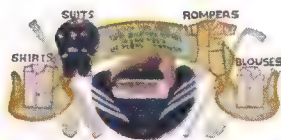
The specially selected, handsome, sturdy fabrics, stoutly sewed in smooth straight seams, properly matched patterns, bar-tacked buttonholes and openings, substantially lined cuffs, tidy collars, quality buttons carefully at-

tached, are but a few of the features of Tom Sawyer Washwear.

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Something Afar

immobility. "The old man said it was only what he expected, and that anyhow, now, he wouldn't have to take her to Japan."

Zoë shut her white hands together hard. "I tried to keep her from doing it, Jim. I talked to her only yesterday."

"I know you did." She said so in the note. Why did you do that, Zoë? Were you so anxious to be rid of me yourself?"

"What do you mean?" gasped Zoë.

"Do you know," said McNamara all at once, a trifle shamefaced—"my chief sensation, at the moment, is one of deep satisfaction that things can go on just the same, now—with you and me. I'd begun to realize lately that you were standing off from me, rather. I missed you a lot. You see clearer than I do, and you always understand. I've felt as if a part of me had got torn off and lost. Do you see what I mean?"

"No, I don't in the least," said Zoë. She bit a trembling under-lip.

"Then you're a very stupid person," said McNamara softly. He began to twist the fringe of her sash. "I'm trying to tell you how much more your friendship means to me than—than all the dreams I had about that little, false Goldilocks. Funny, isn't it?"

"My friendship—means more—" began Zoë. She tried to smile and failed.

He looked at her, and his own smile died on his lips. There is, sometimes in a lifetime, the one moment in which one looks and knows, past any peradventure, the face of Love.

McNamara got up and drew her to her feet. They stood together on the lowest step, away from all the slumberous, midday world.

"And I put the chains on you, myself!" he said, a little huskily. "I can't ask you to marry me, without asking you to give up everything. I hope his soul is satisfied—wherever it is!"

"Does—what I would give up—mean anything—to you?" asked Zoë very low.

"Not the paring of a finger-nail!" said McNamara curtly.

"Then why—"

"It wouldn't be fair to you," he told her, but his hands went out.

She caught them, gloriously unashamed, drew his arms round her, and hid her face above his heart. Tumult there reassured her—if she had needed reassurance.

"Jim," she whispered, "go on! You've got to say the rest yourself."

He said it, rather suddenly, against her lips.

From an upper window, Miss Jenkins, regarding the noonday scene, blushed to the roots of her scant, brown hair and, loyal soul that she was, jerked down the window-shade. Her small, kind eyes filled with tears. She went hurriedly to the kitchen and gave an order:

"Sara, two for luncheon on the lanai, today. You may send mine upstairs."

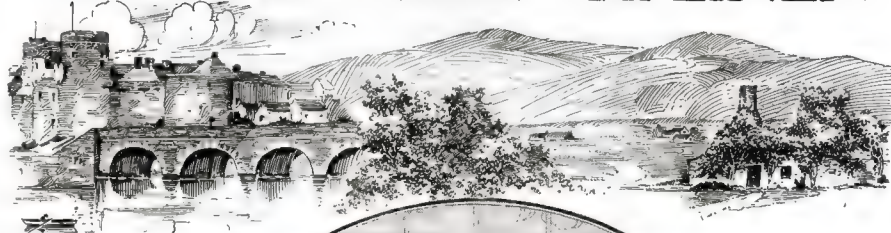
To herself, proceeding efficiently out of sight, she muttered hopefully, "Let 'em make the most of it—while it lasts!"

Our New Shrine

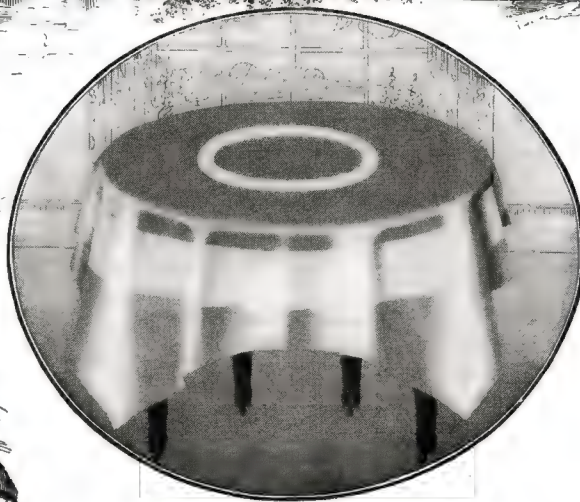
(Continued from page 23)

translucent marble slabs in the flat roof, and more light floods the space from the open façade. The spirit of Lincoln, that knew no darkness, shines in that light with a tender, gracious strength and quiet dignity. Lincoln, the man of the people; yes, but a man inspired to save a great people in a great crisis, coming as all great leaders do come from the wilderness to shape a new age. A root out of a dry ground was he, but out of that appalling barrenness finding somehow God and His purpose, a willing instrument in Divine hands. His strong, rugged name was one not born to die.

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We guarantee the purity and durability of Derryvale Genuine Irish Linen. If any piece is unsatisfactory, return it to your dealer and have it replaced.

In most cities there is one good store where you will find complete assortments of Derryvale Genuine Irish Linen Damask Table Cloths, Napkins, Towels, hand-printed Centerpieces and Scarfs of rich and exclusive designs printed on natural linen in beautifully delicate tints and colorings,—proof against tubbing and fading; also white and natural linen in various widths and qualities that is worthy of the time spent in embroidery and crochet.

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A Typical Scene in the
Genuine Irish Linen Country



This is a typical page from the manual which the Laundryowners National Association supplies to modern laundries—it sets forth specific formulas for the washing of every class of goods. Here, also, is the formula of the rinse.

The Formula of the Rinse— 3.2 Gallons of Water to Every Pound of Clothes



To secure the thorough rinsing results which modern laundries obtain, the home laundress would be required to use a barrel of rainwater for every tub of clothes.

"Rinsin'? Lan' sakes, nothin' to that. I jess jounces 'em up and down a couple times, that's my method"—said one of the south's colored "Mammies" to an inquisitive interviewer.

Nevertheless, we know nowadays that real rinsing requires something more than "a dab up and down," for only through proper rinsing can sunshiny sweetness in clothes be secured.

But what is *proper* rinsing, and how much is enough? Some people will recommend one thing; some another—but ask a *professional* laundryman and this is what he will tell you.

In washing, soap dissolves in the water—the cleansing fats which it contains are carried into the innermost pores of the fabric. After the soap has done its work, all of it must be rinsed out. If any is left it will do what any fat will do—it will "sour" and the clothes will sour.

Wringing and a single plunge in the water are insufficient for *complete* rinsing — only thorough, methodical sousing in pure, soft water will suffice.

Your table linen, bed linen, and other white pieces are rinsed at least five times in modern laundries—each time in fresh, clear water that is changed before every rinse. For every pound of flat work and apparel of this class, an average of 3.2 gallons is used.

This means that for the rinsing of what in the home would make less than a tubful of clothes, a barrel of water is employed in the modern laundry.

For colored shirts the modern laundryman's formula calls for four rinses; for colored hose, three—for everything you send in your family bundle there is a definite, purifying rinsing schedule. Exactly the amount of pure, soft water is used that will impart to all your things that sweetness in every pore which is so refreshing to the body, and so necessary for real comfort and robust health.

It is this exactness—this fineness in every process — which makes modern laundering saving of fabrics, and economical for housewives.

You can secure this service from any of the modern laundries in your city. Try it. Send your bundle to a modern laundry.



THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY

Executive Offices: Cincinnati, Ohio

Footloose and Free

(Continued from page 35)

do our traveling for us—for those of us who are too poor in pocket or in spirit to do it for ourselves.

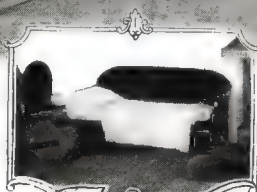
There are many of them, the travelers who give their lives to bringing back the wide world to us that we may read it by our cozy fireplaces. They dare a thousand dangers by land and sea, for us to pore over on our vine-clad verandas on shady streets in peaceful little towns. Most of them are men, for it is usually men who take most of the risks—outside the home. But one of them is a woman—Mrs. Charlotte Cameron, O. B. E., F. R. G. S.—on her third trip around the world, who has traveled more miles than any other woman in the world, who has visited every remote country of the globe, who has used every known means of transportation, including the broad backs of African savages, who has dared follow the far-flung thread of her fancy wherever it might lead. And she has brought back to us who look for our adventures at the publisher's, eleven books crowded close with a thousand pictures of the wide, wide world.

She knows the sea; she knows the mountains. Half-forgotten islands half-way across the earth are casual stopping places for this traveler. She has seen the strange, molten sun rise from the tip of Africa; she has watched the weird sun of the north that never sets. She has climbed and fought and struggled to follow that thread of her fancy on and on. Heat and cold, hardships, hunger, and the fear of death have never dulled the glory of that thread. She will follow it until she dies, perhaps, while we at home read the vivid pages of its wanderings.

ONE of the very nicest things about this woman who has traveled 27,000 miles in and around Africa—20,000 in South America, 6,000 in Egypt, somewhere between two and three hundred thousand miles altogether—is that she does not look it. Most travelers seem always to be crossing a desert or sledging in the arctic. Mrs. Cameron wears diamonds and silver fox while in New York, and her clothes show that she knows the Rue de la Paix quite as thoroughly as the interior of China. Such a breadth of experience is unusual. She is dark of hair and eyes, with the most infectious smile and the pleasantest laugh in the world, with a rosy English complexion that has remained untouched by torrid suns or biting frosts. In her, enthusiasm burns like a flame. She has been what would pass for "everywhere" to the uninitiated, yet she is now bound for the South Sea Islands to do some original research about the aborigines with a fierce craving that will not be denied.

To talk with her is like turning the pages of a book embossed in colors never seen before. They pass before you in her words—stories, pictures, romance, adventure, tears, laughter, all in a many-colored patchwork lit by the flame of a zest that can never die. Some of the stories are in the books we read as we toast our toes on a cold winter's night. Others exist only in her store of memories, and she brings them out with her treasures, and shows them to you one by one. Treasures as remarkable as the places that produced them—treasures that bring up before you savage jungles, wastes of snow, burning sands.

A bag of bracelets, first. Rich embroidery, you think? Jewels? You are wrong. Something very different from the trophy of the conventional tourist. This is a bag of lion skin, a crude, savage bag made of the short tawny skin from a lion's breast, with a cord and short tassels fashioned from the tanned skin. And the bracelets—one of ivory, tipped with gold, yellowed and smoothed by years of wear on the black arms of jungle women. Two are of strange, black, shining, weightless strands, quaintly braided and twisted and finished in a knot. Hairs of an elephant's tail—



Northfield Bed Davenports
Every one carries the Northfield trade-mark

Intimate Furniture

THERE is two-fold satisfaction in having a Northfield. By day it is a charmingly appointed, graceful davenport, with deep, low, loungy seat and gently yielding, soft spring edge that is comfort itself. It will face the fireplace serenely, because its back is as attractive as its face.

Yet when the sandman arrives, your Northfield opens easily, to disclose a full-size, snowy bed, made ready for the night.

Write for our booklet, "The Davenport With a Secret," showing the popular fibre-reed, period and overstuffed suites including chairs and rockers to match.

The Northfield Company
Makers of Good Furniture

18th St. and Martin Blvd. Sheboygan, Wis.

Wanamaker's

NEW YORK

Spring and Summer Fashion Mail Order Catalog

Brings The Very Lowest Prices

IT was never so important as it is now for you to know and realize the following big facts about the Wanamaker Fashion Mail Order Catalog.

Being the latest catalog printed, its merchandise was purchased at the very latest market prices,—an overwhelming advantage, as every woman will see.

Instead of getting to you a month or six weeks ahead of the season, it gets to you at the start of the season, exactly when you want it most, presenting only latest fashions.

Only 112 pages, but it presents only selected and approved fashions, thus saving you much time and doubt in choosing, as you will recognize the instant you see the Catalog.

Ready for distribution about February 20th, but the edition is limited, and the demand will unquestionably be the greatest we have ever had. So send in your name *today*—a postal will do.

Address—Department L

JOHN WANAMAKER, Catalog Mail Order NEW YORK



JOHN WANAMAKER • Mail Order • NEW YORK

Footloose and Free

perhaps of that same fierce tusker who terrorized a jungle, only to end in slender bracelets for a black woman's arm. What atmosphere those must call up to a woman who knows the scent of the night-time jungle, who has passed through the Gold Coast country when the tsetse fly and the blackwater fever were burying men in a day! With one of those bracelets on your arm, could you not see the chase—the pigmy men with their tiny javelins—the great beast—the cutting—the march home in triumph—the feast—the dance with the tom-toms thumping, thumping, through the savage night, as they thumped in the jungle a thousand years ago!

Her hands are full of treasures as you talk with her—a double handful now, from the Far North, our own Alaska, which so few of us have ever seen. An Eskimo bracelet made from a walrus tusk—a handful of nuggets gleaming with the dull fire of purest gold—a buckskin sack to carry gold-dust down from the far-off mines to Nome. They spent it in a day, those rude miners, the hoard they had suffered through a winter for. And the innkeepers helped them when they could. Drugging a man's drink, stealing his gold-dust, and then surrounding him with empty champagne bottles to indicate where his wealth had gone, when he woke in the morning to find himself despoiled—that was one of the jokes of a land where life was cheap and gold was dear.

"**B**UT here," she says, "is one of the most precious things I own." She holds it out, a tiny thing of buckskin—a button—a rosette. "That is the Eskimo Order of the Red Cross."

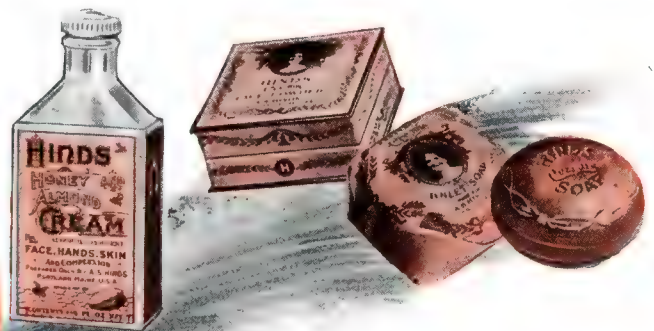
I held it in my hand—a tiny circle of the whitest buckskin, bordered with a stiff fringe of reindeer hair. Across it, two tiny, pinkish strips of skin dyed a pale rose color with laborious vegetable dyes. It was sewed with tiny, awkward stitches, set perhaps in an icy igloo, by the flare of an oil lamp, while the little foxes barked through the long, dark arctic night.

Only once a year do the Eskimos touch civilization, when they come to the trading station to bring their furs. It was there that they learned of the Great War waged half across the world, and it was there that they heard of the Red Cross and learned of the work it was organized to do. They took its message to their hearts; they saw the light of unselfishness, of devotion, of sacrifice for others, and they yearned to do their share. So they took their riches, the hoard every Eskimo keeps in his igloo and perhaps hands down even to his son—the precious eiderdown, so hard to get, so precious to them when found—they took all they had, and sent it down by way of Vancouver, by Seattle. It came in packages—hoards of it—the softest stuff on earth, and it went as they wished, straight to the front, to do its part. Perhaps your own boy's wounded arm or leg rested on a cushion of eiderdown given by the Eskimos as the most precious offering they could make.

They longed to wear the emblem of the society they had joined, so they made them for themselves, their rough fingers gentle for the dainty task. It was their gift to Mrs. Cameron when she came among them, and they saw her other decoration, the British Order of the Empire, given her by the King for the service she did during the war. And I think that tiny emblem, sewn in loyalty and wistfulness and dumb reaching out to an ideal, is as near to her heart as the ribbon and the cross of highest honor.

But Mrs. Cameron is not the only Englishwoman to wear the Eskimo Order of the Red Cross. Princess Mary has one. For when Mrs. Cameron showed to the Eskimos the picture of the girl princess far across the sea, they begged to send her one of their cherished emblems that she might know they had done their part. The letter she wrote in answer to that gift of theirs is framed at the trading

★ Hinds Honey and Almond Cream



To Have That Soft,
Velvety Skin
in Midwinter,—

to retain that lovely, clear complexion, even tho daily exposure to bleak winds is unavoidable,—is easily and agreeably accomplished. In fact, it is being done by the very people you meet every day. You admire the splendid condition of their face, neck and hands.

It is Hinds Honey and Almond Cream that prevents roughness and chapping; that makes the skin soft almost as soon as applied, and keeps it so, regardless of outdoor exposure; that overcomes dry, sallow or eruptive conditions; that adds a wholesome, refreshed charm to all complexions.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream forms a perfect base for face powder, permitting an invisible blending of powder and skin-texture, exquisitely smooth and gratifying.

May we send you "A Week End Box" including all these Toilet Requisites, 50c.—or, if you prefer, separate packages for your trial,—see offer below.

FOR TRIAL: Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 5c. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 5c. Talcum 2c. Face Powder, sample, 2c; trial size 15c. Trial Cake Soap 8c. Be sure to enclose amount required, but do not send foreign stamps or foreign money.

A. S. HINDS
226 WEST STREET
PORTLAND, MAINE

Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites selling everywhere or mailed postpaid in U. S. A. from laboratory

The least appearance of extravagance or want of moderation or restraint, is destructive of all beauty whatsoever, in anything, color, form, motion, language or thought; giving rise to that which is in color called glaring, in form inelegant, in motion ungraceful, in thought undisciplined, in all, unchastened.

JOHN RUSKIN



PERSONALITY IN DRESS

Obvious striving for effect defeats its own purpose.

Particularly is this true as regards dress. The artificial devotee of fashion is not comparable with the woman who has learned that beauty often disguises itself in naturalness and simplicity.

This sense of fitness, of the feeling for right proportions and the harmony between details, is one of the truest guides to the successful selection of a corset. Study yourself and be mindful that violent contrast between waist and hips and bust, not only makes becoming dress impossible, but violates that charm of mystery that proper corsetry enhances.

The true art of Gossard Corsetry lies in

The conspicuous superiority of

GOSSARD *Front Lacing* CORSETS

has given them an unquestioned prestige that it is our pride to guard jealously by making each and every Gossard as perfect as true artistry, fine workmanship and the highest grade materials can make it. This pride of leadership is your best assurance that every Gossard Corset offers you the true economy of unequalled value.

Though of superior quality, these original front lacing corsets are priced within the reach of every woman. You will find them only at the best stores, where skillful corsetieres will assume full responsibility for your complete satisfaction.

The H. W. Gossard Co.

Chicago New York London Toronto Sydney Buenos Aires

its comprehensive understanding of the intimate needs of every type of figure. Recognizing as many types of beauty as there are types of women, this gracious artistry fashions models for each that accentuate the natural beauty of the figure, while veiling its disharmonies with a comforting, healthful support that modestly hides behind the beauty it creates.

Correctly poised and moving without conscious effort, you will marvel at those Gossards that seem to have been created for you alone. And as months pass, you will realize the true economy of buying a corset of unparalleled quality, for a Gossard will retain its original grace of line far beyond the life of the average corset. Its superior wearing service alone is worth its cost.

Footloose and Free

station today. When they come down with furs, they ask to see it, and run their fingers gently over the glass, and listen to its words again. I wonder how they visualize the little princess in a land far stranger to them than even their land could be to her.

And then there is a photograph. Mrs. Cameron smiles down at it, the picture of a little log church with a bell and a cross, high up on the edge of the Arctic circle, looking out on the swift flowing river Tanana.

"It is the smallest church in the world," she said, "and it has the most beautiful altar-cloth." There is a mist in her eyes as she speaks of it, for that tiny church with its dozen or so faithful worshippers is probably the poorest church in the world as well. They have so little there to offer up before their God. There is nothing—nothing but the poor food and furs that save them from the freezing winter. There is so little to beautify their temple—and they wanted so much to make it beautiful for God. They had only beads, and of beads they made the altar-cloth. First, the finest buckskin, pure white, and soft as the richest velvet, beaded in pure white beads as a solid background, with the cross and the I. H. S. in purple, shining opalescent in the dim gloom of that bare sanctuary. There, in that bleak desolation, lives the testimonial of a single-hearted devotion to God that many a city church might envy.

Mrs. Cameron turned aside and came again with a single object in her hand—a curious flat envelop, crudely made, and furred with long black hair. "I'm not quite sure why I carry this," she said. "It is a pouch of monkey skin."

But when she finished her story I thought I knew why she carried it, why she will always carry it to remind her of a certain day.

IT was in South Africa, and Mrs. Cameron—absolutely alone—was on her way to the great Victoria Falls, the falls that Livingston discovered, unseen again for many years. The last outpost before the Falls was a little shack, and there was a white man with a Kafir servant or two. When Mrs. Cameron reached him, he smiled at her request for a guide to the Falls.

"It's perfectly simple," he said. "You can't miss it. Just follow this road about two miles, then go on down the hill till you come to a bridge."

And he returned to his business of doing nothing.

It was hot—African hot, not United States hot—but Mrs. Cameron had come to see the falls. She kept on. The two miles were not so bad, but it was hot. The hill turned out to be a rocky cliff six hundred feet high, with a narrow trail—only a faint trace—waving in precipitous zigzags down and down. But Mrs. Cameron had come to see the falls. It was a terrible climb, slipping, scrambling. The bridge loomed up at the side, but she could not stop to see. She came to the bottom, where the faint track seemed to end in a straight drop to the rapids boiling a hundred feet below. She stopped, exhausted, and tormented by a thirst such as most people never know. Suddenly something—she never knew what—a sound—an instinct of primitive fear—drew her eyes to the cliff at her back—it was black with monkeys. There were hundreds of them, thousands of them. They clung to the rocks and loaded the palm trees. The cliff was alive—hideously, grotesquely, insanely alive. There was no way to go on. She looked back up that terrible path. It was lined with them—and besides how could she climb it again—exhausted with the descent, starving for water? The rapids below were clean and cool. For one moment she thought she might jump. The thought of going down under a cloud of those monkey forms was too horrible. Then the courage of her daily life swept back. She would go back if she could. If she failed, the responsibility was not hers, but God's. She would go back.



"Her Gown was of Belding's, too"

WHEN mother was a girl, a silk dress was a prized possession to be remodeled, cleaned, turned, and worn for many seasons.

Belding's Silks—now as then—are famous for their wearing qualities. In them is preserved the full strength of the natural silk fibre. They are beautiful with the *enduring* loveliness which has made Belding's Silks a tradition in our best homes. The selvage mark shows you the genuine Belding's—backed by a guarantee of established value.

Belding's

Enduring Silks • Fabrics • Spool Silk

Satin Circé

Nancette • Satin Negligée • Satin Crêpe • Satin Duchesse
Baskette • Taffeta • Chiffon de Chine • Crêpe de Chine

BELDING BROTHERS & CO.

In using advertisements see page 4

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SENG-EQUIPT

Beds of Wood

Beauty of wood - strength of steel

ADMITTEDLY beds of wood are beautiful and in vogue. But there were always dust-catching slats, slots and crevices, and with age, creaks and groans to banish sleep. All these faults arise from the use of wood side-rails.

In Seng-equip Bed of Wood sinewy steel side- and cross-rails replace the offending wood rails. These slender steel girders make a rigid unit of the beautiful wood footboard and headboard. Their stalwart strength insures durability, solacing quiet and perfect cleanliness.

Seng-equip Bed of Wood defy the passing of time, are easily moved and may be had in any style or wood.



Over one hundred makers of bedroom furniture use Seng-equipment. Seng-equip Bed of Wood may be secured wherever good beds are sold. For your guidance, the Seng trade-mark is stamped on each corner lock. If you are interested in home decoration, write for "The Bedroom Beautiful" by Ruth Angell.

THE SENG COMPANY - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
world's largest makers of furniture hardware

Footloose and Free

A clutch at her head interrupted her. She looked up. A great monkey, swinging from a limb above her had caught her turban with its long veil and was pulling—pulling. She had no weapon of any kind—only a little green-lined sunshade such as travelers carry against the sun. But she beat him off with it, until he fled farther up the tree, chattering horribly at her.

She began the ascent, slowly, as she must. At each step the monkeys might be upon her. If she fell, they would cover her in a moment. She labored on. Her body seemed to be only a bursting heart whose every beat might be its last, and a swollen tongue that filled her mouth and suffocated her. She scrambled on. Then like a flash, one of the loathsome beasts dropped from a tree to her shoulders and clung there, biting, clawing at her throat. With an incredible effort she dragged him down, beat him off, fought her way on.

Suddenly—there were no more monkeys. They stopped short, as if there were a dead-line which they might not pass. Not one monkey ventured over the top of the cliff, though she was almost crawling by this time, and would have been an easy victim. The relief was delicious. She could rest now—and give her overworked heart a chance to recover from the strain. Leisurely she retraced her steps, secure in the knowledge that nothing threatened her any more. It was only when she reached civilization—or what, in the jungle, passes for civilization—that she learned why not a monkey ventured over the top of the cliff. Those two miles in which she had felt so safe were lion country, so thickly infested with lions that no monkey was safe in it.

Perhaps it is to remind herself of this day that Mrs. Cameron carried with her the little pouch of monkey skin with long, black hair. I think it must have been the only time she ever was afraid.

BUT she likes the thrill of taking risks—loves the fight to get through—and the winning. That is what leads her over all the miles. And then there is something else. "I have friends everywhere," she says. "Everywhere I go I find friends."

It is worth the trip to know as Mrs. Cameron knows, that hearts are the same the world over—and most of them good. It is good to know that around the world, wherever you go, you will find friends. It gives one ideas about the brotherhood of man, when you have made the test so many times and found it true.

Those are the big compensations. Those are what life gives to Mrs. Cameron in exchange for her tireless daring, and her trail around the globe. But people add their mite. On her dresser are framed letters from Queen Alexandra, Queen Mary, Princess Mary, expressing their pleasure in her books. On her breast is the little purple ribbon by which those who know may recognize her as a member of the British Order of the Empire, a distinction conferred upon her by her sovereign for distinguished conduct. After her name she may write F. R. G. S. and know that there are only five women in the world who are members of the Royal Geographical Society, and that not one of them can equal the mileage that rolls away behind her year on year.

And then she has something else, too, a compensation that is the greatest of all. We who read books of travel and adventure taste our thrill second-hand, but it is a thrill that sells books by the thousand everywhere. What must be the thrill of the person who wrote the book we can do no more than read—who lived the things we dream about—who has been free beyond the power of most, free to follow that gypsy thread of fancy to the ends of the earth and beyond. Mrs. Cameron could tell stories to Marco Polo, and assure Columbus that he was quite right about the earth—it is round; she is on her way to prove it for the third time.

Hotpoint

HUGHES ELECTRIC RANGE



QUALITY  MARK

FOOD has never been more delicious, more savory, more nourishing, more digestible, than when prepared on the electric range.

And marking the steady advance in methods of cookery—from the stone heated by the sun's rays, the open fire, the stoves burning wood, then oil, then coal, then gas—stands the Hotpoint-Hughes Electric Range.

Here, too, lies surprising economy. For with the Hotpoint-Hughes Electric Range, the shrinkage of foods, particularly of meats, is practically eliminated. Cooking electrically conserves all the natural juices—the juices which are the source of taste.

Cooking electrically is clean: no fumes, no soot, particularly no greasy odors. And

it is simple: just turn a button to "low" or "medium" or "high," and you have the temperature you desire—steady, even, exact.

The Hughes Electric Range was the pioneer open-coil unit type electric range. And the Hotpoint-Hughes Electric Range combines all the desirable features of the Hughes with that famous family of "Hotpoint" electric appliances—hence its name: Hotpoint-Hughes.

There is a dealer near you who will be glad to demonstrate the Hotpoint-Hughes Electric Range. Every progressive woman should also have a copy of the book of recipes, "What Every Kitchen Needs," prepared by leading cooking experts. Send for your copy today.

★ **EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc., CHICAGO**

NEW YORK

ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA

SALT LAKE CITY

ATLANTA

Canadian Edison Appliance Co., Limited, Stratford, Ontario

Foreign Department: 120 Broadway, New York

"The child is an angel, dependent on man."—COUNT DE MAISTRE.

Call of the Children



It is, indeed, true that the children, even more than the mother, are dependent on the father, who must recognize this by making due provision for the little ones in case he is called away.

This he generally does through insurance-protection, and many fathers have made and are making such provision by arranging a policy in the

Postal Life Insurance Company

Insurance in force \$42,000,000

Policy Reserves Required by Law (Last Quarterly Statement) \$9,241,954.00

Additional Reserves, \$715,860.00

Total Resources more than \$10,000,000.00

The contract thus taken out is approved by the State Insurance Department and may be Whole-Life, Limited-Payment Life, Endowment Joint Life, Child's Welfare or a Monthly-Income policy under which the Company pays a stated sum each month, generally to the mother, to take care of the children when they are growing up, and in many cases the mother herself takes out insurance for their protection.

In either case the Policy wisely provides



Help When Most Needed

The result is that the father or mother who thus looks out for their family can not fail to be always held by them in grateful remembrance, while those who fail thus to provide—well—it is enough to say that hardly any situation could be more serious.

It is well worth your while to have the POSTAL tell you about the different policy-contracts that can be issued as



Protection for Those Near and Dear to You

Call at the Company's office or write as follows:

"Please mail me insurance information as mentioned in Good Housekeeping for February."

And in your first letter be sure to give:

1. Your Full Name.
2. Your Occupation.
3. The exact Date of Your Birth.

When you write no agent will be sent to visit you. The POSTAL employs no agents, and the resultant savings go to you because you deal direct.

9½%

**Dividends
Guaranteed
in your
Policy and
the Usual
Contingent
Dividends
Paid as
Earned**

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

WM. R. MALONE, President

511 Fifth Ave. (Cor. 43rd St.) New York City

Whose Country Is This?

(Continued from page 14)

down to us, in perpetuity, by the founders of our government.

The immigrant who comes to us from a life of oppression must be made to realize that he assumes an obligation; otherwise, he is not wanted. Either he must live with us in the light of the highest citizenship, or else society will impose upon him the very restrictions he has sought to escape by coming here. It is the wolf in sheep's clothing who has cast a slur on immigration. There are many who land here who really never get to America. They become Americanized in everything but in heart. To teach the foreigner English is a necessary step; but it is not an end in itself; it is merely one of the implements of Americanization. This may hold divers peoples together for a while, just as economic opportunity and financial reward may cover their isolation. But unless, in their living—rather than in their livelihood—they daily exercise the principles on which the Republic rests, we have among us a shell of citizenship liable to explode at the least upsetting of economic balance, rather than the vital spirit which is at the basis of American life.

The Real Facts

Hysteria will not help us to solve the problem that confronts us. We overstate the danger when we say that twelve millions seek, because of post-war conditions abroad, to come immediately to America. Ending June 30, 1914, the year's immigration figures were 1,218,480. Then came the war and a vast slump, from which we are just recovering. Calculations placed immigration statistics for the current year as 1,079,428—figures still below the pre-war status. But even though we need have no grave fears, now is the time for a careful reexamination and revision of our immigration policies. We should have no more aliens to come with, in the immediate months to come, than our institutions are able to handle. To assume burdens we can not easily meet would be unfair both to us and to the alien. In protecting ourselves we are protecting him as well. We can not lower our standards, or allow them to be lowered, so as to include him. We must prepare him for our standards. And that means wise education. In the home, in the school, in industry, in citizenship, we have not heretofore applied thoroughly the human test, and that is our next step in the Americanization of the alien. Much work has yet to be done in the immediate months to come. Some protective measure, therefore, seems necessary.

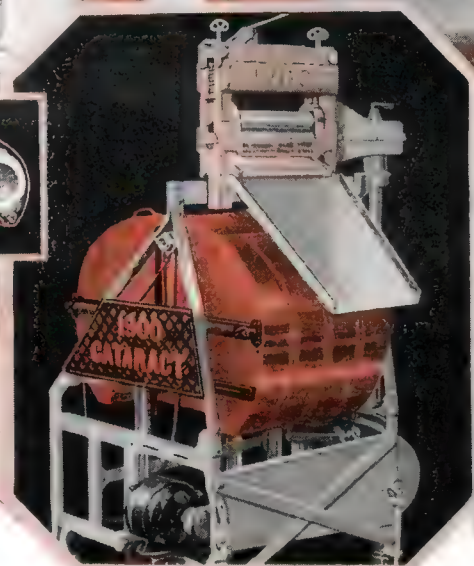
Scientific Distribution

Would scientific distribution send the alien where he is most needed? On the surface, such an expediency seems a way out of our dilemma. The land is broad, and population is unevenly distributed. But once a person is here—beyond the bars of Ellis Island, or any other port of entry—he has a right, under our law, to go whither he pleases. To limit him suggests a return to medievalism, to vassalage. It aims a blow at personal liberty and challenges opposition. What the economist and sociologist call the "law of status" is usually applied to the weak and incapable—not to the fit. The man who would lift himself to a higher goal desires freedom of movement, freedom of choice. Our Constitution guarantees this to him; it offers him opportunities. What opportunities he takes advantage of depends on what he is. It might be wise to examine closely our immigration agencies abroad, and test the alien before he sails, suggesting a locality which needs him, and where he will take root to the best advantage.

For, primarily, the immigrant comes here for economic reasons. If he is a dependent, there is no room for him. If he believes that in America one need not work, there is no room for him. If he has been taught that his



The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 motion four times as often, as in the ordinary washer.



ALL the cuddly soft baby things,—that tiny nightie, the little dress you have embroidered so carefully—can be popped into the gleaming copper tub of the 1900. Out they come, snowy-white and fresh, to adorn baby's chubby, pink person!

IN fact everything can be washed in the 1900, even heavy sheets or blankets. The cleansing, soapy water rushes back and forth through the clothes in that magic figure 8 movement, swishing through them with *every motion of the tub* and four times as often as in the ordinary washer! This figure 8 movement is the magic exclusive feature that

makes the 1900 a perfect washing machine. There are no parts in the tub to cause wear and tear, or to wrench off buttons either.

The swinging reversible wringer works electrically, and the cost of running the 1900 is only a few cents an hour. When you think of the 1900 remember that magic figure 8! You can buy a 1900 Washer on deferred payments.

★ 1900 CATARACT WASHER

1900 WASHER COMPANY

204 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Canadian Factory and Office, CANADIAN 1900 WASHER CO., 357 Yonge St., Toronto



Write for the interesting story "George Brinton's Wife"—a book of fiction with some facts that will surprise you.

In using advertisements see page 4

107



“Now You Can Play on the Rug, Dear—It’s Clean”

GLOWING and free from dangerous dust, the rug that has been cleaned by Eureka offers a protecting place for the youngsters to play.

Eureka’s remarkably silent fan creates a current so resistless that it suctions the air clear through the carpet, whips out even the deepest dust while leaving the warp unharmed and the nap unworn. A sweep action brush collects all clinging surface litter.

Fatigue never follows the use of Eureka. It rolls from place to place with surprising smoothness

and cleans with surprising speed. Its patented bag is simple to empty; its thumb switch eliminates stooping; its oiling system is automatic. Easily affixed attachments permit the rapid renovation of hangings, upholsteries, mattresses and temper-taxing staircase corners.

400,000 women find Eureka their ablest and most willing aid in keeping their homes immaculate because it cleans by air and air alone.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.
Canadian Branch: Kitchener, Ont. Foreign Branch: 8 Fisher St., London, Eng.

Winner of Grand Prize at the Panama Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, Grand Prize and Gold Medal at Brussels, Belgium, February, 1920, and Grand Prize and Gold Medal at Milan, Italy, July, 1920

(6)

★
EUREKA
Draws the
Air Clear Through

Whose Country Is This?

labor is a commodity for sale, he must learn that labor is no more a commodity than management. It is the product of labor, the product of management, that is put up for sale. In the last analysis, it is man's intelligence that is purchased. Only in undeveloped countries can man be regarded as a beast of burden.

Intelligence is given every wise opportunity to develop. Unfortunate if it is overclouded by class consciousness. If labor's fear of immigration is only a way of asserting, in an organized plea, labor's right to monopoly, it must be remembered that such an attitude has never been successful, and will not be successful in this case. There are those who teach the laborer that the fewer hours he works, the better off he is. In order to maintain that belief, they have attempted, through organization, to dictate to government. This attitude is against public conscience, against the working of economic law. There was a time, in our country's history, when we believed that leisure meant opportunity. But educated people soon found that opportunity lay not in leisure but in effort; so they went to work. The ideal for rich and poor alike is that any one, through honest effort, may assume and secure any position for which he is fitted.

Brains Are in Demand

It is a false doctrine that labor must assume all management. Those best suited for management must manage, whatever may be their source. Every industry is searching eagerly for brains. My observation convinces me that most business firms pledged to welfare work are interested in their employed; they often remain open in order to protect those who serve them, even though it might be more profitable for them to close down. People need to stop to think, when the laborer clamors against the unorganized labor market, whether the menace is from the immigrant or from some other source. For no business enterprise wishes its help to leave that it may employ others; the turnover is one of the most expensive things industry has to face. The expense of breaking in new help is appalling.

There is ample work for all in this country provided all will work. The problem of unemployment is aggravated, not wholly by the alien knocking at our gate, but by the laborer at home slamming the door of production behind him and walking out. Stopping industry will not right the matter. And in the last analysis it is the earnings of industry, which on the average are only fair, that provide alike for wages and the increase of investment on which is the sole dependence of the advance of civilization.

Safeguarding the Future

These are points to consider when we put our house in order for the advancing hordes of aliens. Experience has taught us to have faith in the bulk of our people. The great decisions in American history have always been right. The heart of the nation is sound and must be kept sound. It is a characteristic of ours that we are ashamed not to be right. I believe that our present concern about immigration is a fear that we will not be able to protect ourselves and at the same time discharge our obligations.

We must remember that we have not only the present but the future to safeguard; our obligations extend even to generations yet unborn. The unassimilated alien child menaces our children, as the alien industrial worker, who has destruction rather than production in mind, menaces our industry. It is only when the alien adds vigor to our stock that he is wanted. The dead weight of an alien accretion stifles national progress. But we have a hope that can not be crushed; we have a background that we will not allow to be obliterated. The only acceptable immigrant is the one who can justify our faith in man by a constant revelation of the divine purpose of the Creator.



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It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar.

It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea—a disease now alarmingly common.

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Dental science has now found ways to combat that film. The methods have been amply proved by years of careful tests. Now millions employ them. Leading dentists everywhere advise them.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And, to let all know how much it means, a ten-day tube is being sent to all who ask.

Five desired effects

Pepsodent brings five desired effects. It combats the teeth's great enemies as nothing has done before.

One ingredient is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. The saliva's alkalinity is multiplied also. That to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

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that film cannot easily adhere. Every application repeats these results.

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A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

The League for Longer Life

(Continued from page 33)

to the change from childhood to young womanhood. This change takes place earlier in girls than the same change to manhood takes place in boys, and girls seem particularly susceptible to tuberculosis during this particular period, as indicated by the data.

In the group between fifteen and twenty, which brings us up to the members of the group treated particularly in this article, the data show that 15,002 boys and 22,428 girls died of tuberculosis.

We come now to the members of the group particularly to be considered at this time; namely, those of the ages from twenty to thirty-nine inclusive. This is the golden age of tuberculosis. I have divided the group into four sections; from twenty to twenty-four inclusive, from twenty-five to twenty-nine inclusive, from thirty to thirty-four inclusive, and from thirty-five to thirty-nine inclusive.

In the first group of five years, the data show that 31,533 young men and 34,750 young women died of consumption in all of its forms. The women still hold a very distinct margin up to this period. We now see a remarkable change. In the group from twenty-five to twenty-nine, years, 35,654 men and 32,532 women died of tuberculosis. The men have now forged rapidly ahead in the number of deaths. In the next group, from thirty to thirty-four, the deaths of men were 35,013 and of women 25,740. Here we find a most remarkable difference, men being far more susceptible than women to the ravages of the disease. From thirty-five to thirty-nine inclusive, the difference becomes even greater. During this period 34,342 men died of tuberculosis and only 21,281 women. We see, therefore, that the peaks of the disease arrive at different ages. Among women, the greatest fatality occurs during the ages of fifteen to twenty-five. Among men, the greatest fatalities occur during the ages from thirty to forty. In so far as I am able to find out in literature, this remarkable difference in susceptibility to tuberculosis of the different sexes at different ages has not been accentuated.

Causes of Sex Variation

Naturally, we should make some endeavor to explain this rather startling fact. I have already suggested that the age of puberty seems to have rendered the girl more sensitive to tuberculosis than the boy. What, then, is the reason why the man after he reaches thirty, is far more susceptible than the woman who reaches thirty? I do not know that I am able to answer this question. If I had not had the data before me, I should have said that women above thirty were more susceptible than men. The reason which would have led me to make this prediction is that women are more confined to the house and have less access to the open. They play athletic games much less frequently than men, and by breathing the more or less dust-laden air of a carpeted house would be more likely to have a vitality less resistant to disease germs. In fact, I have heard tuberculosis described as a "house disease," and, as is well known, one of the first important things which a tuberculin has to do when he goes to a sanitarium, is to live as much as possible out of doors.

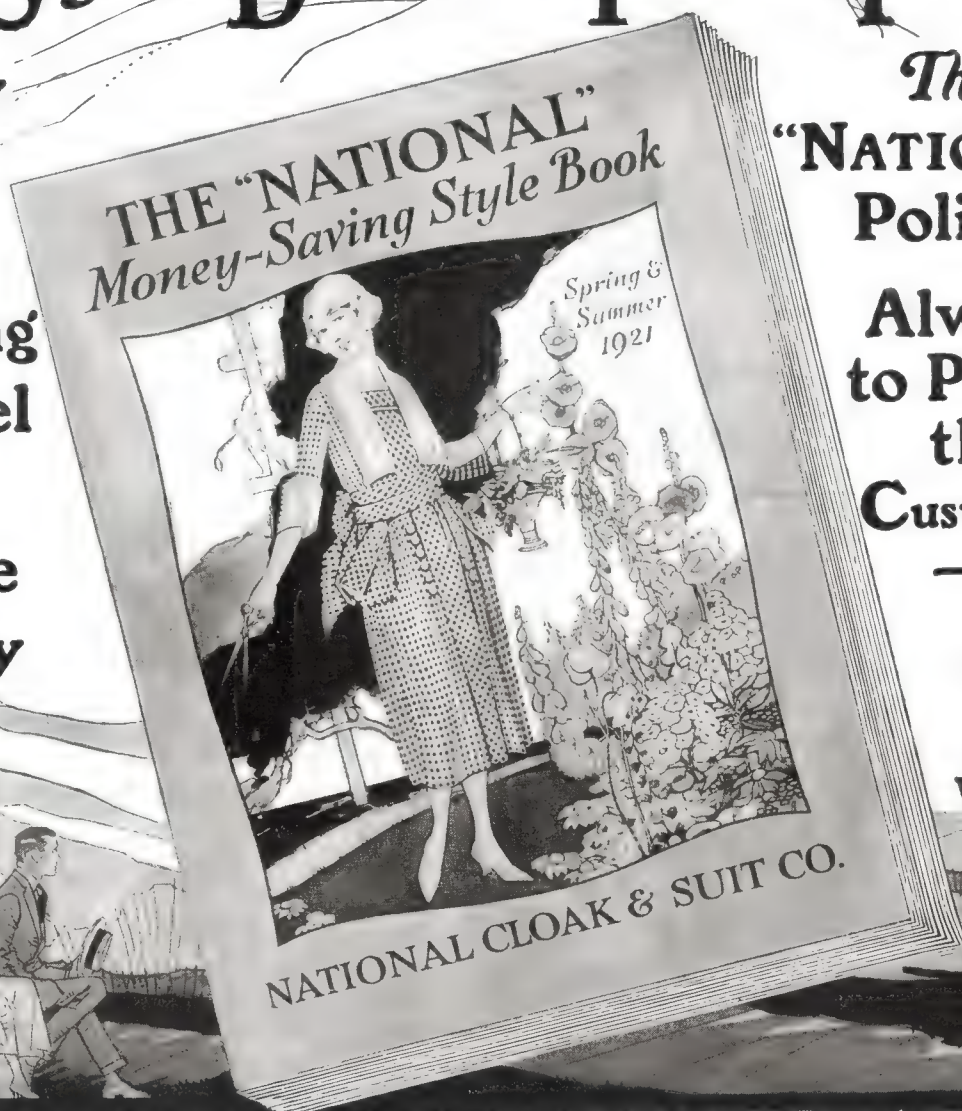
Now, this rude array of data has shattered this beautiful theoretical conception. I am ready to abandon any theory which I hold just as soon as facts convince me that it is an erroneous one. Therefore, I abandon once and for all my idea that living at home and attending to one's domestic duties are an invitation to tuberculosis rather than a safeguard against the disease. I find, then, that I must look for other sources. Men travel more than women, meet many more people, have many greater chances to become infected. They too often change the domestic environment to one of foul air and tobacco smoke. They have, therefore, many opportunities of acquiring

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The "NATIONAL" Money-Saving Style Book pictured here, offers you complete the best New York Styles for Spring in everything for women's, men's and children's wear and at **lowest prices.**

To have this book in your home is to have a price standard, a standard of values. To study it is to know the new styles and the new prices—the lowest prices for Spring.

Economize on Your Spring Clothes

Economize by getting better quality, "NATIONAL" time-tried quality—at lower prices. Prices are now down to the level that they were some years ago and the quality of "NATIONAL" goods is pre-war quality always.

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Silk Taffeta Dresses last Spring were from \$21.98 to \$54.50. This Spring's prices are from \$11.98 to \$25.00.

Women's All-Wool Coats—Last Spring's prices were \$18.98 to \$67.50. This Spring's prices are \$9.98 to \$32.50.

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It is a book filled with all the new beauty in women's fashions for Spring—the interesting, profitable, Money-Saving "NATIONAL" Style Book, and one copy is yours free—just for the asking. Don't you at least miss its pleasure and advantage. Write for your free copy today.

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Baby is happy and secure in Kumfy Krib. And what a comfort for mother to know that when she puts baby in Kumfy Krib, baby is there to stay! No possibility of exploring little hands getting dangerous scissors or matches! No danger of that downy, curly head coming in contact with sharp table corners or chair rockers.

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The League for Longer Life

the germs of the disease which the women who stay at home do not have. Their habits of living at hotels, and at restaurants, and on dining-cars are not conducive to sound nutrition. They, therefore, probably have a less vigorous digestion and are more easily influenced by improper foods than the women who stay at home and attend to their own cooking. I venture to put this forward as a possible explanation of the greatly increased susceptibility of the men in the most active age of their lives to tuberculosis infection. After the age of forty, the mortality due to tuberculosis rapidly diminishes. But this is a matter for another story.

Having established the magnitude of this threat to life during these ages, the interesting proposition is how to avoid the dangers. This, fortunately, has now become a simple matter. Many years ago, before the real infectious cause of tuberculosis had been discovered, even the best physicians were in a helpless state of mind when confronted with a tuberculosis patient. There was no kind of drug which was of any value whatever. There was a mistaken idea, very prevalent forty or fifty years ago, that alcoholic liquors would at least mitigate the disease and postpone the fatal issue. All kinds of wine were freely prescribed as tonics and curatives. Distilled liquors were abundantly offered to the tuberculin with the hope of arresting in some way the progress of the disease. In the face of the most overwhelming negative experience this method of treatment was continued. It had some value. The intoxication produced by these so-called medicines was of a character to cause the patient to forget his sufferings and to make him feel reasonably happy. He died, to be sure, at a much earlier date than he otherwise would, but he was relieved of a great deal of introspection and consequent unhappiness. Whether the end justified the means is a question which I shall not discuss. At any rate, so far as remedial agencies were concerned, alcohol was the chief reliance of the medical munitions service.

Favorable Effects of Increased Knowledge

Advancing knowledge has happily changed all this. First of all, the bacterial infectious nature of the disease was established. It led to proper precaution to prevent the spread of infection. It was no longer necessary for other members of the family to have consumption just because one member was suffering from the disease. Precautions were established for the home treatment which safeguarded every other person in the house. The tuberculosis patient had his own food on his own dishes. He used his own wash-bowl and his own towels. The sputa were carefully collected and burned. With these and other precautions the other members of the family were safeguarded against danger.

Soon it was discovered that, as a rule, tuberculous bacilli develop slowly. They make a secret and silent attack upon the bulwarks of vitality. The bacillus is, as a rule, when attacking the lungs (the most common form of tuberculosis), found at first in the apex. Careful examinations of the apices of the lungs would reveal to the skilled diagnostician the existence of these localities of infection. While drug remedies were of no value in such cases, it was soon found that outdoor life, with a generous diet and freedom from worry and hard work, with its attending complete rest, would so strengthen the organisms of the blood (phagocytes), the white corpuscles of the blood, that they would be able to destroy, or at least limit, the activity of the tuberculosis infection.

The early diagnosis of tuberculosis is, therefore, of supreme importance, whether it is of the lungs or of other parts of the body. In the human animal after the age of young childhood, tuberculosis is largely confined to the lungs, and hence what I am saying now is particularly applicable to that dominant form of the disease.

It is not every one who has the means to go from home to a sanatorium for treatment, but



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NATIONAL CANNERS ASSOCIATION, *Washington, D. C.*

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IF you would please children let them imitate their elders. How they do delight in the things fathers and mothers do—whether it be the frolic of a costume party or the serious copying of the tasks of their parents' work-a-day world.

So it is that many a family shapes its life and pleasures that the children may be their companions in everything. They select foods that can be shared by all—even to the desserts.

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is not only safe for children, it is sane for grown-ups as well. It is not a heavy course but a graceful farewell for luncheon or dinner. The wide variety of its uses, the beauty of its form and color, and the deliciousness of its flavors, explain its popularity.

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February 1921 Good Housekeeping

The League for Longer Life

there are certain parts of the country that apparently offer most favorable environment. In the east, the Adirondacks are peculiarly attractive. In Massachusetts, the State Sanatorium for Incipient Tuberculosis is established in a large pine forest. There are many of these sanatoria in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and especially in California. They are all conducted, at the present time, on the same general plan of outdoor life, wholesome, nutritious food containing plenty of vitamins, and complete rest and freedom from work and worry, in so far as this freedom can be secured.

At first, forced feeding, that is, asking the patient to eat more than he really wanted, was thought to be of considerable value. Fresh meat, eggs, and milk were particularly recommended for tuberculosis patients, not excluding, of course, wholesome cereals, with fruits and succulent vegetables. Later experience indicates that asking the patient to eat more than he needs is not the part of wisdom in this case. While it may do something toward increasing the resistance of the blood and its ability to destroy the invading organisms, it is very likely to lead to digestive disturbance, the dangers of which more than counterbalance the good results from the excessive food. In the best conducted sanatoria, at the present time, the patient is asked to eat only what his appetite demands.

In these sanatoria one may go for hours and never hear a person cough. Coughing in tuberculosis is largely a habit. This is especially true of the dining-room. I have more than once dined with a large company of tuberculous and not heard a single cough during the whole meal. The success of early treatment in this way is extremely encouraging. If all the people in this country who have incipient tuberculosis could be treated in this way, there would be a very rapid decline in the death-rate. As it is now, the great majority of people afflicted with tuberculosis go on until it is too late before any remedial steps are taken.

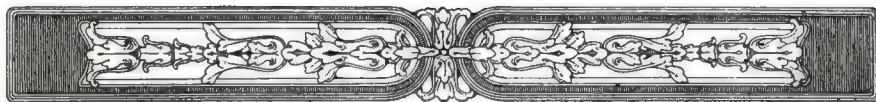
Sanatoria Everywhere

The growth of sanatoria for the treatment of tuberculosis in this country has been phenomenal. Associations for abating tuberculosis are now established in every state of the Union, and in the District of Columbia. They are also found in the outlying territories of the United States, in Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, and in Porto Rico. Even in Alaska and the Canal Zone there are organizations for abating this disease.

There is also a large number of visiting nurses going about from house to house among the poor, administering to their wants and teaching them the correct habits of living, in order to abort, if possible, the progress of the disease. It is estimated at the present time that not less than 6000 nurses in the United States are giving their whole attention, or a considerable part thereof, in every day's work to cases of tuberculosis, either in the homes of tuberculous, or in clinics.

Open air schools have also been established for tuberculous children in almost every large city, and in some of the smaller cities of the country. The first one of these was established in 1908, and it is estimated that nearly 3000 such schools are now in operation.

One of the most encouraging features of this work, now scattered all over the country, is the fact that one does not need to go to a sanatorium, or even to a hospital. It is entirely possible to establish conditions favorable to the eradication of the disease at the home, in all climates and at all seasons of the year. Proper food, proper sanitation, proper ventilation, good nursing, and cessation from hard work and worry are the means by which even a humble home may be changed into a well-appointed tuberculosis sanatorium. The boon to the poor which this discovery has granted can not be estimated in dollars and cents. It means that the humblest citizens of the United States may, at a very small additional expense, receive



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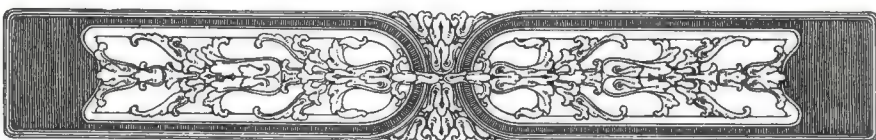
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KARPEN

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—the Karpen Name Plate



Sidway

TRADE MARK

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WITH only two bright eyes and the tip of a pink nose peeping out from the fluffy, warm blankets, baby rides in midwinter, cozy and snug in his Sidway. For baby's happiness it has a roomy body, deep, sheltering hood, long, resilient springs, adjustable back. For mother's convenience the frame is angle-braced for strength, the long, sweeping pushers give easy balance in handling, the decorative steel wheels are extra strong. Baby's comfort comes first in Sidway carriages, style and design are matters of your own choice. Sidway reed, fibre, and collapsible carriages are made in endless variety by the world's largest manufacturers of baby carriages.

Write for dealer's name and Baby Book with Chart, for judging baby's health.

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Sidweave a new method of weaving carriages which retains the wide range of designs and shapes heretofore limited to handwoven reed carriages. This is but one of many styles of Sidweave Carriages.



A Sidway is Worthy of Your Baby

The League for Longer Life

expert instruction as to the method of living and eating and sleeping to combat this disease.

A discussion of this problem of prevention of tuberculosis would not be complete without reference to the effect of rural and city life on the death-rate. The data in the mortality statistics on this point are scattered, and by no means uniform in character in the various annual publications.

The report for 1917, however, has a very full discussion on this point. I find that the total rate for rural districts in the registration area is 130.3 per hundred thousand, while in the cities it is 161.5. While these are the average data for the whole country, there are some States in which the predominant factor is reversed.

In the data for 1918, out of a total of 121,204 deaths, 65,268 occurred in cities and 55,936 in the rural districts. The rural population includes all towns up to 10,000 inhabitants, while the city population includes all towns of 10,000 and above in population. This division indicates that probably a very considerable amount of the rural deaths will be found in the cities of under 10,000 population. The real rural deaths would be confined to those upon farms alone, and therefore would probably be much less than 130.3 per hundred thousand. The plain inference from these illuminating data is that the resident on the farm has a better chance to escape tuberculosis than the resident in the city.

There is every reason to believe that if we can get the people of this country interested in the League for Longer Life, and especially those between the ages of twenty and forty, the early discovery of incipient tuberculosis, together with the proper education of the people, will lead to a rapid decline in the death-rate, and the saving of thousands of valuable lives at the most promising years of life.

Silk Materials

(Continued from page 47)

conceivable pattern, from the purely conventional floral and stripe designs to the more elaborate all-over effects and imitations of fancy stitchings, beadings, and crinkly textures.

Mallinsons, in their unusually large collection of spring silks, equally makes a special feature of prints on Pussy Willow silks. Indestructible voiles and crêpes. Here the Toile de Jouy pattern, shown on the Pussy Willow crêpe at the left above of page 47, is of particular interest, for it dates back to the sixteenth century. Stripes are new for the coming season, a striking material is the Kome-O Stripe, shown above on page 47, the sister silk of the Roshanara, also illustrated, which resembles canton crêpe, one of the most popular materials of the spring. In fact all crêpe materials will be smart, whether plain, striped, plaided or checked.

Haas Brothers, who show a large collection of new silks, also specialize in woolens. The soft-pile fabrics such as duvetyn in either the Gloveskin or Kordovan weave are still the order of the day, but newest of all is Repcloth, a tight, soft weave after the style of Chêruit twill. It is a light-weight cloth which will prove popular for spring and summer wear. A dominant note of the spring in woolens is the light ground on which checks, plaids, and stripes are featured more than ever.

An ideal fabric for sports suits and all outdoor wear is the new material, Crêpe Mohair. It is soft and rich of texture, drapes gracefully, plaits well, and is guaranteed unshrinkable.

The dominant colors for spring mark a return to pastel shades, in woolens especially. Some of these comprise platinum, beige, twine, moonbeam, diantha, and faune. In silks, the colors are at times more brilliant.

If you have any question—

Concerning food, sanitation, or health, send it with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Good Housekeeping's Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C. It will be answered free of charge. Questions and answers of general interest are published every month in the Question Box, which you will find on page 72.

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WITH THE **SEGAL LOCK** (CANNOT BE JIMMED) SOLID BRONZE

GET ONE at your Hardware or Dept. Stores

BOOKLET ON REQUEST **SEGAL LOCK & HDW. CO.** NEW YORK

Making Good the Promise of Democracy

(Continued from page 29)

are the only defense provided against the demagogue or the anarchist who would destroy our government.

It is a fact that the wealth available, per capita, in one state is six times as great as that available in another state. If there is to be equality of opportunity, and if we are to share equally the burden involved in providing schools for all our boys and girls, it follows that the nation must participate in the support of public education. The idea of national support and encouragement is not new. From our earliest history as a nation, as each state has been added to the Union, land has been set aside for the maintenance of public schools. In 1862 Congress passed a bill providing for the maintenance of our agricultural colleges. Today money is provided by the national government in support of colleges of agriculture and engineering in each state of the Union in encouragement of vocational education and the like.

There is now before Congress the Smith-Towner Education Bill, which provides that education shall be represented in our national government by a secretary in the President's Cabinet, and that \$100,000,000 shall be appropriated annually for the removal of illiteracy, the Americanization of the foreign-born, the development of a program of physical education and health service, the training of teachers, and the equalization of educational opportunity. This money provided for the encouragement of education must be equaled by the states in order that they may participate in the grants allowed. It is specifically stated in the bill that the schools which are aided by the provision of the act "shall be organized, supervised, and administered exclusively by the legally constituted state and local educational authorities." It is provided as well that the "act shall not be construed to require uniformity of plans, means, or methods in the several States in order to secure the benefits provided." In other words, the great group of those interested in public education who have advocated the passage of this bill have sought to encourage the states to undertake a more generous program, while at the same time safeguarding them in the exercise of their right to control and administer their own schools.

Can We Afford It?

There are those who have asked whether we could afford so large a sum of money for education. In reply it may be pointed out that we spend eight times this amount annually for cigarettes; that for tobacco in its various forms we spend nineteen times this amount; that one-half as much is spent for chewing gum; that we spend ten times as much for candy; that perfumery and cosmetics entail an annual expenditure of seven times the amount proposed for education. It may be noted as well that it cost us \$40,000,000 a day during the time that we were actively engaged in the war to establish democracy in the world. One may reasonably ask whether or not we can afford the amount that it cost to fight for democracy two and one-half days in order to make good the promise of democracy.

We have confidence in the answer which America will give. We understand today better than ever before our dependence upon the trained intelligence of all our citizens. Our place in the world, the happiness of our people, the perpetuity of our free institutions—all are dependent upon the opportunity for education which is provided in our public schools. America will make good the promise of democracy. The day is coming when by means of the educational opportunities provided throughout the length and breadth of this land "our country shall guarantee to all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life."



Why some women think housework is easy

They are not the tired, discouraged women who plod along the old-fashioned way, sweeping, beating, dusting.

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Remember To Ask For
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For the Home Dressmaker

(Continued from page 46)

underarm seams together. Baste up the three-inch hem and slip the dress on inside out over the lining. By having it wrong side out you can easily adjust the seams. Any alteration needed in the shoulder or armhole make now. If for you a little fullness should be taken out or added to the dress it can be done in this muslin. For instance, if you want the dress a little scantier than the pattern, it can be made so by taking up the underarm seams a trifle deeper. If you have a narrower back than the average person, make the dress an inch smaller in the back by turning in the straight edge of the center back of the pattern half an inch. If on the other hand you need the dress an inch bigger in the front, allow half an inch beyond the pattern when you lay the front edge on the fold. If it is a question of less adjustment than this to your figure, fit the muslin to suit you. Baste, adjust in place, trim the seams, and then rip the muslin to pieces and use it as a pattern for the material. Remember, if the muslin is used as a pattern, that you want to fold it in half and lay it on a fold of the muslin just as in the pattern, if your measurements are alike on both sides. If your measurements differ, then lay the pattern flat on a flat, lengthwise piece of material.

When the seams of the dress have been basted, try it on again over the lining. Tack the shoulder of the dress to the shoulder seams of the lining. Put the sleeves into the armholes of the lining and finish the armhole of the dress by a small binding or by a facing half an inch deep. This season many of the sleeves are sewed into the armhole of the dress.

Putting in the Sleeves

Putting in the sleeves is another important point of dressmaking and a simple one if this rule is followed. Place the underarm seam in the arm so that the sleeve comes in a straight line with the thumb when the arm is held out or down. If you will keep this seam in a line with the thumb, the sleeve will hang well. Don't let the seam "shoot" either forward or backward. Keep it straight. Having fastened that seam to armhole, ease the rest of the sleeve into the armhole. Nowadays, sleeves are plain across the top, so if the sleeve is larger than the armhole, smooth it out across the top and take the surplus fullness in at the seam. In readjusting the underarm seam, remember to keep it straight. The sleeves may be finished either by a half-inch hem or by a two-inch facing of satin. Be careful in hemming to take small stitches and try not to take the stitches through to the right side of the material. Catch the threads of the material but do not let it show on the right side.

Next baste the collar, which has been cut on the fold, in place. Use the notch as a guide as it shows where to join collar to dress. Throughout the pattern be careful to observe the notches and to fit one notch to the other. This you will find a great help. The collar is either cut in duplicate in the material, or one piece is cut of the material and one of a piece of satin or lining. The two pieces are placed together (right sides) and the outer edges stitched a quarter of an inch from the edge. It is then turned inside out and the edges nicely straightened. The edge of the material is then sewed to the edge of the neck-line of the dress. First baste in place, try on, and if correct, stitch. Next turn in the edge of the lining so it covers the seam of the material, and hem neatly by hand. This will give a closed seam on the inside of the dress and a neatly hemmed down lining between the collar and the material on the outside of the dress. Fortunately this dress, slipping over the head, needs no troublesome fastening. Crocheted buttons may be sewed to one of the front edges of the collar as illustrated on page 46, and buttonholes worked on the other, or braided loops may be used. These loops are placed between the seams of the collar and the satin lining.



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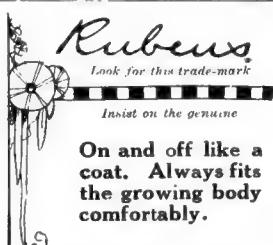
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The dress which is slipped over the head must have the front closing finished. This is done by turning back a half-inch seam (the same width as that used in joining the collar to the dress) and hemming it down neatly or, even better, finishing it with a narrow seam binding. In this case one edge of the seam binding is sewed to the turned edge and the other to the dress. This covers the edge without a second turning under and therefore makes a neat, flat finish.

A small oblong of white batiste hemmed on four sides may be sewed to the lining on one side and snapped in place on the opposite side to form a chemisette.

Sash or Belt

A dress of this character may be tacked at one underarm seam to the lining, although some women prefer to have it tacked only on the shoulders, leaving the waist-line free to be adjusted by a narrow string belt of the material. If such a belt is used, it should be long enough to go around the waist twice and tie loosely in the back. One end comes a little below the knee, and the other just above it. If, on the other hand, straight pieces of serge or tricotine are used as illustrated on page 46, the edges may be bound by a narrow black braid. First make the waist piece and fasten it with snappers at one side, tacking it to the dress at the opposite side only. Then attach a straight strip from the bottom of the belt to the bottom of the skirt, and turn it under to form a loop just above where the second loop ends, and sew the edge of the loop to the dress. Make a second, shorter loop, and sew the edges to the upper side of the top of the belt. Tack the belt and loops to the dress on one side only. Follow the same plan on the other side except that the loops are sewed to the belt only, not to the dress or it couldn't be gotten into. The end of the long loop is snapped to the dress instead of sewed to it.

The sash and loop arrangement may be carried out in either moiré ribbon or broad braid if preferred.

We shall be happy to answer any questions about any point in dressmaking, or to give any further information needed in making this dress a success.

HELEN KOUES.

The spring fashions as Paris and New York make them, together with tailored and afternoon hats showing whether flowers or ribbon are the mode, will appear in the March issue. Another dressmaking lesson on the making of a spring frock will also be given

The Business of House-keeping

(Continued from page 54)

Lunch packed and breakfast ready for all.
7:30-9:00 Wash the dishes, set kitchen in order, make beds, dust, and put out babies' washing that has been washing in electric machine.

9:00-11:00 Work planned for the day of the week.

11:00-12:00 Bathe the children, give them their lunch, and put them down for naps.

12:00-3:00 p. m. Prepare vegetables and dessert for evening meal and read or rest.

3:00-4:30 Take children for a walk, or play on porch or in house.

5:30 Dinner.

Monday: I do the washing; in the afternoon I fold all towels, underwear, and sheets, and get the rest ready for Tuesday's ironing. On busy days I fold all my bed linen and use them "sunkist." I use the little colored crêpe dresses for the older girl for morning.

Tuesday: Iron and mend.

Wednesday: Bake bread and maybe pie or cake. Do mid-week marketing.

Thursday: Clean kitchen and bathroom.

Friday: Clean rest of house.

Saturday: Bake bread and other baking. Do marketing."

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Music—and Then Something Happened

By Charles D. Isaacson

RECENTLY, as the guest of a dear old lady, I traveled to a near-by suburb and found myself in the midst of about twenty others—not all old, but all interesting. Apropos of nothing, my hostess turned to me and said,

"Please tell us something about music."

"Music?" I replied. "Just what would you have me touch on—where begin—would it be—?"

But before I could go further, I was bombarded. Everybody had a question to ask:

"Oh, please advise me about my little girl. She's nine, and she seems talented, and—"

"Now there's the way I've dropped my piano practise, though I used to do very nicely. What would you suggest about taking it up again?"—and "Now, my husband, he's not a lover of the classics—" and "What are the classics anyway?"

Dear me, dear me! They were all talking at once, and they were all asking something different. My hostess laughed and said:

"My, but it looks as if something has happened! Give my friend a moment."

I CLEARED my throat and tried to collect my wits. "Now, it is interesting to see how you all, at the very mention of music, show such a wide-awake response. That you have something you must find out is a fine sign. I should like to answer you each individually, and I shall do so. But before I do so, let me just say this in a general summary to you all. What you have just indicated is what I have found to be a condition all over this country. Our hostess has not told you that I have met nearly three million men and women in my free concerts. I have had the opportunity to hear the wide range of queries and to work out the information which has answered them. More particularly I have tried to interest them in the best, so that patrons of vaudeville have changed into patrons of the concerts and opera. People want to know more about music—good music—how to bring it into their homes, their lives, and particularly to their children. They want to know more about it, not merely that they may know how to go to concerts and opera, but that they may use it for its miraculous powers in bettering souls, minds, and bodies.

"Now, take the case of the little girl of nine—"

I asked questions about her, and finding her to be just the sort who would respond to treatment, I urged that she be put in the hands of a capable teacher. But how could the mother select the right teacher? That's not so easy, but there are certain tests, to wit—and here we learned what are the characteristics of the worthy and unworthy teacher. But how to keep the little one interested over the practising period? Now, that's very simple. You must remember—and again we started some further points.

The evening wore on. I found my friends holding as tightly to the discussion as if we had touched upon the most intimate secrets of their hearts.

Then it occurred to me: What would happen in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, if I might be introduced by the Editor to you with the same remark: "Please tell us something about music!" What would happen? Would there be questions from the readers? In fact, would there be something you want to know? About yourself, your home, your children—in relation to some phase of music? If so, I say to you just what I said to the ladies at the social gathering—ask, and I shall try to answer.



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When You Buy Your Building Lot

By Lewis and Mary Theiss

"APPROXIMATELY 25,000,000 persons in the United States are now living in temporary, crowded, and sometimes insanitary quarters. The nation is short more than 5,000,000 dwellings and apartments."

This statement was made early in the fall of 1920 by officials of the United States Housing Corporation, after a careful survey of the housing situation throughout the nation. Possibly the statement is a trifle overdrawn, but in any case a large number of our people lack homes—that is, homes in the real sense of the word. Cessation of home building during the war, and subsequent high prices for materials and labor, with inadequate transportation facilities, have brought about a condition that probably has had no parallel in our history. Now, it is evident, the price peak has been reached and probably passed. Slowly conditions are becoming stabilized. Now that home seekers feel assured that costs will rise no further, extensive home building operations may be expected.

The high prices now existing and likely to exist, however, will tempt home builders to stint their expenditures. The first thing to be purchased is always the home site, and the temptation to buy cheaper lots will be severe. To do that may be penny wise and pound foolish. In the ordinary case a householder builds but one home. That suffices for his lifetime. And that being the case, the wise man will consider what is most economical in the long run, rather than what is cheapest at the moment. Most of us go into debt, in any case, when we build our homes, and if the addition of a few hundred dollars to the size of a debt is going to mean a real lessening of living costs throughout the years, the wise man will not hesitate to incur the added expense. There is one sure way in which a little additional initial expense will insure lower living costs through the years: that is through the purchase of a lot large enough to provide an ample garden.

A Garden is Essential

There are many reasons why there should be a garden in every home. To begin with, a garden is an essential part of a home, just as a cooking stove and a good cellar are essentials. Practically, it is impossible to buy food in the markets that can compare in quality with the food raised in the home garden. The moment vegetables are plucked, chemical changes begin within them that very quickly affect the quality. Sugar corn, for instance, loses nearly one-third of its sugar within twenty hours after it is picked, and more than half within forty-eight hours. Evaporation proceeds rapidly in all plucked vegetables, quickly rendering them less succulent and toughening the fibrous matter. Rarely indeed can one secure commercial supplies of vegetables that are less than twenty-four hours old. More often market products are forty-eight to ninety-six hours old by the time they reach the table. And at that age many of them really have no quality left. Every real housekeeper cherishes the ambition to set before her family and her guests the very best there is in the food line. The best is to be had only in the home garden. For that reason alone an ample garden is really an essential of a truly successful home plot.

From a landscape point of view, also, the home builder ought to desire a garden. A home plot large enough for a good garden lends an air of spaciousness to the grounds, which affects the appearance thereof much as fine cloth alters the appearance of a garment. With more space at command, the home owner can work out more desirable landscape effects. And finally, a home plot ought to include a garden. It belongs with the home plot. When the Scriptures give us a picture of a real home,

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When You Buy Your Building Lot

of true domesticity, they refer to the householder as sitting under his own vine and fig tree. They do not mention the Norway maple and the privet hedge, or their early-day equivalents, but speak rather of those things that spell domesticity and connote abundance. So a garden is an essential part of a home plot. It belongs to it. It is the modern equivalent of the ancient vine and fig tree. More truly, perhaps, than any other landscape feature, it suggests domesticity.

Furthermore, a good garden adds attractiveness. Beauty has money value as well as mental worth. An attractive home will sell for more than an unattractive one, even if size, location, environment, and other qualities seem equal. To be sure, not many of us build or buy our homes with the idea of selling them. Yet market values are a thing we may well bear in mind. A home plot large enough to have an ample garden is going to appreciate in value faster in the future than one that has not garden space. Bear that in mind.

For we are now reaching a condition new in American life. We are coming to the time when economic conditions are going to make gardeners of us all, or at least of all who by any possibility can secure land enough for garden purposes. The cost of food not only will not go down, but as the years go by it will continue to advance. Many people do not believe that. They forget that the war has left a changed world. The only hope of lowering living costs lies in doing more of one's work oneself, including the raising of food.

Building Costs of the Future

Ever since the war began, most of us have lived in the vain belief that prices will go back to their former levels. They never will. A few commodities may drop to former figures, but the great bulk of products has reached a permanently higher plane of prices. In the final analysis, cheap commodities are based upon a cheap food supply. And a cheap food supply is a thing of the past in America.

The shifting of workers from one industry to another may tend to cheapen certain commodities. When everybody was making war munitions, scarcity of labor curtailed the production, for instance, of furniture, hardware, cloth, etc. Workers may shift back into the production of those articles, and an increased production may somewhat lower prices. But with food production the situation is entirely different. A redistribution of farming forces would not lower food prices, because the farming forces are steadily becoming smaller.

If we consult the census, we find that in 1880 less than 30 percent of our people lived in towns. In 1890 more than 36 percent were town dwellers. By 1900 our urban population exceeded 40 percent of the total. In 1910 some 46 percent were living in towns. And the 1920 census will show, according to latest estimates, that nearly or fully 52 percent of our people are now city folk. This means that in 1880 more than 70 of each 100 population were engaged in food production. Today only about 48 of each 100 are food producers.

If this movement away from the farms were a war movement, we might hope for a readjustment, just as we are having a realignment of industrial forces. But the war had nothing to do with creating this movement. It merely hastened what was already in progress. And it so accelerated the movement that the next decade is likely to see an even greater drift away from the farms than the past decade witnessed.

If you wish to form a pretty good estimate of food prices in the future, look at them in the past. In 1890, in our old home in southern New Jersey, one could buy tomatoes at 25 or 30 cents for a 5/8 bushel basket; peaches at 35 to 50 cents; watermelons at 5 to 25 cents each; cantaloupes at 25 to 50 cents a basket;



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Special Low Factory Price direct to you. Cooker is aluminum lined throughout. Full set of famous "Wear Ever" aluminum cooking utensils comes with it. Ask for free Home Science Book.

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Dept. 96 Detroit, Mich.

prime shad at 25 cents each; fine meats at 21 to 25 cents a pound; and so on. By 1900 there was much complaint at the cost of food. By 1910 this protest had risen to a loud cry. Nineteen-twenty finds us almost stunned at the terrible prices of food products. To be sure, food prices are now abnormally high, like all other prices. But there is this difference. When other commodity prices fall, food prices probably will not keep pace with them.

The movement away from the soil is in full swing. It is going to continue, at least for many years. A decrease in workers means a decrease in crop acreage and smaller crops, with resultant high prices. The only way the farmer has to get more help is to bid against industry. That he can not afford to do, as he gets too small a part of the consumer's dollar. But assume that he can and does bid against industry, and so obtains the help needed to keep up the food supply. In farming, as in industry, higher wages mean higher prices. When the farmer must pay \$7 a day for harvest hands, as was necessary in the wheat belt during the 1920 harvest, there can be but one result in the long run—higher prices for bread.

The prospective home owner may take it for a certainty then, that as the years roll by he will have to pay more and more for the food necessary to support his family. If a relatively small increase in the initial expenditure will largely reduce his future living costs, it would be foolish indeed not to make that expenditure. It is a poor garden that will not produce close to \$100 worth of food at present prices. A plot 50 x 50 or its equivalent ought to do that if worked intelligently, and a larger one should yield in proportion.

One Man's Opportunity

Twelve or fifteen years ago, before living costs were so oppressive, friends of ours built themselves a home. For \$800 they had opportunity to buy an enormous double lot that would have given them ample garden room and lent an air of spaciousness to their grounds. Furthermore the plot would have been an asset since, in a pinch, part of the land could have been sold as a building lot. Also, the location was one of the finest in the town. But not having much ready cash, these home builders decided to take only half the lot and so save \$400. In effect that made it impossible for them ever to have a garden.

The years have passed. Another house now stands on the other half of the lot, shutting out air and sunlight. Both houses look crowded. Real estate has advanced greatly in that locality. Had our friends bought the entire lot, their property today would be worth immensely more than it is. Worst of all, hardly a penny has been paid on the mortgage. Rising living costs, without adequate increases in salary, have entirely upset all the original plans for liquidating the mortgage. There are several children in the family, and food bills are staggering. Had these home builders purchased the entire lot, they could cultivate a garden that would easily lessen their food bill by \$100 a year. The sum thus saved would not only have paid for the additional land, but would even have cut down the mortgage materially.

Among the people who will build these homes that Uncle Sam says we lack, how many will go through this same hard experience? How many will wake up, a few years hence, even as these home builders have waked up, and cry "Too late!" Continually history repeats itself. Go back over the years and see how prices have steadily and persistently crept upward. The whole teaching of a century is that living will mount higher and higher. Bear that in mind in buying a home plot. Make sure that you get a real home plot—not a mere place in which to put a house, but a home plot in every sense of the word. That means a plot with ample room for a garden.

For gardening is an essential part of home making. People in other lands have gardens and are proud of them. It almost seems as

Can You Remember 70-50?

Do you remember numbers?

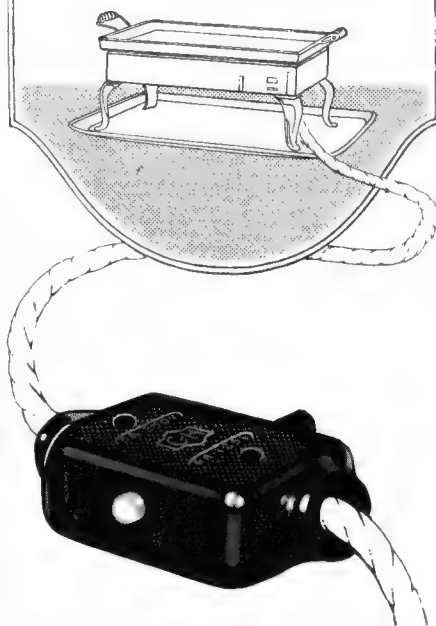
Look closely at the little switch shown below. Probably you have seen this convenience before. Maybe it was attached to the cord of your neighbor's electric grill, iron, toaster or percolator. Perhaps you have seen her turn the current "on" and "off" without yanking at the hot connector plug or spilling the toast or coffee—without getting up from the table.



But did you notice the number "70-50" on the switch? In looking at the more modern electrical appliances, did you notice the little push-button switch stamped "70-50"? A million housewives have remembered that name. They have paid their electrical dealer 75 cents for one of these great little conveniences and have had him attach it to their iron, toaster or grill.

Test your memory. See if you can recall the name "70-50" tomorrow morning. Then say it to your electrical dealer.

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You can if you will intelligently direct your efforts. If you have good health and a good figure, keep them; if you haven't, get them. You can have as good a **Figure** as any woman, if you will learn to Stand Correctly and develop the proper muscles to hold you in poise so that you stand so from habit.

If you are too large you can
Reduce Your Weight

If you are too thin you can
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You can build up thin necks, undeveloped busts, etc. You can

**Stand Correctly
Walk Properly
Breathe Correctly**

You can get a good circulation and strength of all muscles of the vital organs so that all sorts of ailments which depend upon pure blood and strength and position of vital organs, disappear.

How do I know all this? **I KNOW** it because I have accomplished this for over 100,000 women, and **what I have done for one woman I can do for YOU.**

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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 119 West 40th St., New York City

For a complete description of the book see page 93 of this issue.

When You Buy Your Building Lot

though many of us are actually ashamed to possess gardens. Necessity is going to make gardeners of most of us. We are going to take a saner view of gardening and of life in general. We are going to learn that if we want lower living costs, we shall have to get along without being waited on so extensively. Our forefathers did not feel the pinch of existence so much, because they partly or wholly raised their own food. If we want to lower living costs, we must do the same. A generous lot, then, is really an asset rather than a liability. Unless we are penny wise and pound foolish, we will bear that in mind in selecting our home sites.

The Dwarflies

(Continued from page 57)

the next Valentine's Day every little child in the place could have a lovely valentine.

At another house the Dwarflies peeped around the corner when the door opened; they laughed heartily to themselves when a nice old lady came out to pick up her valentine and said, "I saw you, little Jimmy Jones. Bless your heart for thinking of a lonely old lady! If you will come back, I will give you a pocketful of cookies!"

The Dwarflies would have liked the cookies very much, but they wished the old lady to believe the valentine had been given her by Jimmy Jones, for they knew she would give Jimmy the cookies the next time she saw him.

There was only one house the Dwarflies visited where they did not bring happiness. It was the house of Grumpy Grimes. Grumpy Grimes had forgotten long ago that he had ever been a boy, so when the Dwarflies put a pretty valentine under his door and stamped on his porch, Grumpy Grimes opened the door quickly and cried, "Sic him!"

The Dwarflies scrambled over the fence as fast as they could, but Grumpy Grimes' dog caught the last little Dwarfie and tore his coat, before he noticed it was a Dwarfie. Of course the dog was very sorry, for even puppy dogs know that Dwarfies are good creatures.

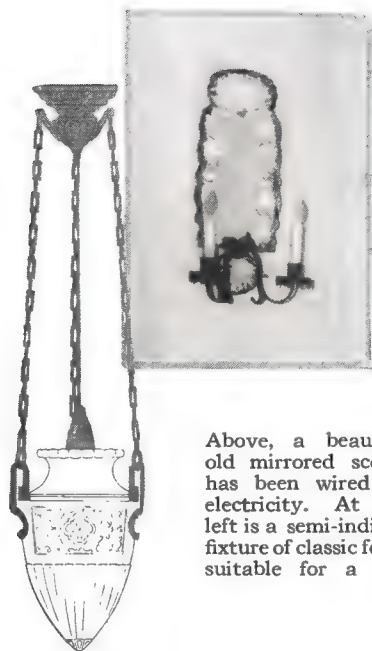
But the real surprise came at a house where some children were having a party. The Dwarflies did not know of the party, for the children had planned to catch the next boy or girl who put a valentine under the door, so they turned out all the lights and hid in the front hall. So the Dwarflies had hardly reached the porch when the door flew open, and the children came rushing out.

My! how the Dwarflies scurried. The children caught most of them and carried them into the house. The Dwarflies who managed to escape peeped through the windows and when they saw that the children were feeding their brothers ice-cream and cakes, they walked right up to the door and asked if they might come in too. So all the Dwarflies enjoyed the valentine party until it was time for the children to go home.

It was a long, long way back to their forest home, and the Dwarflies probably would not have reached there before morning had not a flock of crows happened along and offered to carry the Dwarflies home.

Just as the Dwarflies reached the great oak tree Mrs. Deedie Dwarfie came to the door with a tiny lantern. "You are just in time!" she laughed. "All the Bunny Fuzzy-Gray Squirrels just came, and we are starting to roast chestnuts!"

The Dwarflies were very grateful to the Crows for bringing them home, so the Crows were invited inside to the feast. As none of the little forest creatures went to bed until it was almost time to get up, you may know the Dwarflies received as much pleasure as they had given when they made so many children happy with the lovely valentines.



Above, a beautiful old mirrored scone has been wired for electricity. At the left is a semi-indirect fixture of classic form, suitable for a hall

Restful Home Lighting

(Continued from page 21)

consciously or unconsciously expressed in the lighting of the living-room.

The trend in residence lighting today is toward the elimination of the old practise of a few light sources of high intensity, and leans toward more light sources of relatively low candle power. This is thoroughly practical, for it means a more flexible system of lighting and, therefore, a more economical system. The economy is apparent immediately, for such a system means that light is used only where necessary. As an example we might take the case of a person playing the piano. Under the old system, he would turn on the lights in the central chandelier—probably four or five lamps of high intensity—and illuminate the whole room brilliantly. With the new order of more lights of lower individual intensity, he turns on the single lamp placed near the piano and is thoroughly satisfied with the result. If, perchance, there is a person reading or sewing in another part of the room, the light for that occupation is also turned on, the two lights affording sufficient general illumination as well as the desired localized lighting.

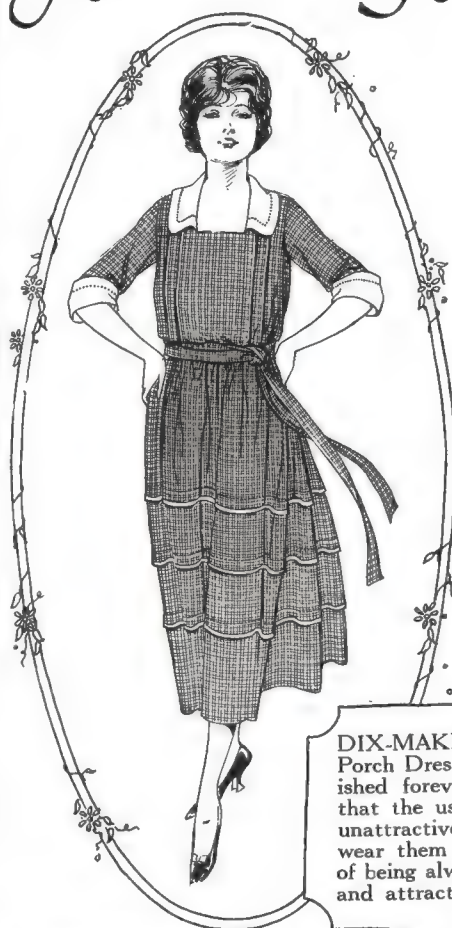
It is not by any means a difficult problem to plan such a system of lighting. The main points to consider are these: the use to which the room is to be put; the type and location of the important pieces of furniture; and the potential decorative value of the lighting units.

By taking up the different rooms of the home and suggesting various methods of illumination, we lay a foundation for the individual family to use as a basis—either for planning the illumination of the new home, or changing that in the old home.

Lighting the Living-Room

Let us start with the living-room. What is the living-room—what purpose does it serve? Generally it is the largest room in the house, and it is often parlor, reception room, library, music room, and sitting-room combined in one. In it we read, sew, converse, play cards, enjoy our games and our music. Let us do the various moods and expressions of this room justice, and light it by means of a number of glowing, colorful table and floor lamps. Placed in well-considered relation to the furniture groups designed for the special uses of the living-room, these lamps answer the purpose as no one or two ceiling fixtures with their blaze of white light can serve it. Then these lamps have other advantages, as well.

Attractive Styles for Spring



DIX-MAKE dress No. 734 illustrated is a very smart and fetching model, and comes in pink, blue or black small check gingham. Price \$6.75. Buy it at leading department stores. If your dealer does not carry Dix-Make dresses send us your order asking for list of dealers and folder No 17, which illustrates attractive new models from \$4.50 up.

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DIX-MAKE House and Porch Dresses have abolished forever the notion that the useful must be unattractive. Those who wear them are conscious of being always tastefully and attractively gowned.

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Send 5 cents to Dennison, Department D,
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Aurora Vice-Versa (Reversible) Waver

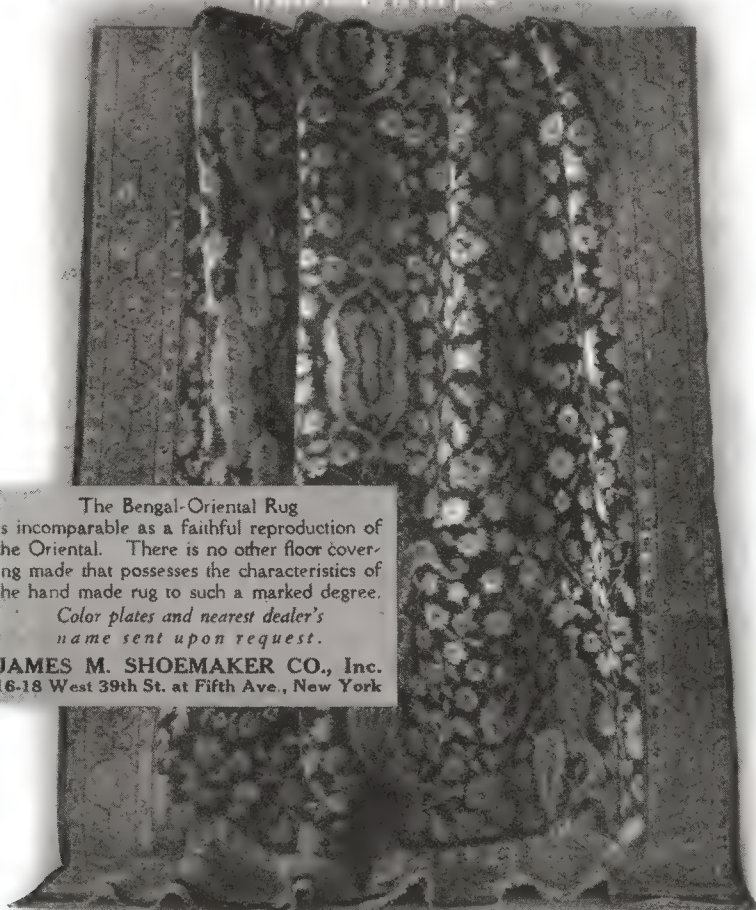
THOSE lovely soft waves you envy may be yours with "Aurora" Wavers. NO HEAT REQUIRED. They work while you dress, read or sleep. In a short time you have a fluffy, natural wave. To make a curl, wind dampened hair around both your finger and part of curler, lock the curler, withdraw finger, and you have a perfect curl. Two colors: Shell or Amber.

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Meshed study

Dark blue background. Many shades of French blue, old rose, light rose, sage green, gold and taupe have been used in the design

Restful Home Lighting

They are mobile; as many may be lighted as may be necessary; and the lamps may at all times be decorative furnishings. The latter advantage is especially appealing, for the decorative possibilities of light and color combined are infinite. And never before has there been such a marvelous range of lamps from which to choose. For example, if the main table is of the type that backs up to the davenport, it will have companion lamps. If it is a gate-leg table in a corner, it will support one large lamp. Big, deep-cushioned easy chairs will fraternize with the standing chair lamp, as in the living-room vista seen through the hall at the top of page 21, and the piano will be equipped with a special piano lamp, or will have a tall, graceful floor lamp standing near it. The desk, of course, will be equipped with its own carefully-shaded lamp.

Modern Methods of Installation

An adequate number of baseboard receptacles is necessary for such lighting effects in the living-room and elsewhere. This is a feature for which not only the people who are now building, but also those who live in old houses are learning to make ample provision. In the days when the installation of portable lamps in an old house involved cutting holes in floors and partitions, with the attendant muss, confusion, and almost prohibitive expense, the majority were deterred from enjoying the economy and convenience which such fixtures afford. Modern methods, however, eliminate dirt and clutter and minimize the cost by running wires over the surfaces of walls and ceilings in flat metal casings painted to match their background and thus rendered almost invisible. A small living-room should have at least four baseboard outlets, and a room 14x24 feet should have not less than six. A safe rule is to provide one baseboard outlet for each fifty square feet of floor area in the living-room.

There are some householders, as well as builders and architects, who prefer a higher intensity of general illumination than that afforded by lamps alone. This may be secured by the addition of wall brackets, or a center fixture, or possibly both. Three excellent examples may be seen at the bottom of page 20.

Requirements in the Dining-Room

By comparison with the living-room, the dining-room in some respects presents the opposite extreme. There is only one focal point of interest in the room, namely, the table and its appointments. A brightly illuminated table holds the interest of the diners, and a low general illumination in the outskirts of the room hems them in.

There are two ways of achieving this result. Wax or electric candles on the table may provide localized light to supplement the soft glow from shaded wall brackets, or a central fixture may be placed above the table. The candelabra type of chandelier has won popularity by its delicacy and grace, and while more often used to provide general than localized illumination, it may be made to serve the dining table by covering the "candles" with individual shades which reflect the light downward. Still more efficient as table illuminants are the shower fixtures which consist of a group of pendant bulbs, each covered with a shade of soft-toned glass. If the shades are deep enough to conceal the bulb, and have a small lower aperture, the effect may be quite delightful. A most unusual type of dining-room fixture is the quaint lantern above the table at the top of page 20. This, of course, necessitates the use of candles on the table.

Semi-Indirect Lighting

The semi-indirect type of fixture is beginning to figure with increasing prominence in the lighting schemes of modern homes. In its simplest form it consists of a translucent glass bowl of decorative design, enclosing a power-

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Send stamp for Free Samples of 50 shades. Superior quality. Great variety of bright colors; also Gray, Brown, Navy, etc. Lowest Prices. Agents Wanted.
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ful lamp and suspended from the ceiling by metal chains. A portion of the light is filtered downward through the walls of the bowl, thus eliminating the shadow cast by metal fixtures, but the greater part is thrown against the ceiling, which acts as a reflector. On page 123 is shown an attractive fixture of this type.

A variant of the simple glass bowl has a double wall in which a piece of cretonne or printed silk may be enclosed, thus matching the decoration of the fixture to the draperies of the room in which it hangs. Still more elaborate is a fixture in which the electric bulb is contained in a bottomless bowl of enameled metal with the lower opening covered with a heavy glass diffusing disk. The entire fixture is then enclosed in a silk or parchment shade, thus combining the advantages of semi-indirect lighting with the decorative quality of colorful fabrics which impart to the light a soft and glowing radiance.

Bedroom Requisites

The lighting of the library and sun parlor follows the rules established for the living-room. Bedroom lighting presents a little more complicated aspect. Here we must have plenty of light where it is needed—almost entirely a question of strict utility. But who wants a bedroom lighted like a factory workshop, efficiently but not decoratively? So we must cunningly steer our lighting course between the Scylla of too much utility and the Charybdis of not enough beauty.

First, let us consider what purposes must be met. Dressing is the prime requisite—reading in bed, sewing, and writing letters are the less important factors. To take care of these, we must come back to the standard rule of several light sources of low individual intensity. A center fixture, if used at all, should be depended upon only for general lighting, and supplemented by special lights at the dresser or dressing table, and small bedside or desk lamps. Localized lighting at the dresser may be secured either by a simple one-light pendant fixture, or by brackets on either side of the mirror about six feet above the floor. If brackets are used at the dressing table, they should be lower, in as much as the user is seated. Electric candles in tall candlesticks may stand on the table or dresser, as in the well-appointed bedroom on page 20, where the general illumination is provided by graceful wall brackets.

Bathrooms and Stair Wells

The problem in the bathroom is to provide a suitable arrangement of lamps for the mirror. This provides for localized lighting at the point where it is most needed, and for general lighting as well. Two light sources—one on each side of the mirror—at a height of about sixty-five inches above the floor, fulfill all requirements.

Stairways are best lighted by ceiling balls or bowls controlled by three-way switches, or by lanterns and semi-indirect fixtures similar to those on pages 21 and 123. Fixtures of similar character are satisfactory for halls and vestibules. Wall brackets may be used in a hall, either alone or as accessories to the center light, as at the top of page 21. However, the stairway itself should be well lighted as a matter of safety, and ceiling fixtures can not be excelled in this respect.

Kitchen lighting is important, for the housewife needs a satisfactory system of illumination here if she is to do her work in this room without undue strain. The central fixture should be close to the ceiling, and for this purpose an open glass reflector equipped with a diffusing lamp is quite satisfactory. It is wise also to provide for a bracket outlet over the stove, work table, and sink—especially if the kitchen is large—so that the worker does not throw a shadow on her work.

If you need advice on problems suggested by this article, send a two-cent stamp to the Department of Furnishings and Decorations for a questionnaire which will be mailed to you to fill out

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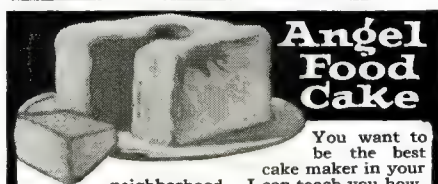
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Dyes

The Flaming Forest

(Continued from page 32)

out of it unburned. And deep in his heart he knew it was not a sin to love, even as he loved, if he kept that love to himself. What he had done when Marie-Anne stood at the window he could not undo. St. Pierre would probably have killed him for touching her hair with his lips, and he would not have blamed St. Pierre. But she had not felt that stolen caress. No one knew—but himself. And he was happier because of it. It was a sort of sacred thing, even though it brought the heat of shame into his face.

He went to the door, opened it, and stood out in the sunshine. It was good to feel the warmth of the sun in his face again and the sweet air of the open day in his lungs. The bateau was free of the shore and drifting steadily towards midstream. Bateese was at the great birchwood rudder sweep, and to David's surprise he nodded in a friendly way, and his wide mouth broke into a grin.

"Ah, it is coming soon, that fight of ours, little *coq de bruyère*," he chuckled gloatingly. "An' ze fight will be jus' lak that, m'sieu—you ze little fool-hen's rooster, ze partridge, an' I, Concombre Bateese, ze eagle!"

THE anticipation in the half-breed's eyes reflected itself for an instant in David's. He turned back into the cabin, bent over his pack, and found among his clothes two pairs of boxing gloves. He fondled them with the loving touch of a brother and comrade, and their velvety smoothness was more soothing to his nerves than the cigar he was smoking. His one passion above all others was boxing, and wherever he went, either on pleasure or adventure, the gloves went with him. In many a cabin and shack of the far hinterland he had taught white men and Indians how to use them, so that he might have the pleasure of feeling the thrill of them on his hands. And now here was Concombre Bateese inviting him on, waiting for him to get well!

He went out and dangled the clumsy-looking mittens under the half-breed's nose.

Bateese looked at them curiously. "*Mitaines*," he nodded. "Does ze little partridge rooster keep his claws warm in those in ze winter? They are clumsy, m'sieu. I can make a better mitten of caribou skin."

Putting on one of the gloves, David doubled up his fist. "Do you see that, Concombre Bateese?" he asked. "Well, I will tell you this, that they are not mittens to keep your hands warm. I am going to fight you in them when our time comes. With these mittens I will fight you and your naked fists. Why? Because I do not want to hurt you too badly, friend Bateese! I do not want to break your face all to pieces, which I would surely do if I did not put on these soft mittens. Then, when you have really learned to fight—"

The bull neck of Concombre Bateese looked as if it were about to burst. His eyes seemed ready to pop out of their sockets, and suddenly he let out a roar. "What!—You dare talk lak that to Concombre Bateese, w'at is great'st fightin' man on all T'ree River? You talk lak that to me, Concombre Bateese, who will kill ze bear wit' hees han's, who pull down ze tree, who—who—"

The word-flood of his outraged dignity sprang to his lips; emotion choked him, and then, looking suddenly over Carrigan's shoulder—he stopped. Something in his look made David turn. Three paces behind him stood Marie-Anne, and he knew that from the corner of the cabin she had heard what had passed between them. She was biting her lips, and behind the flash of her eyes he saw laughter.

"You must not quarrel, children," she said. "Bateese, you are steering badly."

She reached out her hands, and without a word David gave her the gloves. With her palm and fingers she caressed them softly, yet David saw little lines of doubt come into her white forehead.

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"They are pretty—and soft, M'sieu David. Surely they can not hurt much! Some day when St. Pierre comes, will you teach me how to use them?"

"Always it is 'When St. Pierre comes,'" he replied. "Shall we be waiting long?"

"Two or three days, perhaps a little longer. Are you coming with me to the *proue*, m'sieu?"

She did not wait for his answer, but went ahead of him, dangling the two pairs of gloves at her side. David caught a last glimpse of the half-breed's face as he followed Marie-Anne around the end of the cabin. Bateese was making a frightful grimace and shaking his huge fist, but scarcely were they out of sight on the narrow footway that ran between the cabin and the outer timbers of the scow when a huge roar of laughter followed them. Bateese had not done laughing when they reached the *proue*, or bow-nest, a deck fully ten feet in length by eight in width, sheltered above by an awning, and comfortably arranged with chairs, several rugs, a small table, and, to David's amazement, a hammock. He had never seen anything like this on the Three Rivers, nor had he ever heard of a scow so large or so luxuriously appointed. Over his head, at the tip of a flagstaff attached to the forward end of the cabin, floated the black and white pennant of St. Pierre Boulain. And under this staff was a screened door which undoubtedly opened into the kitchenette which Marie-Anne had told him about. He made no effort to hide his surprise. But St. Pierre's wife seemed not to notice it. The puckery little lines were still in her forehead, and the laughter had faded out of her eyes. The tiny lines deepened as there came another wild roar of laughter from Bateese in the stern.

"Is it true that you have given your word to fight Bateese?" she asked.

"It is true, Marie-Anne. And I feel that Bateese is looking ahead joyously to the occasion."

"He is," she affirmed. "Last night he spread the news among all my people. Those who left to join St. Pierre this morning have taken the news with them, and there is a great deal of excitement and much betting. I am afraid you have made a bad promise. No man has offered to fight Bateese in three years—not even my great St. Pierre, who says that Concombre is more than a match for him."

"And yet they must have a little doubt, as there is betting, and it takes two to make a bet," chuckled David.

THE lines went out of Marie-Anne's forehead, and a half-smile trembled on her red lips. "Yes, there is betting. But those who are for you are offering next autumn's muskrat skins and frozen fish against lynx and fisher and marten. The odds are about thirty to one against you, M'sieu David!"

The look of pity which was clearly in her eyes brought a rush of blood to David's face. "If only I had something to wager!" he groaned.

"You must not fight. I shall forbid it!"

"Then Bateese and I will steal off into the forest and have it out by ourselves."

"He will hurt you badly. He is terrible, like a great beast, when he fights. He loves to fight and is always asking if there is not some one who will stand up to him. I think he would desert even me for a good fight. But you, M'sieu David—"

"I also love a fight," he admitted unashamed. St. Pierre's wife studied him thoughtfully for a moment. "With these?" she asked then, holding up the gloves.

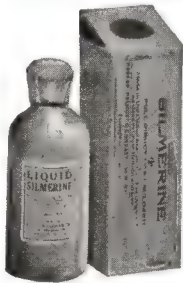
"Yes, with those. Bateese may use his fists, but I shall use those, so that I shall not disfigure him permanently. His face is none too handsome as it is."

For another flash her lips trembled on the edge of a smile. Then she gave him the gloves, a bit troubled, and nodded to a chair with a deep, cushioned seat and wide arms. "Please make yourself comfortable, M'sieu David. I have something to do in the cabin and will return in a little while."



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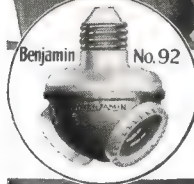
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The Flaming Forest

He wondered if she had gone back to settle the matter with Bateese at once, for it was clear that she did not regard with favor the promised bout between himself and the half-breed. It was on the spur of a careless moment that he had promised to fight Bateese, and with little thought that it was likely to be carried out or that it would become a matter of importance with all of St. Pierre's brigade. He was evidently in for it, he told himself, and as a fighting man it looked as though Concombre Bateese was at least the equal of his braggadocio. He was glad of that. He grinned as he watched the bending backs of St. Pierre's men. So they were betting thirty to one against him! Even St. Pierre might be induced to bet—with him. And if he did—

The hot blood leaped for a moment in Carrigan's veins. The thrill went to the tips of his fingers. He stared out over the river, unseeing, as the possibilities of the thing that had come into his mind made him for a moment oblivious of the world. He possessed one thing against which St. Pierre and St. Pierre's wife would wager a half of all they owned in the world! And if he should gamble that one thing, which had come to him like an inspiration, and should whip Bateese—

He began to pace back and forth over the narrow deck, no longer watching the rowers or the shore. The thought grew, and his mind was consumed by it. Thus far, from the moment the first shot was fired at him from the ambush, he had been playing with adventure in the dark. But fate had at last dealt him a trump card. That something which he possessed was more precious than furs or gold to St. Pierre, and St. Pierre would not refuse the wager when it was offered. He would not dare refuse. More than that, he would accept eagerly, strong in the faith that Bateese would whip him as he had whipped all other fighters who had come up against him along the Three Rivers. And when Marie-Anne knew what that wager was to be, she, too, would pray for the gods of chance to be with Concombre Bateese!

He did not hear the light footsteps behind him, and when he turned suddenly in his pacing, he found himself facing Marie-Anne who carried in her hands the little basket he had seen on the cabin table. She seated herself in the hammock and took from the basket a bit of lace work. For a moment he watched her fingers flashing in and out with the needles.

Perhaps his thought went to her. He was almost frightened as he saw her cheeks coloring under the long, dark lashes. He faced the rivermen again, and while he gripped at his own weakness, he tried to count the flashings of their oars. And behind him, the beautiful eyes of St. Pierre's wife were looking at him with a strange glow in their depths.

"Do you know," he said, speaking slowly and still looking toward the flashing of the oars, "something tells me that unexpected things are going to happen when St. Pierre returns. I am going to make a bet with him that I can whip Bateese. He will not refuse. He will accept. And St. Pierre will lose, because I shall whip Bateese. It is then that these unexpected things will begin to happen. And I am wondering—after they do happen—if you will care so very much?"

There was a moment of silence. And then, "I don't want you to fight Bateese," she said.

The needles were working swiftly when he turned toward her again, and a second time the long lashes shadowed what a moment before he might have seen in her eyes.

XIII

THE morning passed like a dream to Carrigan. He permitted himself to live and breathe it as one who finds himself for a space in the heart of a golden mirage. He was sitting so near Marie-Anne that now and then the faint perfume of her came to him like the delicate scent of a flower. It was a breath of crushed



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The Flaming Forest

violets, sweet as the air he was breathing, violets gathered in the deep cool of the forest, a whisper of sweetness about her, as if on her bosom she wore always the living flowers. He fancied her gathering them last bloom-time, a year ago, alone, her feet seeking out the damp mosses, her little fingers plucking the smiling and laughing faces of the violet flowers to be treasured away in fragrant sachets, as gentle as the wood-thrush's note, compared with the bottled aromas fifteen hundred miles south. It seemed to be a physical part of her, a thing born of the glow in her cheeks, a living exhalation of her soft red lips—and yet only when he was near, very near, did the life of it reach him.

She did not know he was thinking these things. There was nothing in his voice, he thought, to betray him. He was sure she was unconscious of the fight he was making. Her eyes smiled and laughed with him, she counted her stitches, her fingers worked, and she talked to him as she might have talked to a friend of St. Pierre's. She told him how St. Pierre had made the barge, the largest that had ever been on the river, and that he had built it entirely of dry cedar, so that it floated like a feather wherever there was water enough to run a York boat. She told him how St. Pierre had brought the piano down from Edmonton, and how he had saved it from pitching in the river by carrying the full weight of it on his shoulders when they met with an accident in running through a dangerous rapids bringing it down. St. Pierre was a very strong man, she said, a note of pride in her voice. And then she added,

"Sometimes, when he picks me up in his arms, I feel that he is going to squeeze the life out of me!"

HER words were like a sharp thrust into his heart. For an instant they painted a vision for him, a picture of that slim and adorable creature crushed close in the great arms of St. Pierre, so close that she could not breathe. In that mad moment of his hurt it was almost a living, breathing reality for him there on the golden fore-deck of the scow. He turned his face toward the far shore, where the wilderness seemed to reach off into eternity. What a glory it was—the green seas of spruce and cedar and balsam, the ridges of poplar and birch rising like silvery spume above the darker billows, and afar off, mellowed in the sun-mists, the guardian crests of Trout Mountains sentineling the country beyond! Into that mystery-land on the further side of the Wabiskaw waterways Carrigan would have loved to set his foot four days ago. It was that mystery of the unpeopled places that he most desired, their silence, the comradeship of spaces untrod by the feet of man. And now, what a fool he was! Through vast distances the forests he loved seemed to whisper it to him, and ahead of him the river seemed to look back, nodding over its shoulder, beckoning to him, telling him the word of the forests was true. It streamed on lazily, half a mile wide, as if resting for the splashing and roaring rush it would make among the rocks of the next rapids, and in its indolence it sang the low and everlasting song of deep and slowly passing water. In that song David heard the same whisper, that he was a fool! And the lure of the wilderness shores crept in on him and gripped him as of old. He looked at the rowers in the two York boats, and then his eyes came back to the end of the barge and to St. Pierre's wife.

Her little toes were tapping the floor of the deck. She, too, was looking out over the wilderness. And again it seemed to him that she was like a bird that wanted to fly.

"I should like to go into those hills," she said, without looking at him. "Away off yonder!"

"And I—I should like to go with you."

"You love all that, m'sieu?" she asked.

"Yes, madame!"

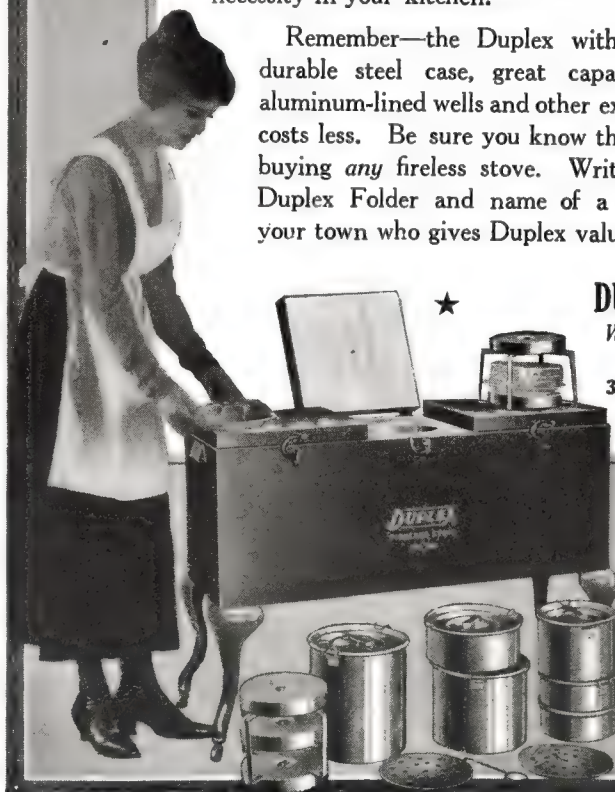
"Why, 'madame,' when I have given you

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The Flaming Forest

permission to call me 'Marie-Anne'?" she demanded.

"Because you call me 'm'sieu.'"

"But you—you have not given me permission—"

"Then I do now," he interrupted quickly.

"*Merci!* I have wondered why you did not return the courtesy," she laughed softly. "I do not like the m'sieu. I shall call you 'David!'"

She rose out of the hammock suddenly and dropped her needles and lace work into the little basket. "I have forgotten something. It is for you to eat when it comes dinner-time, m'sieu—I mean David. So I must turn *fille de cuisine* for a little while. That is what St. Pierre sometimes calls me, because I love to play at cooking. I am going to bake a pie!"

THE dark-screened door of the kitchenette closed behind her, and Carrigan walked out from under the awning, so that the sun beat down upon him. There was no longer a doubt in his mind. He was more than fool. He envied St. Pierre, and he coveted that which St. Pierre possessed. And yet, before he would take what did not belong to him, he knew he would put a pistol to his head and blow his life out. He was confident of himself there. Yet he had fallen, and out of the mire into which he had sunk he knew also that he must drag himself, and quickly, or be everlastingly lowered in his own esteem. He stripped himself naked and did not lie to that other and greater thing of life that was in him.

He was not only a fool, but a coward. Only a coward would have touched the hair of St. Pierre's wife with his lips; only a coward would have let live the thoughts that burned in his brain. She was St. Pierre's wife—and he was anxious now for the quick home-coming of the chief of the Boulains. After that everything would happen quickly. He thanked God that the inspiration of the wager had come to him. After the fight, after he had won, then once more would he be the old Dave Carrigan, holding the trump hand in a thrilling game.

Loud voices from the York boats ahead and answering cries from Bateese in the stern drew him to the open deck. The bateau was close to shore, and the half-breed was working the long stern sweep as if the power of a steam-engine was in his mighty arms. The York boats had shortened their towline and were pulling at right angles within a few yards of a gravelly beach. A few strokes more, and men who were bare to the knees jumped cut into shallow water and began tugging at the tow rope with their hands. David looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock. Never in his life had time passed so swiftly as that morning on the forward deck of the barge. And now they were tying up, after a drop of six or eight miles down the river, and he wondered how swiftly St. Pierre was overtaking them with his raft.

He was filled with the desire to feel the soft crush of the earth under his feet again, and not waiting for the long plank that Bateese was already swinging from the scow to the shore, he made a leap that put him on the sandy beach. St. Pierre's wife had given him this permission, and he looked to see what effect his act had on the half-breed. The face of Concombre Bateese was like sullen stone. Not a sound came from his thick lips, but in his eyes was a deep and dangerous fire as he looked at Carrigan. There was no need for words. In them were suspicion, warning, the deadly threat of what would happen if he did not come back when it was time to return. David nodded. He understood. Even though St. Pierre's wife had faith in him, Bateese had not. He passed between the men, and to a man their faces turned on him, and in their quiet and watchful eyes he saw again that warning and suspicion, the unspoken threat of what would happen if he forgot his promise to Marie-Anne Boulain. Never, in a single outfit, had he seen such splendid men. They were not a mongrel assortment of the lower country. Slim, tall,



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clean-cut, sinewy—they were stock of the old voyageurs of a hundred years ago, and all of them were young. The older men had gone to St. Pierre. The reason for this dawned upon Carrigan. Not one of those twelve but could beat him in a race through the forests; not one that could not outrun him and cut him off though he had hours the start!

Passing beyond them he paused and looked back at the bateau. On the forward deck stood Marie-Anne, and she, too, was looking at him now. Even at that distance he saw that her face was quiet and troubled with anxiety. She did not smile when he lifted his hat to her, but gave only a little nod. Then he turned and buried himself in the green balsams that grew within fifty paces of the river. The old joy of life leaped into him as his feet crushed in the soft moss of the shaded places where the sun did not break through. He went on, passing through a vast and silent cathedral of spruce and cedar so dense that the sky was hidden, and came then to higher ground, where the evergreen was sprinkled with birch and poplar. About him was an invisible choir of voices, the low twittering of timid little gray-backs, the song of hidden warblers, the scolding of distant jays. Big-eyed moose-birds stared at him as he passed, fluttering so close to his face that they almost touched his shoulders in their foolish inquisitiveness. A porcupine crashed within a dozen feet of his trail. And then he came to a beaten path, and other paths worn deep in the cool, damp earth by the hoofs of moose and caribou. Half a mile from the bateau he sat down on a rotting log and filled his pipe with fresh tobacco, while he listened to catch the subdued voice of the life in this world that he loved.

It was then that the curious feeling came over him that he was not alone, that other eyes than those of beast and bird were watching him. It was an impression that grew on him. He seemed to feel their stare, seeking him out from the darkest coverts, waiting for him to move on, dogging him like a ghost. Within him the hound-like instincts of the man-hunter rose swiftly to the suspicion of invisible presence.

He began to note the changes in the cries of certain birds. A hundred yards on his right a jay, most talkative of all the forest things, was screeching with a new note in its voice. On the other side of him, in a dense pocket of poplar and spruce, a warbler suddenly brought its song to a jerky end. He heard the excited *Pe-wee—Pe-wee—Pe-wee* of a startled little gray-back giving warning of an unwelcome intruder near its nest. And he rose to his feet, laughing softly as he thumbed down the tobacco in his pipe. Jeanne Marie-Anne Boulain might believe in him, but Bateese and her wary henchmen had ways of their own of strengthening their faith.

IT was close to noon when he turned back, and he did not return by the moose path. Deliberately he struck out a hundred yards on either side of it, traveling where the moss grew thick and the earth was damp and soft. And five times he found the moccasin-prints of men.

Bateese, with his sleeves up, was scrubbing the deck of the bateau when David came over the plank.

"There are moose and caribou in there, but I fear I disturbed your hunters," said Carrigan, grinning at the half-breed. "They are too clumsy to hunt well, so clumsy that even the birds give them away. I am afraid we shall go without fresh meat tomorrow!"

Concombre Bateese stared as if some one had stunned him with a blow, and he spoke no word as David went on to the forward deck. Marie-Anne had come out under the awning. She gave a little cry of relief and pleasure.

"I am glad you have come back, M'sieu David!"

"So am I, madame," he replied. "I think the woods are unhealthful to travel in!"

Out of the earth he felt that a part of the old strength had returned to him. Alone they sat at dinner, and Marie-Anne waited on him and

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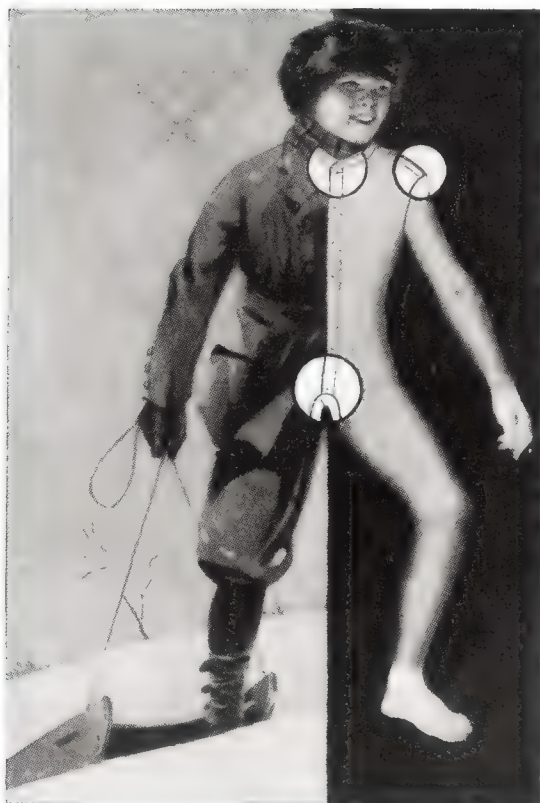
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The Flaming Forest

called him David again—and he found it easier now to call her Marie-Anne and look into her eyes without fear that he was betraying himself. A part of the afternoon he spent in her company, and it was not difficult for him to tell her something of his adventuring in the north, and how, body and soul, the northland had claimed him, and that he hoped to die in it when his time came. Her eyes glowed at that. She told him of two years she had spent in Montreal and Quebec, of her homesickness, her joy when she returned to her forests. It seemed, for a time, that they had forgotten St. Pierre. They did not speak of him. Twice they saw André, the Broken Man, but the name of Roger Audemard was not spoken. And a little at a time she told him of the hidden paradise of the Boulains away up in the unmapped wildernesses of the Yellowknife beyond the Great Bear, and of the great log château that was her home.

A PART of the afternoon he spent on shore. He filled a moosehide bag full of sand and suspended it from the limb of a tree, and for three-quarters of an hour pommelled it with his fists, much to the curiosity and amusement of St. Pierre's men, who could see nothing of man-fighting in these antics. But the exercise assured David that he had lost but little of his strength and that he would be in form to meet Bateese when the time came. Toward evening Marie-Anne joined him, and they walked for half an hour up and down the beach. It was Bateese who got supper. And after that Carignan sat with Marie-Anne on the fore-deck of the barge and smoked another of St. Pierre's cigars.

The camp of the rivermen was two hundred yards below the bateau, screened behind a finger of hardwood, so that except when they broke into a chorus of laughter or stretched their throats with snatches of song, there was no sound of their voices. But Bateese was in the stern, and Nepapinas was forever flitting in and out among the shadows on the shore, like a shadow himself, and André, the Broken Man, hovered near as night came on. At last he sat down in the edge of the white sand of the beach, and there he remained, a silent and lonely figure, as the twilight deepened. Over the world hovered a sleepy quiet. Out of the forest came the droning of the wood-crickets, the last twitterings of the day birds, and the beginning of night sounds. A great shadow floated out over the river close to the bateau, the first of the questing, blood-seeking owls adventuring out like pirates from their hiding-places of the day. One after another, as the darkness thickened, the different tribes of the people of the night answered the summons of the first stars. A mile down the river a loon gave its harsh love-cry; far out of the west came the faint trail-song of a wolf; in the river the night-feeding trout splashed like the tails of beaver; over the roof of the wilderness came the coughing, moaning challenge of a bull moose that yearned for battle. And over these same forest tops rose the moon, the stars grew thicker and brighter, and through the finger of hardwood glowed the fire of St. Pierre Boulain's men—while close beside him, silent in these hours of silence, David felt growing nearer and still nearer to him the presence of St. Pierre's wife.

On the strip of sand André, the Broken Man, rose and stood like the stub of a misshapen tree. And then slowly he moved on and was swallowed up in the mellow glow of the night. "It is at night that he seeks," said St. Pierre's wife, for it was as if David had spoken the thought that was in his mind.

David, for a moment, was silent. And then he said, "You asked me to tell you about Black Roger Audemard. I will, if you care to have me. Do you?"

He saw the nodding of her head, though the moon and star-mist veiled her face.

"Yes. What do the Police say about Roger Audemard?"

He told her. And not once in the telling of

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the story did she speak or move. It was a terrible story at best, he thought, but he did not weaken it by smoothing over the details. This was his opportunity. He wanted her to know why he must possess the body of Roger Audemard, if not alive, then dead, and he wanted her to understand how important it was that he learn more about André, the Broken Man.

"He was a fiend, this Roger Audemard," he began. "A devil in man shape, afterward called 'Black Roger' because of the color of his soul."

Then he went on. He described Hatchet River Post, where the tragedy had happened; then told of the fight that came about one day between Roger Audemard and the factor of the post and his two sons. It was an unfair fight; he conceded that—three to one was cowardly in a fight. But it could not excuse what happened afterward. Audemard was beaten. He crept off into the forest, almost dead. Then he came back one stormy night in the winter with three strange friends. Who the friends were the Police never learned. There was a fight, but all through that fight Black Roger Audemard cried out not to kill the factor and his sons. In spite of that one of the sons was killed. Then the terrible thing happened. The father and his remaining son were bound hand and foot and fastened in the ancient dungeon room under the Post building. Then Black Roger set the building on fire, and stood outside in the storm and laughed like a madman at the dying shrieks of his victims. It was the season when the trappers were on their lines, and there were but few people at the post. The company clerk and one other attempted to interfere, and Black Roger killed them with his own hands. Five deaths that night—two of them horrible beyond description!

Pausing for a moment, Carrigan went on to describe the long years of unavailing search made by the Police after that; how Black Roger was caught once and killed his captor. Then came the rumor that he was dead, and rumor grew into official belief, and the Police no longer hunted for his trails. Then, not long ago, came the discovery that Black Roger was still living, and he, Dave Carrigan, was after him.

For a time there was silence after he had finished. Then St. Pierre's wife rose to her feet. "I wonder," she said in a low voice, "what Roger Audemard's own story might be if he were here to tell it?"

She stepped out from under the awning, and in the full radiance of the moon he saw the pale beauty of her face and the crowning luster of her hair.

"Good night!" she whispered.

"Good night!" said David.

HE listened until her retreating footsteps died away, and for hours after that he had no thought of sleep. He had insisted that she take possession of her cabin again, and Bateese had brought out a bundle of blankets. These he spread under the awning, and when he drowsed off, it was to dream of the lovely face he had seen last in the glow of the moon.

It was in the afternoon of the fourth day that two things happened—one that he had prepared himself for, and another so unexpected that for a space it sent his world crashing out of its orbit. With St. Pierre's wife he had gone again to the ridge-line for flowers, half a mile back from the river. Returning a new way, they came to a shallow stream, and Marie-Anne stood at the edge of it, and there was laughter in her shining eyes as she looked to the other side of it. She had twined flowers into her hair. Her cheeks were rich with color. Her slim figure was exquisite in its wild pulse of life.

Suddenly she turned on him, her red lips smiling their witchery in his face. "You must carry me across," she said.

He did not answer. He was a-tremble as he drew near her. She raised her arms a little, waiting. And then he picked her up. She was against his breast. Her two hands went to his shoulders as he waded into the stream; he



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The Flaming Forest

slipped, and they clung a little tighter. The soft note of laughter was in her throat when the current came to his knees out in the middle of the stream. He held her tighter; and then stupidly, he slipped again, and the movement brought her lower in his arms, so that for a space her head was against his breast and his face was crushed in the soft masses of her hair. He came with her that way to the opposite shore and stood her on her feet again, standing back quickly so that she would not hear the pounding of his heart. Her face was radiantly beautiful, and she did not look at David, but away from him.

"Thank you," she said.

And then, suddenly, they heard running feet behind them, and in another moment one of the brigade men came dashing through the stream. At the same time there came from the river a quarter of a mile away a thunderous burst of voice. It was not the voice of a dozen men, but of half a hundred, and Marie-Anne grew tense, listening, her eyes on fire even before the messenger could get the words out of his mouth.

"It is St. Pierre!" he cried then. "He has come with the great raft, and you must hurry if you would reach the bateau before he lands!"

In that moment it seemed to David that Marie-Anne forgot he was alive. A little cry came to her lips, and then she left him, running swiftly, saying no word to him, flying with the speed of a fawn to St. Pierre Boulain! And when David turned to the man who had come up behind them, there was a strange smile on the lips of the lithe-limbed forest-runner as his eyes followed the hurrying figure of St. Pierre's wife.

Until she was out of sight he stood in silence, and then he said:

"Come, m'sieu. We, also, must meet St. Pierre!"

(To be continued)

Synopsis of Opening Instalments

IT was anger rather than fear that Sergeant David Carrigan felt when a bullet clipped the edge of his hat and forced him to a quick cover to save his life. Already a hundred miles north of the Landing, bent on one of the most important missions of his service in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, he resented the delay, the hindrance to his quest for Black Roger Audemard, whom he was sworn to take, dead or alive. Bullet after bullet followed. Deadly accuracy marked the tactics of the unknown marksman. At last, one found its target, and Dave Carrigan staggered up to his full height, only to fall back senseless on the sand.

His unconsciousness lasted only a moment. His eyes opened, and there, bending over him, horror and pity in her wide-open black eyes, was a girl, a girl he had never seen before. Faintness overcame him. When he woke, he had been moved up under the shelter of the trees. His pack and canteen were by his side. He believed himself abandoned.

The sound of paddles undeceived him. It was the girl, and with her a half-breed who obeyed her as if he were her slave. Obedient to her commands he lifted David in his arms and carried him to the canoe. Down the river they shot in the moonlight, through the dread Holy Ghost Rapids. Then they joined the Boulain brigade, and an Indian doctor began the cure of Carrigan's wound.

As a guest on the Boulain bateau, he drifted on day after day. The girl who had first shot him, then risked her life to save him, nursed him back to health. Every day Carrigan was falling deeper and deeper in love with her. Alone with her on the bateau, save for the half-breed, Bateese, the days passed like magic. Then Carrigan learned the truth. She was not the daughter, but the wife of St. Pierre Boulain, master of the brigade.



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For every reader

Good Housekeeping has an important advertisement on page 93 of this issue. If you haven't read it, do so now!

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THE RAT BISCUIT CO.
Springfield, Ohio

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Furnishings and Decorations

(Continued from page 19)

advertisement by a famous Fifth Avenue merchant recently said, "It is a wise side-board that knows its own cabinet maker." He further points out that no one goes into a book store and says, "I want to buy a book," or phones to an art shop and asks for an oil painting. It is authors and ideas that we buy in books and paintings, and it should be the same in furniture. Why is it that the merchant resists the branding of a line and conceals the identity of the maker of the furniture on his floors? Perhaps the greatest single step that can be taken toward making it possible for the householder who possesses refined tastes and a modest income to obtain interiors of originality and charm is to make known the individuality, the aims, and the ideals of the makers of the things intended for him to purchase. Yet thousands of people buy furniture whose origin is a secret. Decorators are prone to use every artifice to conceal the source from which they obtain the things that they advise for their customers, and the stores wish their customers to be satisfied with the fact that their buyers have selected the furniture and that their reputation is back of it. In objects like furniture, that depend upon artistry and artisanship for their value to you, this is not enough. You can neither be sure that you are obtaining all the services that the maker is prepared to render in order to help you obtain true originality, nor can you feel certain of obtaining fine cabinet work and authentic designs unless you know who made the furniture. The very word "originality" contains the key to this principle. It is the point of *origin* that determines its value.

Importance of the Maker's Name

If you are building a choice home, you would be foolish indeed to purchase doors of which the construction is not thoroughly understood and the maker and conditions of manufacture known to you. Likewise in buying an automobile, what folly it would be were a merchant to remove the maker's name plate and say to you: "Never mind who made this car. The source is a secret with me. You must take it on my recommendation." The same is equally true with furniture. The manufacturer who knows that the purchasers of his furniture are acquainted with his name and his ideals takes a conscious pride in every phase of his product, and the added value is passed on to you. When the source is known, everything is open and aboveboard, and inspiration, which is the life blood and the fire of true accomplishment, becomes the animating motive of the maker. You can not have a home of originality and charm without taking a vital interest in this subject, and you may be sure that the force of your personality will be passed on through the salesman to the maker and become a contributing element in the elevation of standards of furniture manufacturing in this country.

The Three Classes of Furniture

Modern furniture can briefly be classified as follows:

1. *Special Pieces*, individually designed and built in lots of one or two upon order of the customer. Produced by a few large factories that specialize in architectural wood work and by many small cabinet shops upon order of the decorator. The advantages are those of individuality and exclusiveness; the disadvantages are high costs, danger of ill-considered designs, experiments, prolonged delays in delivery, and in the case of small shops, no real control over the condition of the wood or guaranty of being able to secure additional pieces later. Special furniture is justified in the formal rooms of palatial homes, but the purchaser should insist on knowing the conditions under which it is made, and be prepared to allow the cost of

NEW
ONE



FOR USES WHICH INVITE DECAY
YOU SHOULD SPECIFY, AND INSIST ON
"ALL-HEART" WOOD. IT WILL PAY YOU

Buy your Cypress by the Cypress Arrow.



Look for this on every board or bundle offered as Cypress. It identifies the TIDE-WATER product, the true "Wood Eternal."

AND SPECIFY "ALL-HEART"

The Cypress "Pergola-Garage"

Why should a garage be homely? This one isn't. (Is it?)

The man in front is the owner. He looks well satisfied with the fact that he has enhanced the beauty of his grounds at the same time that he has protected his car.

The picture shows how *your* garage may look if you will allow us to send you, with our compliments, and with no obligation at all, the

Complete Working Drawings (on sheet 24 x 36 in.)

including full specifications—enough for any good carpenter to build from. Perhaps you enjoy such work yourself. If so, you can't go wrong.

It might even be possible to remodel your present garage on these lines. If you do so, of course you will know what kind of lumber to buy. "If you build of Cypress you build but once." You know "the Wood Eternal" is the champion pergola lumber—does not tend to shrink, swell or warp like so many woods—takes paint and stain beautifully, but *does not need either*, except for looks—lasts and lasts and lasts without them. (See U.S. Gov't. Rept., reprinted in full in Vol. 1, Cypress Pocket Library. Just mention that you'd like this book, also.)

This Pergola-Garage is AN ADDED SUPPLEMENT

to the 9th big reprint of VOLUME 28 of that home-lovers' guide, counselor and impartial friend, the famous Cypress Pocket Library. It is FREE. Will you write?

When planning a Pergola, Mansion, Bungalow, pasture-fence or sleeping porch, remember—"With CYPRESS you BUILD BUT ONCE."



Let our "ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU MORE.
Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable Counsel.

SOUTHERN CYPRESS MFRS' ASS'N.

1221 PERDIDO BUILDING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

or 1221 HEARD NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.



The "All-round Helps Dept." of the Southern Cypress Mfrs. Assn. is a sort of national headquarters for home-loving people who either are thinking of building or of "fixing up the old place." Its service is prompt, personal, friendly and always authoritative. It recommends the use of Cypress, the "Wood Eternal," only when that lumber is the best for YOU. The whole Good Housekeeping family, and their friends, are invited to test its spirit and facilities.

A Liquid Stove Polish

Just put a little StovOil on your stove or rag. Pass rag over stove, and you'll secure a beautiful black finish in a jiffy, without even soiling your hands.

Ask your dealer or send us, today, 50c for trial bottle.

Superior Laboratories
Dept. 10
Grand Rapids, Mich.

STVOIL
Cleans-Polishes-Kills Rust

It's Easy To Save

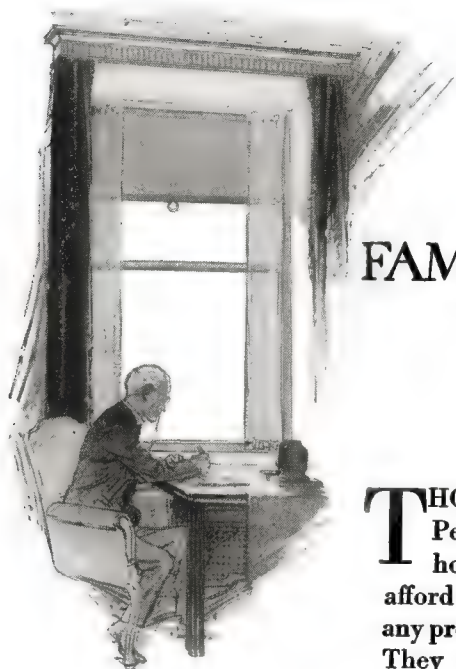
on a Combination Gas and Coal Range Like This

Write for the Kalamazoo Catalog

Get our wholesale price on this beautiful combination range—burns gas, coal or wood. Everyone knows Kalamazoo high quality—but do you know how much Kalamazoo prices can save you? Get our catalog and find out. Cash or easy payments. Quick shipment. We pay freight. Also get money-saving prices on white enameled metal kitchen cabinets, fireless cookers, furnaces, etc.

Ask for Catalog No. 107
★ KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Kalamazoo Direct to You



FAMOUS WINDOWS

~ THE PENNSYLVANIA HOTEL

THOSE who have made the Pennsylvania the wonderful hostelry that it is, could not afford to permit within its walls any product of second-rate quality.

They required enduring, consistent, *unnoticed* perfection in the shade service given in every room—whether the “Statesmen’s Suite” (here pictured) or single rooms.

Answering such exacting specifications there was but one choice—Hartshorn. So in the Pennsylvania, as in other Statler Hotels, Hartshorn Shade Rollers and Shade Fabrics serve day after day—as dependable as daylight.

In hotel and club, college and home, the name “Hartshorn” associated with Shades and Shade Rollers, is a guarantee of the elimination of all shade troubles.



STEWART HARTSHORN CO., 250 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Good Housekeeping carries the announcements of schools and camps in the six issues, April thru September. During these six months, schools and camps are classified geographically under state headings. All schools and camps appearing in Good Housekeeping are investigated and approved so that you may feel confident in making your choice from the schools and camps appearing in our pages.

THE SERVICE BUREAU of Good Housekeeping is maintained thru the entire year so that we may be of assistance to you in making the right selection of a school or camp.

Tell us the type of school or camp you wish, locality, age and sex of prospective student or camper and expense to be incurred and we will immediately put the right schools or camps in touch with you.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

119 WEST 40th STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Furnishings and Decorations

making models before executing the final piece, when so requested.

2. *Furniture Finished to Order*, made in comparatively small quantities from well-considered designs and held by the maker in an unfinished state ready for finishing in the specific manner desired by the purchaser. Advantage, the opportunity of displaying imagination and originality of treatment at comparatively small cost; confidence in the stability of designs, because such furniture can be made profitably only by concerns large enough to keep adequate records; a guaranty of good wood condition because this is absolutely essential where this type of service is offered. The disadvantages are the necessity of purchasing in advance of your immediate needs in order to allow adequate execution; difficulty of obtaining this type of furniture due to the small number of concerns equipped to render this service; unwillingness of the average salesman to give the detailed attention necessary to transmitting this type of order.

3. *Stock Furniture*, designed primarily to appeal to the average commercial buyer and produced in large quantities, whether costly or otherwise, too often without much regard for the niceties of design, finish, or construction.

Modern Furniture Design

Modern methods of designing furniture show a sharp difference between the first two classes just enumerated and the last. In classes one and two the designer is a permanent member of the organization. If the manufacturer is well established he is apt to have a fine library on furniture, and the heads of the firm take a vital interest in each new design. Authentic illustrations are studied, original models are purchased, and frequently the manufacturer buys museum pieces and puts them in his own permanent collection. The old pieces are not slavishly copied, but the fundamental principles of construction and style are preserved, while pieces are created that conform to the needs of modern homes.

In class three, which comprises the great majority of the larger factories, economic necessity prevents the permanent employment of a high-grade designer. The result is that what might be termed itinerant designers make up sketches each year of what they conceive is apt to be good sellers, and the manufacturer works these up with price as the main consideration and a careful eye always on the watch for what his competitors are doing. The most glaring error in this sort of designing is the fact that the furniture is often a cheap copy of something that originally was expensive. Good designs are debased, queer curves and ornamentation are indulged in under the guise of some “period,” and the furniture is sold as Jacobean or Queen Anne or is given the name of one of the great cabinetmakers of the past. It would be far better were all the makers of “stock” furniture to follow the example of a wise minority who have preferred to reproduce unpretentious forms that are at least true to themselves, and to spend on better finish and construction the money that now is wasted in false and ill-conceived ornament.

Setting Higher Standards

If every home-maker, when selecting furniture of moderate price, would encourage honesty and sincerity in furniture design by giving the preference to simple forms which express these qualities, and in whose construction good wood and joinery are evident, rather than to showy and elaborate pieces, the very price of which indicates that they are unsound in conception, a gratifying improvement in manufacturing standards would be inevitable.

In the furnishing of our homes we all have treasures that are of peculiar significance, and the greater our knowledge and discrimination, the more completely do our homes become a fitting expression of our best selves.

The Martyr's Crown

(Continued from page 60)

And that lease can't hang much longer. I've got to see to it."

Corinna's shoulders straightened. "But I promised Nan particularly we wouldn't be late. Her dinner all hangs on the *entrée*, and it's to be ready to serve at seven sharp. I wouldn't disappoint Nan for worlds. It's to be a very smart dinner."

"Oh, for the love of Mike!" Andy tried to make his tone indulgent, but there was a rasping edge underneath. "You women! A vital problem's at issue—our home for the next two years—and you'd dash it for a 'smart *entrée*'! As if five minutes more or less meant life or death to the dinner!"

"It does," said Corinna rigidly.

"Well, let's not waste time arguing about it. I'm in no mood for argument; I'm dog-tired. I'll call a taxi. It'll only take a minute to fix up the lease."

BUT it took much more than a minute. To begin with, the agent for twenty-six and a half minutes let them nourish their patience as best they might, while he remained invisible and unreachable in some inner sanctum. The Bensons were not alone in waiting till the eleventh hour to fix up their lease, and when he finally received them, he was harassed as well as adamant. So for twenty-one more minutes the two men displayed their fagged nerves while Corinna fidgeted. It was twenty minutes past six when she said:

"Please *sign* it or *don't* sign it, Andy. Look at that clock!"

Her husband glanced at her in impatient surprise, but all he said, in a voice he tried for appearance's sake to make light, was:

"I'll put it up to you, then. Shall I sign it?"

"Yes, please. Do *something*."

Rather grimly Andy signed the lease. There was an atmosphere of tension in the elevator which carried them down to the meter-ticking taxi. Then, after Andy had helped her in and just before he gave the address to the chauffeur, he relaxed his grimness a trifle.

"Oh, by the way, I told Jones we'd drop by his place for a cocktail."

"*What?*" incredulously.

"He was in the office today, and when I happened to mention you were coming in on the way home, he asked us to drop by. You know I've got a deal on, and Jones can do it a good turn. It'll take only a few minutes. It showed a mighty decent, friendly spirit. He said his wife wanted to know you better, and—"

But this rather elaborate explanation was interrupted by a cry of exasperation:

"Andrew Benson! Of all the utterly thoughtless, crazy things to do! Just like a man! Even if you hadn't known we were going to be rushed, to drag me like that into the house of a woman I barely know!"

"Well, she says she wants to know you b—"

But again he was interrupted rudely:

"Oh, stuff! Besides, when I look like a frump—!"

"You look all right." Then, seeing the storm in her eyes, more appeasingly, "You always look lovely."

"Andrew Benson! You know and I know exactly how I look. I wouldn't step foot in that woman's house, in this suit, for a million dollars! You know that Park Avenue neighborhood—I can imagine her apartment! And you actually thought you could drag me in there to sit and look like a dragged fool while—"

"I was merely thinking it was mighty decent of Jones and that he can—"

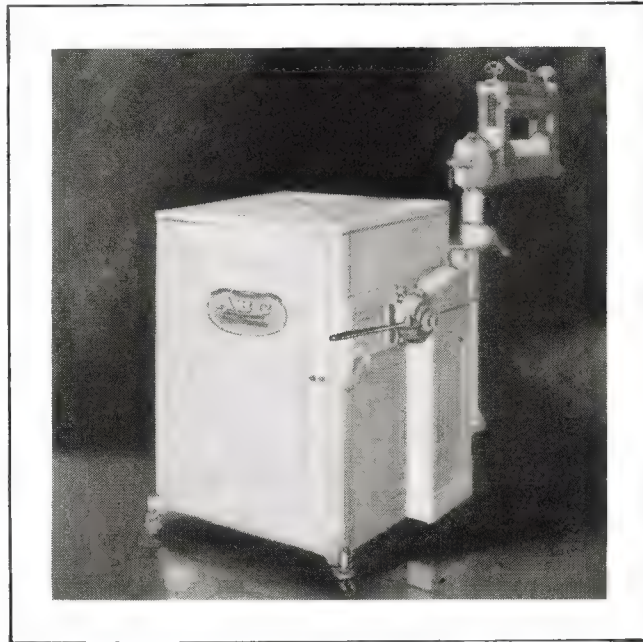
"Well, we're not going. Dropping all other considerations, it's nearly seven o'clock. And we're gaining no time standing here arguing."

"Very well! I'll phone Jones from the house." And Andy gave the chauffeur the home address in a voice a shade too resigned.

Grim silence rode with them in the stuffy

★ A B C

Electric Laundress



Be Doubly Certain You're Right!

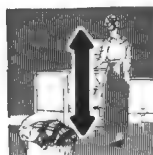
It is a puzzle to decide between electric washers that merely lift and dip (↑) and those that simply rock and toss (↻) the clothes. For each of these leading methods has so many advantages. Double certainty of a correct choice, however, is assured by the A B C *Electric Laundress* that washes both ways (↕). Further, you get this twofold efficiency at no extra cost. And you obtain a washer endorsed for years by legions of users, long approved by Good Housekeeping Institute,

guaranteed by large and successful makers—pioneers in the industry—and recommended by experienced electrical appliance dealers noted for prompt, courteous service.

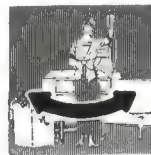
Investigate the A B C *Electric Laundress*; learn how quietly it operates, how simple and sturdy it is; a near-by dealer will gladly give a demonstration and name convenient terms; write today for illustrated book, "The A B C of Washday."

ALTORFER BROS. COMPANY

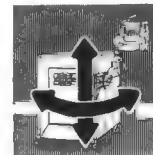
Pioneer and leading makers of power washers
PEORIA, ILL. NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
Factories and Executive Offices: Peoria, Illinois



Some electric washers **lift and dip** the soiled fabrics in a tub of sudsy water. And it is a good method.....



Other electric washers **rock and toss** the soiled fabrics to and fro in sudsy water. And it is a good method.



The ABC Electric Laundress **does both**. Rapidly it alternates these good methods. And so it combines their advantages.....

Copyright 1921, ALTORFER BROS. COMPANY



The Martyr's Crown

corfines of the cab. Nor, in the recently and sacrificially secured home environment did equanimity, during the flurry of dressing, reassert itself.

"There, I might have known it! The shoulder-straps are all wrong! I can't wear it at all!"

At the fretful exclamation Andy half-turned from the chiffonier mirror where he was waging the perennial masculine battle of the dress tie. "What's the trouble?" he asked in the tone one uses when one hopes one's question won't be answered.

"My new pink taffeta—I was counting on it. Nan asked me to look my best. It came while I was out this afternoon, and it's *wrong!*"

"Well, that doesn't bring the world to an end, does it? You've got tons of pretty clothes. Wear that yellow-colored dress."

"At the cleaner's."

"Well, why not that black peek-a-boo thing?" giving a mental groan. "It's the most becoming dress you have, anyway."

"That old rag? I've worn it to death. They'll think I was born in it!"

"I've always considered it a particularly becoming dress," stated Andy in his most formal manner.

"Well, I guess it'll *have* to do." Her voice was a wail.

THE husband, returning to his tie, entered upon a private masculine soliloquy which with but slight variations has been soliloquized many, many times. Why was it that a woman, immediately a new gown failed, found she had absolutely nothing fit to wear? Of course Corinna had plenty of clothes—pretty and becoming, too, all of them. And even had she been really dependent on this new shoulder-strapped affair, she was showing characteristic improvidence by waiting till the last hurried minute to make sure the necessary garment was shipshape. But no; Corinna wasn't capable of any common-sense forehandedness. She must, of course, go downtown and tire herself out in the shops. Why the performance they term "shopping" should make women peevish he couldn't see, but it did. She was peevish when she first came to the office, and God knows a peevish woman is not the crown a man would choose for a trying day! And she was irresponsible, light-minded—chattering about *entrées* when, with just a few extra minutes, he could probably have brought that agent around. And to what stubborn lengths she could carry her frivolous self-centered folly! Jones was a man worth cultivating, but was Corinna capable of seeing that? Of course not—if some silly pastime was in the balance! What a helpmeet.

He was silently summing up his grievances against her when he heard the peevishness let out again.

"I told that dressmaker the shoulder-straps were wrong. But naturally—"

Andy couldn't resist loosing one of his secret recriminations. "Well," he cut in, "why didn't you attend to it earlier? Why didn't you make sure the what-you-call-'ems were either right or wrong—one way or the other—this afternoon?"

At his tone of censure her own quickly shaded from mere peevishness to something hard and hostile. "You know why I didn't," she said. "I was shopping."

"Oh, yes, you were shopping."

It was surely not his words, that phrase of trite repetition, that opened the flood-gates of her indignation. No, it was his inflection, an inflection which accused her of being a vain, foolish, careless, ridiculous, ignoble wastrel. In her heart she flamed out at him, fairly shouted her fierce retorts.

But because her eye was on the clock and because she didn't want to wear in public the lingering aura of an open quarrel, all she said was: "Will you please hook me up?"

They arrived at the Gayleys' only seventeen minutes late, and as the hostess had, in the

Use It in the Birthday Cake

For making those dainty cake icings there is no better milk than Carnation. In this as in all other forms of cooking it is most economical and convenient. Just cows' milk evaporated to the thickness of cream and sterilized. Use Carnation also as cream for coffee, desserts and cereals. Write for our Cook Book. We will send it free.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY

226 Consumers Building, Chicago
326 Stuart Building, Seattle

Carnation

"From Contented Cows"



Milk

The label is red and white

Cocoanut Cake— $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 1 heaping teaspoonful baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls Carnation Milk, 6 tablespoonfuls water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful vanilla, whites of two eggs. Cream butter and sugar. Sift flour and baking powder three times. Add alternately with the Carnation Milk, which has been thoroughly mixed with the water. Add vanilla and the whites of eggs which have been beaten stiff. Make in two layers, and use plain filling between the layers.

Cocoanut Frosting—Soak a cup of shredded cocoanut in 4 tablespoonfuls Carnation Milk diluted with 4 tablespoonfuls water for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Drain off superfluous moisture; squeeze until dry. Boil 2 cups granulated sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water together until it threads. Pour slowly, beating constantly, onto stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Spread on cake and sprinkle cocoanut over before frosting hardens.

Cream Puffs With Custard Filling—2 cups butter, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup flour, 3 large or 4 small

eggs. Boil water and butter together; add flour and stir thoroughly; then add the beaten eggs. Bake 25 to 30 minutes in a medium oven. Cool on a wire cake rack, split one side and put in custard filling. Serve with whipped Carnation Milk over top.

Spice Cakes (With Chocolate Icing)— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls Carnation Milk, 4 tablespoonfuls water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful baking powder, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful mace, 1 teaspoonful nutmeg, 1 teaspoonful allspice, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour. Cream butter and sugar; add molasses and beaten eggs. Sift soda, baking powder and flour together, and add alternately to butter and sugar with Carnation Milk which has been diluted with water. Beat well and add spices. Bake in gem pans for 20 minutes. Add chocolate icing to top if desired.

There are many other recipes as good as these in the Carnation Recipe Book. Send for it.



Don't experiment when you build your home.

THAT was the advice that appeared in the headline of a recent advertisement in *Good Housekeeping*.

It is the sanest possible advice that can be given to any prospective builder of a home. But it is hardly necessary advice to the readers of *Good Housekeeping*.

In its editorial pages, *Good Housekeeping* has for years given the latest procurable information regarding home-building and all its details. Its recommendations have been the result of constant experimentation and experience. Famous architects and builders and decorators have collaborated—and are still collaborating.

It is expected therefore that a reader of *Good Housekeeping* need do no experimenting when he decides to build a home. He has had the most authoritative counsel and instruction at his disposal. In addition, he has had the most *authoritative advertising* at his disposal.

Good Housekeeping does not feel that its whole home-building department is in its editorial pages. Only part of it is there. The balance—a very important balance—is in the advertising pages.

In those pages you will find the announcements of the manufacturers of approved heating systems, plumbing systems, building materials, wall finishes, lighting equipment, the many refinements such as furniture and silverware and linen—and so on, including everything that is required.

And the advertisements are more than *selling* talks. They may be read for information, for comparison. What the manufacturers have to offer is the result of long experience. And their finished products are vouched for by *Good Housekeeping*. Everything is covered by *Good Housekeeping's* guarantee, which is given in full on page 4.





What I Saw

By a visitor at the Van Camp kitchens

I went to the Van Camp kitchens, to learn how they baked the Beans which are unexcelled.

I found a palace, clean as wax—the finest kitchen in the world. It cost, they said, \$1,700,000.

The cooks were college-trained. An enormous laboratory checked their results. Domestic science experts watched quality and flavor.

How experts now bake beans

Beans are selected by analysis. The cooking water is freed from minerals, for minerals make skins tough.

The baking is done in sealed containers, so flavor can't escape. Modern steam ovens are employed. Thus beans are baked for hours at high heat without being crisped or broken.

A matchless sauce has been perfected, and

it never varies. It is baked with the beans, so every atom shares its tang and zest.

An expert in modern cookery served me several kinds of baked beans. Some were crisped, some broken, some hard, some tough.

Then she served Van Camp's—mealy, mellow, zesty, whole, easy to digest. And I knew why millions, men and women, have been won to this new dish.

One meal of Van Camp's will change your ideas on Baked Beans. This need not be a crude dish, not hard to digest. It can be more delicious than meat, and be served at a third the cost. Order a few cans and see.



Utmost Care

I found culinary experts in charge of every process. They told me that years have been spent to perfect this dish, and some \$100,000.

★ **VAN CAMP'S**

Pork and Beans

Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups	Evaporated Milk	Spaghetti	Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne	Catsup	Chili Sauce, etc.	

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

The Martyr's Crown

foresighted way of hostesses, set the imperative arrival hour fifteen minutes ahead, the two-minute tardiness did not absolutely devastate the *entrée*. Corinna, in the taxi, had spoken only to bewail her toilette—all *his* fault, naturally!—but, despite her avowed dowdiness, under the stimulus of a public gaze she oddly enough turned vivacious, assured, radiant. As Andy watched her sparkle, he was conscious of a fresh grievance against her. Oh, yes, she could be amiable and charming—for others. It was only he, her mere husband, who didn't count. He watched her sourly as she chatted and laughed, with that happy, triumphant air, with her dinner companion. This recipient of her smiles was a man Andy had never liked anyway. His name was Victor Turley, and though a successful broker, he wrote poetry and even an occasional play on the side. He was good-looking and dapper, was accounted a wit, and was much sought after by dinner hostesses. But Andy didn't like him. He had been a conspicuous satellite of Corinna's before her marriage.

Now, glowering at the joyous pair across the table, Andy forgot to do his conversational duty by the lady seated next him. So on the way from the dining-room toward the card-tables Corinna managed to fling him an unobtrusive aside:

"For heaven's sake, stop sulking! People are noticing. Nan asked if you weren't feeling well."

Stop sulking! The adjuration didn't serve to ameliorate his feelings. She could accuse him of sulking simply because he was fagged and bored and justifiably displeased with her. She had dragged him here: it was *her* wish that they come. For his part he preferred his own home at the end of a strenuous day. What did people have homes for? But women didn't figure it that way—at any rate, Corinna didn't. What did she care if her husband had grappled with vexatious problems all the day, toiling to make *her* a living, to satisfy her extravagant caprices! She cared nothing, nothing at all.

His ruminations didn't help him to enjoy the bridge game. He told himself he loathed playing cards with gabby women. A good, intelligently played bridge game was all right, but women were incapable of fixing their minds on anything that excluded gossip and clothes.

HE vouchsafed a glance at his wife but, chancing on a slow up-fluttering of her lashes toward her partner, Victor, he returned bitterly to his pictured kings and queens. Her coquetry was insatiable. She carried it even to the bridge table.

He tried not to look at her again, but presently he overheard her saying:

"No, he isn't feeling well tonight. I think maybe he's getting bored with me. We've been married a whole year next week, you know."

She laughed lightly, but Andy thought the remark in extremely bad taste. Then, to his added disapproval, she turned toward him and called out:

"Andy, are you tired of me? Would you like me to run down to Lakewood and give you a few days' vacation?"

He forced a wry smile as he answered: "As you wish."

"Will you give me the money to go?" brightly.

"No," he replied shortly. "If you plan holidays alone, you can carry them out alone."

The second the words escaped his lips he was horror-stricken; he had the masculine abhorrence of domestic bickerings in public. What had impelled him to say such a thing before all these outsiders? Some swift, malicious devil had prompted him. No, it was Corinna. She preached at him about sulking, yet she gradually, persistently irritated him, goaded him, till she made him act like a boulder! His budget of private grievances swelled. Nor did the subject and object of them appease him any whit by passing over his outburst with a deprecating smile.



Lemon Juice vs. Vinegar

FAMOUS CHEFS and hundreds of thousands of housewives are coming more and more to the use of lemon juice in place of vinegar.

They are serving it on vegetables and with salads in French dressing and mayonnaise.

The dietetic reason for lemon juice lies in the fact that it makes for alkalinity in the blood, a valuable offset to the excess acidity caused by the fat in foods.

But most people use it for its appetizing zest and the daintier flavors it lends to foods.

Use it as regularly as you use pepper and salt, and learn how scores of dishes are improved.

CALIFORNIA
Sunkist
Uniformly Good Lemons

Ask for California Lemons. They are juicy, tart and practically seedless. Get Sunkist if you want the selected California lemons. All first-class dealers, sell them.

California Fruit Growers Exchange

Section 261, Los Angeles, California

Send for FREE book, "Sunkist Recipes," containing 126 recipes for the use of lemons by Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston.





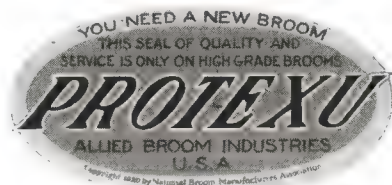
You Have Some Little Corners in Your Home

but they never stop you when you're sweeping with a "universal cleaner." Every inch of rug and floor space can be cleaned thoroughly and easily with *one operation*. Stairways, halls, closets and furniture-hidden nooks are better cleaned with a good, light, pliant broom.

Demand the "PROTEXU" Seal

For easy, clean sweeping see that your new broom bears the "Protexu" Seal of the Allied Broom Industries. This seal does just what it says, "Protects You", and the dealer who sells you brooms. It is found only on brooms of high quality—brooms that make sweeping an easy, pleasant task.

Do you know it's easy to sweep without dust? Though women have been using the thorough "universal cleaner" for more than two thousand years there are many little-known useful helps about brooms. An illustrated booklet will be sent on request. Ask for it.



ALLIED BROOM INDUSTRIES
1319 City Hall Square Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

"YOU NEED A NEW BROOM"

The Martyr's Crown

"Andy is tired," she said. "He's had a very hard day."

She smiled at him there before the outsiders, but as soon as she had him alone on the way home, she turned on him freezingly.

"I hope you're proud of yourself," she uttered. "Making yourself a sulky spectacle before our friends and then, when I try to smooth things over, openly to insult me!"

Now Andy, even after eleven and three-quarters months of married life, was afraid of her displeasure, intimidated by her anger. But he summoned his grievances to his support and, just as frigidly, answered: "Yours is a unique method of smoothing things over. And I did not insult you. You're talking like a baby."

She shot a sidewise glance at him. His profile looked set, ruthless, savage. A thrill almost of fear went through her, that queer excitement not entirely unpleasurable a woman feels when she discovers a strain of brute force in the man she loves. But she kept her tone unaltered.

"You did insult me. You the same as said you wouldn't be responsible for my bills. Everybody noticed."

"Well, you brought it on yourself. You seem to ignore the fact that you were making a fool out of me."

"Making a fool out of you? What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean—" Then, breaking off with an impatient gesture: "Oh, what's the use of arguing with a woman? I've heard of the 'war of the sexes'; and a marriage experience proves it's no idle phrase. But I'm tired. I'll lay down! Anything for a little peace."

"If you're going to put on the martyr's crown," she said passionately, "I'd like to speak a few facts. What credit do I get for slopping around for hours in musty basements, running from place to place in the rain just to save you a few pennies? *That's* what I was doing this afternoon, hunting bargains for your house. But you make a crime of it, self-righteously accusing me of heaven-knows-what. I may not be a model housekeeper but—" Her voice broke, but she went on resolutely: "Only a year ago I was a girl with nothing to worry about, nothing to do but think of a good time. I may fall short—one can't learn *everything* in a year. But I have made my own sacrifices, I can assure you, trying to make a home for you. And then what does 'home' mean to you? I can tell you!—Something you'd let go simply because the rent's raised a few dollars!"

HER voice broke again on the last words. Andy perceived that her emotional excitement surpassed even his own. Her hands and shoulders were twitching; he suspected there were tears in her eyes.

He quickly looked out the taxi window not to see the tears. Her tears always conquered him, and he told himself this was no time weakly to give in. So, staring out the window, he said aloud, "Speaking of martyr's crowns, it seems to me you're wearing a fair-sized one yourself."

At this juncture they arrived at their domicile. He fitted his latch-key in the lock, stood aside for her to enter, followed silently after, tossed his hat on the hall table, and marched immediately into his own room. Through a crack in the door he heard her approach the cook's quarters, heard her address that functionary with charming friendliness.

Presently he heard her pass with sauntering steps into the living-room. Then there was a long silence. What was she doing in there? He started to think up some excuse to saunter into the living-room himself. Perhaps he'd been a bit hard on her. Perhaps he ought to— But no, he would not! He'd stand his ground this once, even if he died standing it. But what *could* she be doing?

What Corinna was doing was some concentrated, swift thinking. This adamant aspect

What Our Friend the Architect Told Us

Facts that Every Home Builder Needs on Construction

*Sun Parlor in
Residence of
E. V. Price,
Lake Forest, Ill.*

*Plaster on
Metal Lath*



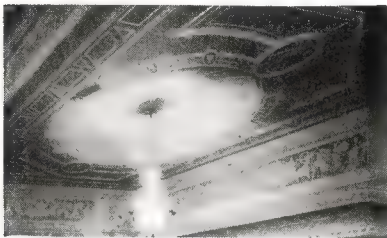
*Architect,
Ernest A. Mayo,
Chicago*

How to Prevent Plaster from Cracking in Your Home

THE young wife and her husband were asking questions of their old friend, the Architect.

"Isn't there some way to put up plaster so it won't crack," asked the wife.

"Think of the money that would save," added her husband. "Repairing and redecorating are a terrible expense all the time."



*Theatre Ceiling - Plaster on Metal Lath
Will never crack or scale*

"Plaster won't crack if it's put up on metal lath," replied the Architect. "Did you ever think that the beautiful ceilings in the best public buildings don't

crack? Why not? Come over to where the new picture theatre is going up and I'll show you."

Only about half the ceiling and walls in the new theatre had been plastered. The rest was covered with sheets of steel mesh. "That's metal lath," said the Architect. "When the plaster is embedded in that steel mesh it forms an unbreakable union. That plaster will never crack."

Plaster That Won't Crack

"It's just like reinforced concrete," said the wife.

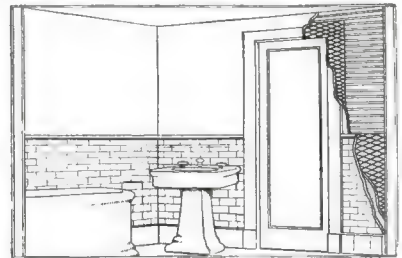
"The same principle," said the Architect. I saw a test at the Armour Institute of Technology. The framework, representing a partition, was bent to an unbelievable extent and the plaster on metal lath did not crack."

"Isn't it expensive?"

"No. It is so economical that everybody ought to use it. It pays for itself. It not only prevents cracks but it is fire protection for both plaster and stucco.

Send for Booklet

"Now," continued the Architect, "I want you to send for an illustrated pamphlet called 'The Essentials of



How to use Metal Lath to prevent cracks in kitchen and bathroom wainscot and around doors.

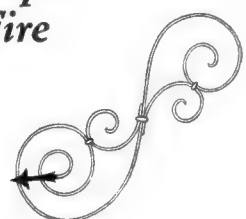
Building.' It will be sent on request and will tell you all about how to prevent cracks and stop fire. The booklet is full of information. There is no charge, no obligation, no advertising. It's free but the edition is limited. Write today to the Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago."

**Prevents
Cracks**



Metal Lath

**Stops
Fire**



Send This Coupon for Booklet

Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers, Dept 2682 72 W. Adams St., Chicago

Dear Sirs: Please send me your booklet, "The Essentials of Building". I understand it is free and there is no obligation, and no manufacturer's advertising in it. I am planning to build Yes ☐ No ☐

My architect, or builder is

Name.....

Address

COFFEE



Flavor it with Coffee

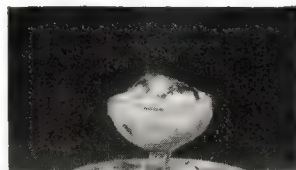
MANY food dishes gain a new delight when flavored with COFFEE. Especially tempting are COFFEE flavored desserts, sauces and sweets.

To use COFFEE as a flavor, make it just as you would for a beverage and then mix with the other ingredients.

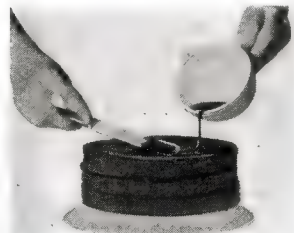
COFFEE is always available in every kitchen. It is economical. And everyone likes it.

Try this tempting flavor in cakes, puddings, custards and ice cream.

This advertisement is part of an educational campaign conducted by the leading COFFEE merchants of the United States in co-operation with the planters of the State of Sao Paulo, Brazil, which produces more than half of all the COFFEE used in the United States of America.



Coffee Tapioca



Coffee Layer Cake



Coffee Ice Cream

"FLAVOR IT WITH COFFEE," a little book of 18 new recipes will be sent free on request. Address—

Joint Coffee Trade Publicity Committee
74 Wall St., New York, N. Y.



This is the sign of The Coffee Club. Look for it in dealers' windows. It will help you find good coffee.

The Martyr's Crown

of her husband was something new to her. She resented it fiercely, virulently, but a subtle whispering had risen in her, asking whether it was wise to show her resentment so bitterly. Of course the resentment would remain and she marshaled her counts against him again—callous, no sentiment, dogmatic, sullen, sneering, brutal. Who'd have thought the Andy she fell in love with would ever turn out like this? Then a sudden thought brought swift panic:

Was it, perhaps, that *their* marriage was going to smash—even now on its first rock? Oh, horrible! It couldn't be! Such a calamity surely couldn't come of such comparatively petty initial bickerings. Why, she couldn't even remember exactly what had started the trouble. Such a monstrous result *couldn't* ensue. Yet she had read somewhere that such were the apparently infinitesimal beginnings of all matrimonial disasters. Oh, such a thing couldn't happen—yet it did. Every day you read of divorces. They were so common you didn't give them a thought, or the causes underlying them, till their possibility came into your own home.

DIVORCE! Her dismal eyes went over to Andy's easy chair. She could almost see him lolling in it, his head enwreathed with blue tobacco smoke. To think that some day she might be no longer able to see that picture in reality! She couldn't bear it; she couldn't bear contemplating life without Andy. Full of faults as he was, she somehow needed him. She loved him. Love was a mysterious, inexplicable thing; it made you require the beloved, disregarding all his imperfections. And she must go on loving Andy thus all her days.

Her thoughts gradually, subtly, went off on a tack of contemplative planning. Since this was so, since she loved Andy and could never endure separation from him, she must be on guard lest little rifts grow bigger. This thing of tonight must not be allowed its own head; she must stop it some way.

But how? She had her natural woman's pride to reckon with. But she thought she could win him back to softness without sacrificing too much of her dignity. If she sacrificed just a shred of it, well, what matter? Yes, she reflected, she would cloak her resentments—except when it was safe and expedient to bare them. At present her problem and desire was to soften Andy. She regarded the problem with faintly smiling eyes. Her lips, though still sad, took on the slightest hint of a curve. She had confidence in her capabilities.

So it was that after Andy had been solitarily wondering and fuming a considerable while, he was simultaneously relieved and nonplussed to hear a seductive voice call out:

"Oh, Andy."

He pretended not to hear. But the voice came again, more sweetly still. He was relieved, but adherence to principle made his own tone brusque as he answered:

"Yes. What is it?"

"What are you doing, dear?"

Once more the outraged and outrageous husband gave a figurative gesture of amaze. That drippingly sweet "dear"! Women were incomprehensible. "Smoking my pipe," he said briefly.

"Why not smoke it in here?"

Why not, indeed? He could think of no excuse that would not sound puerile. So he stalked into the living-room. Corinna was lounging gracefully in an easy chair, attitude and manner signifying she hadn't a bother in the world, but on his entrance, she rose and moved toward him. She surveyed him solicitously, then reached out and patted his arm.

"Poor dear! You look so tired!" And then the incalculable creature tiptoed up and kissed him!

She knew that he could not entirely resist the appeal of that kiss, and he knew that she

COFFEE - the universal drink



The Can that makes Summer last all year long

★
LUSCIOUS fruits from the world's finest orchards — "packed where they ripen the day they are picked" — ever ready to serve, with all their natural fresh charm and delicacy. That is the supreme quality — the convenience — the rich summer abundance that DEL MONTE offers you all the year round in over a hundred varieties of fruits, vegetables and food specialties.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, Cal.

DEL MONTE RECIPES OF FLAVOR, our new book, containing hundreds of simple & economical ways to serve canned foods will help you add tasty, healthful variety to mid-winter meals. Send for a free copy, address Department B, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

GLIDDEN

PAINTS - VARNISHES - INSECTICIDES



Do It with Jap-a-Lac

"Why not have things about *your* home bright and new?" asks the little Glidden Jap-a-lac girl. *Why not* when there's a Jap-a-lac Household Finish in every kind and color, all ready for instant use? *Why not* keep furniture, woodwork and floors from getting run down when there's pleasure in the *doing* and endless satisfaction in the Jap-a-lac result?

Jap-a-lac is a renewing agent that finds economical use in millions of homes. The Jap-a-lac result is as familiar as the package itself. Everyone knows Jap-a-lac. Because of this reputation and the demand which naturally follows, there are Glidden Dealers in every locality. To insure the result be sure you get genuine Jap-a-lac—Glidden Jap-a-lac.

The Glidden Company
National Headquarters **Cleveland Ohio**

The Martyr's Crown

knew it. He knew that she knew it was more potent than any verbal argument or spoken surrender. He couldn't help that something hard in him going soft at the touch of her lips, but because he knew that she knew and had anticipated this effect, he tried to make it go hard again. She wasn't going to put it over on him so easily as that. Wantonly to raise the dickens, and then without a word, with a single endearment, to think she could set things right again! Well, she'd find he wasn't so easy!

So he submitted to the caress with a certain stiff reserve. She appeared not to notice.

"Kiss me," she said.

He stared at her for a moment rather helplessly: Then:

"Oh, well—" And he kissed her.

"I don't call that much of a kiss," she pouted.

"Don't you?" And he withdrew from her an almost imperceptible space.

Corinna said nothing further. Only turned and sauntered across the room, stooped to pick up the evening paper, scanned the headlines a minute, then dropped the sheet, stretched her arms languorously, and yawned. "I'm sleepy," she said. "I think I'll get to bed."

Nothing in her idle, casual air to indicate anything beyond that idle casualness. But Andy, by this time, knew better than to appraise a woman's true feelings by what they appeared to be. He knew enough to be the more greatly perturbed by his wife's serene demeanor. He'd have felt easier had she shown open offense. When a woman puts on a mask, only herself and God know what's going on underneath. And this new complacency didn't extend farther than the skin—that much he'd gamble on.

HE was right. With calm deliberation she removed the black lace gown and took down her hair, but within she was in a state of emotional turmoil. Rancor had flamed up again; he had repulsed her advances! Well, she wouldn't make another move. Let him do that now—on his knees. Nor would she even then too amicably forgive him. With a sort of gloating triumph she pictured him penitent and beseeching.

Then came a pricking question: But what if he should not make that reconciliatory move? What if he maintained this new, hard reserve till the estrangement became forever irremediable? Well, it would never be remedied then! She had humbled her pride, and he had repulsed her. She would concede no more. Whatever the outcome. She began to vision probabilities.

"I shall probably go home. My life will be ruined, but I shall keep a smiling front. No one shall ever suspect; he least of all—the brute!"

So she shook down her hair with that air of smiling preoccupation, but after the light was turned out she let hot, mortified, angry, bitter, self-pitying tears escape down her cheeks. She quietly cried herself to sleep.

But long after she was breathing in unconscious tranquillity, Andy stared into the dark with dry burning eyes. "Oh marriage!" was the preponderant theme of his thoughts. He harked back to his fond, blind preconceptions. What a sublimely blind fool he had been! Now he had true vision. Marriage was a mysterious, viciously-changing flood which, because two individualities can never mingle as one, swirled inevitably into whirlpools of peril. He tried to review the events which had led up to the present calamitous climax but without much success. It was hard to capture and analyze the devilish little turns and twists which had so swiftly brought them to such a pass. But that they were at the pass was outstanding and undisputable. And he said to himself as countless billions of men and women since those first connubial days in the Garden have said to themselves, "I wonder if our marriage could have been a mistake?"

Can You Clean Your Radiators?

A clean room—a radiator full of dust!

But you are not to blame, for there has never been a satisfactory way of getting the dust out until the arrival of the Fuller Radiator Brush. Now you can clean in between the radiator sections, from top to bottom, easily and thoroly with this big, bushy brush of China Chunking bristles. Its 36 inch handle enables you to brush thru the radiator lengthwise. It is easy to rinse clean and you will never be able to wear one out.

This is only one of forty-five Fuller Brushes, each as well designed for its specific purpose, each guaranteed. All are of sanitary, open construction; are durable and have the bristles permanently twisted in wire.

These forty-five brushes have 69 different uses which are demonstrated to you in your own home by our carefully supervised representatives. These men are trained in household efficiency and bring many ideas that will save you both time and labor. If one has not called lately—write us.

The Fuller Brush Company
Hartford Connecticut

★ Branch Offices in over 100 cities—consult telephone directory

FULLER BRUSHES
 69 USES - HEAD TO FOOT - CELLAR TO ATTIC

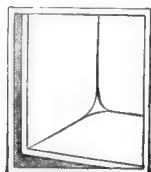
Let the "Kitchen Maid" be Your Kitchen Aid



*"— Convenience and Sanitation
that's why I chose the Kitchen Maid"*

Present-day women know that *two* things are important in a Kitchen Cabinet. They want everything in one convenient place before them—but they want that place *clean*. Sanitation is an absolute essential in the place where you keep and prepare your food. It's what you get in the Kitchen Maid, because all outside surfaces are *smooth*, without panels and without cracks to catch and hold dirt. And the inside corners are rounded, so they can be instantly wiped clean. The Kitchen Maid construction actually eliminates 78 dust-catching corners.

These are important sanitary advantages found only in the Kitchen Maid.



Rounded Interior Corners in the Kitchen Maid make this cabinet as easy to wipe clean as a bowl.

With a Kitchen Maid in your kitchen you have all the things you want to cook with right before you, just like any kitchen cabinet. Yet the Kitchen Maid costs no more than cabinets which do not have its sanitary features. See it at your dealer's or write us for full description. Add. Dept. G2.

WASMUTH - ENDICOTT Company - ANDREWS, INDIANA

★ **KITCHEN MAID**
THE SMOOTH SURFACE ROUND CORNER
KITCHEN CABINET

The Martyr's Crown

Nevertheless, next morning as he ate his carefully sweetened grapefruit, he maintained a demeanor aloof and reserved. Not impolite—almost too polite, in fact—but the politeness, say, of an imperial dignitary on a visit of state. Corinna seemed not to notice; she was bright and talkative, yet in her manner, too, there was more than a hint of impersonality. The war was on in earnest.

And thus the conflict rested, no pitched battle for relief, just an atmosphere of wary, watchful, exaggerated politeness, terrific in its tension, for three entire days. Then came the morning of the fourth day.

"Doesn't she know what day this is?" Andy asked himself as he ate his carefully sweetened grapefruit. The meals were perfect these days, milord's smallest preference being zealously catered to, but he, oddly, felt a growing irritation at the very perfection of his household. It was as if Corinna were maliciously and insincerely trying to disprove one of his strongest indictments. "Doesn't she know what day it is?" he asked again. "But of course she does! She'll mention it before I leave. She won't let me go without a word." He reassured himself of this last with a feeling of desperation. The strain was telling on him.

And Corinna was thinking: "Why doesn't he say something? Surely he'll say *something*. Oh, in just a minute he'll mention it."

But Andy didn't mention it. As he was leaving, she forced her voice to inconsequent lightness as she said,

"Back at the usual hour, I suppose."

"Yes, around six."

"Nothing special on for tonight?" No strain apparent in that brightly indifferent tone.

"No, I think not."

"Well, good-by."

"Good-by."

Then, as soon as she heard the slam of the hall door, Corinna threw off her composure as a cloak and, rushing to her own room, flung herself on the bed and cried till she could cry no more.

WHEN the first violence of her pent-up emotion had spent itself, she felt a trifle better. The sense of humiliation and resentment was still there, but in some queer way her hurt lost its in-stinging agony and instead, numbly, with a sort of dispassioned calculation, transformed itself into a desire to hurt him. She wanted him to feel that in-stinging agony, so forgot her own suffering in meditating ways to make him suffer. He deserved to suffer. Hadn't he either forgotten, else deliberately chose to forget, that this was their first wedding anniversary? How could she most effectively and crushingly retaliate for the monstrous, climactic crime?

Suddenly she sprang up and fairly ran to the telephone. Not giving herself pause to think or repent, she called Victor Turley's number and invited him to dinner that evening.

Meanwhile Andy was having a bad time of it with his thoughts. He had sworn to stand firm, but pictures and memories kept rising to tantalize him. Just one year ago today . . . Corinna in her wedding-gown . . . the first days of home-making . . . Who would have dreamed, then, that these past horrible days could ever come to be? How *had* they come? And the conflict gradually began to appear to him, after all, a sort of tempest in a teapot. Had he committed the mistake of making little things too big? Had he been, perhaps, unwarrantably harsh—just a bit? Of course she had her faults, but once he had adored her faults. And he still adored her; that fact was outstanding, paramount. And because he did love her, in punishing her he was punishing himself even more. Perhaps he should forgive her. It would be a magnanimous thing to do.

Whether it was soaring magnanimity, or wretched loneliness, or upstealing remorse, or sentiment, or just plain love—or whether it was a compound of all these that sufficed to



"Without it, no matter how much food we eat,
we are slowly starving our vital tissues"

The new mysterious factor in food

Science discovers the lack of one vital element in our food

Laxatives gradually replaced by this simple food

Ordinary laxatives are of three kinds: coarse substances that may injure the sensitive intestines; oils that merely lubricate; drugs that may form a habit.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food—a conditioner that tends to restore the normal action of the bowels. And it cannot form a habit.

To help the body eliminate waste, take from 1 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day.

For "run-down" condition

How many of us are "not quite fit" morning after morning! How many grow "tired out" easily—lack the full vigor needed for the day's duties and pleasures! For such men and women Fleischmann's Yeast is being prescribed. When "run-down" eat 1 to 3 cakes every day. In acute cases always visit your doctor.

ACERTAIN mysterious element in food called *vitamine*! Science has established that our store of energy and even health itself depend upon it.

Without it, no matter how much food we eat, we are slowly starving the vital tissues upon which we must rely for our strength.

Primitive man secured an abundance of *vitamine* from his raw foods and green leafy vegetables. But modern diet, refined and modified, has often been deprived of much of the water-soluble *vitamine*. One of America's most eminent physiological chemists says: "Long continued . . . general debility follows the continued ingestion of food containing too little of this *vitamine*."

The richest source of this life-giving *vitamine*, it has been discovered, is—yeast!

To get enough of this *vitamine* so essential to health, thousands

are already eating Fleischmann's Yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast assures new stores of health and energy, and brings back a vigor unknown for years.

Physicians and hospitals are prescribing it to stimulate the appetite, help digestion and gradually take the place of laxatives.

A simple food—rich in this almost magic element .

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast before or between meals—from 1 to 3 cakes a day. Nibble it from the cake or spread it with butter on crackers, toast or bread.

Only one precaution: if troubled with gas dissolve yeast first in boiling water.

To learn many interesting facts about the health-giving properties of Fleischmann's Yeast, fill out the coupon below and send for the booklet on this subject.

Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast and get it delivered fresh every day!



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(Address our office in New York, Chicago, Seattle,
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Send me without cost a copy of your new book,
"The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

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Try a good tooth paste made by the makers of Listerine

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

OF COURSE you'll try it. The very fact that you know Listerine so well makes you want to see what Listerine Tooth Paste is like.

So it follows naturally that when the makers of Listerine offer Listerine *Tooth Paste*, you expect something very good.

It's like an old friend introducing a new one—with a recommendation. The Lambert Pharmacal Co. asks you to do what you always do under such circumstances—start the new friend on faith. Then make up your own mind.

That's fair, isn't it? In Listerine Tooth Paste we offer a *good* tooth paste—one that brings results. Not "miracles"; but exceptionally white, clean teeth, and a healthy condition of the mouth—for the best scientific reasons.

For of course there are "reasons why." But are they ever necessary in an introduction between friends? You discover them yourself.

We assure you that we've used our forty years' experience to make a good tooth paste. We leave it to you to call it the *best*.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY ☆ *Makers of* LISTERINE SAINT LOUIS, U.S.A.

The Martyr's Crown

break down his resolution, at any rate, during his lunch hour, young Mr. Benson might have been seen in an expensive jeweler's pricing a pearl hair fillet from the window display. The price seemed to him terrific—he paused for a moment's reflection on the grotesquely disproportionate costs of a woman's mere adornments and of her necessities—but he did not therefore eschew the extravagant trifle. He was, indeed, in a mood for high extravagance, whether from the heights of magnanimity, or of remorseful love, or merely those heights from which masculine eyes view with indulgence the absurd foibles of the inferior sex. So he cheerfully paid the ridiculous sum, pocketed the velvet-cased trinket with tender care—which was no more than was its due considering how miraculously its mere purchase had lightened his heart—and, restraining an impulse to whistle in his blitheness, left the shop.

It was a glittering day of early April, a day to harmonize charmingly with his now buoyant mood. A florist's window drew his eye; the colorful blossoms seemed so exactly in tune with everything. He sauntered nearer the window, at first without any definite intention. Then, on a sudden brilliant inspiration, he entered the shop. Corinna loved flowers; those delicate, yellowish-pink roses shading to a rosy heart were her favorites. He'd send some. Then she might know right away that he was thinking of her, that he had not forgotten the anniversary. He couldn't wait till evening for 'her to know that. And the way would be paved for the grand, triumphantly reconciliatory presentation of the fillet.

HE lived through the long afternoon as impatiently as in his courtship days, and he entered his own door that evening as tumultuously eager as any lover. He found Corinna in her room, dressing; the pink taffeta, whose shoulder-straps had journeyed to the dress-maker and successfully back again, was outspread on the bed.

"Why, you're dolling up!" he exclaimed, excited and pleased. She had accepted his first propitiation, was going to make a little party for them. Just wait till she saw that surprise, and his hand was stealing toward the velvet case when her tone arrested it.

"Oh, yes, rather," came that dreaded casual inflection.

Andy hesitated, wrinkled his brows. What was the matter now? Was she going to be difficult after all? But the flowers—they must have pleased her. Surely she'd say something about the flowers. But Corinna went on doing things to her hair.

Finally, hesitantly, he asked: "Didn't you get the flowers? I had some sent up."

Corinna bent her head, concentrating on one refractory lock. She didn't want to see the hurt, wistful expression she knew was in his eyes. A pang of compunction shot through her, but she resumed her climactic grievance—that cool, callous indifference with which he had gone away that morning of mornings, and with the remembrance she steeled herself, and answered:

"Oh, yes. They're very pretty. Thanks."

Then, just as something seemed to drop heavily into his stomach, he noticed on her dressing-table a large bouquet of orchids. "Why," he exclaimed, "the florist made a mistake!"

"A mistake!"

"Yes, those aren't the ones," pointing. "I selected your favorite roses."

"Oh, those are in the living-room. These are from Victor. I asked him up to dinner—I felt bored, and he's always so amusing. And he sent these. Aren't they exquisite?" And she leaned down to touch her cheek to the exotic, silken petals.

Andy let his hand drop from his pocket. And with that heavy weight churning round inside him, he went without speaking from the room.

Dinner that night was to him an indescrib-



The nursing mother

HEALTH weaves a fairy charm about babyhood. It touches the starlike eyes with fresh beauty; it is the essence of that whiff of baby-sweetness that rises from the warm little bundle; it is the sole inspiration of those gurgly little noises born in the tiny throat.

With a keen yearning for baby's welfare, the wise mother watches her own health. She knows that her physical condition registers its effect upon baby through the milk.

Particularly is she careful to secure regular and thorough elimination of intestinal contents. Such waste, accumulating and allowed to remain in the body, creates dangerous and irritating poisons. These poisons are absorbed by the blood, carried through the body, and infect those cells which provide milk for baby's nourishment.

Leading medical authorities prescribe Nujol for constipation, particularly for the nursing mother, as it cannot be absorbed by the system, and, therefore, can not affect the milk. It does not upset the stomach. It does not cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

Nujol can also be given to the infant with perfect safety and effectiveness.

Nujol works on an entirely new principle. Instead of forcing or irritating the system, it *simply softens the food waste*. This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

Nujol thus prevents constipation, it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation—the healthiest habit in the world. Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

★ **Nujol**
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For Constipation



Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only, bearing the Nujol trade mark. Nujol booklets, "Constipation in Infancy and Childhood", and "Constipation in Pregnancy and Nursing Period", contain much helpful advice and information for mothers. Send coupon for them, today, to The Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 708, 44 Beaver Street, New York. (In Canada, Address Nujol, 22 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.)

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Above are shown the center pages (in color) of the Minerva Knitting Book—picturing famous actresses in Minerva-knit garments.

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liness always.

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JAMES LEES & SONS CO.
DEPARTMENT G
220 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK



The Martyr's Crown

able nightmare, but Corinna, looking her prettiest, had never been in better form. Looking across the table at her, at once so sparkling and so soft, the orchids blooming delicately against the pink taffeta, Andy thought, "She can be like this, when the very edifice of our happiness may be ready to smash!"

He thought the meal would never end. But later, in the living-room, when there were no silver implements with which to occupy oneself, no food to make a pretense of eating, it was even worse. But the other two laughed and chattered and soon Corinna drifted over to the window.

"What a night!" she murmured. "The moonlight in silver pools and you can actually smell the spring. It's a shame to stay indoors."

"I've an idea," said Victor. "Let's all go for a ride in one of those open victoria things."

"Oh, I'd love it," said Corinna.

"Thanks," said Andy, "but if you're counting me in, I'm tired. I've had a hard day."

"Well, I'm not tired," said Corinna. "You phone for the equipage. Victor—the doorman will know where to get one—and I'll run for a wrap."

WHILE Victor was consulting the doorman,

Andy followed after her. At her bedroom, being in the mood when a husband becomes excessively formal, he knocked.

She bade him enter. She was bending before her dressing-table putting a drop of scent behind each ear. Here is one mysterious feminine secret not one of the clan has ever divulged. Why a woman perfumes her handkerchiefs, sachets her lingerie, sprays her hair, or even anoints her lips, a man can vaguely understand but why that scented rite behind the ears? Andy had once wondered and then without ever probing the secret had gradually grown accustomed to the ceremony, but one thing he knew—a woman never performs it except when she wishes to make herself charming. It was this knowledge which now brought him to a rigid pause.

"Did you want something?" she inquired.

"Oh, no, nothing special."

She waited a fraction of a second, perhaps hoping he would break out in some way, even to forbidding her to go out. Why didn't he forbid her? Or, at least, ask her not to go? Was it that he actually no longer cared how she came or went? She was suddenly lost in a desert of loneliness; suddenly knew that each block she should go away from home and him would make more desolate this waste? She loathed the thought of driving through the glamorous night with Victor Turley. Oh, must she go? If he'd say only one word! But Andy said nothing further, just stood there.

"Perhaps you don't want me to go out?" she said then.

"Oh, I don't mind."

With an infinitesimal shrug she threw on her wrap and gave the final pats to her hair of which no man ever understands the purpose. Then she swept gracefully from the room, throwing sweetly over her shoulder: "You'd better get to bed early, dear, if you're tired."

She was gone. Gone out into the languorous glamour of the moon-gilded, spring-scented spring night; gone deliberately seeking the spell of spring—and with another man. And just one year ago tonight . . .

There was singularly little anger in him as he sank into the lonely easy-chair under the reading-lamp. There was no room for any other emotion in the waves of black despair which washed over and over his soul. He was shipwrecked—he thought, then, that it was actually a shipwreck—and with aching inertness he let those black waves toss him about. He looked miserably around the room of which every inch and cranny held some dear memory. Their first home. He contrived a grim smile as he thought of that needless lease and the anxieties it had needlessly, maliciously occasioned. She had gone out to hunt spring with another man.

*The makers of Lux
announce*

A new form of Soap

as remarkable for the family washing
as Lux is for fine laundering



*Not a cake soap, not a chip soap,
not a "washing powder," but
fine granules that soak the dirt
out of your clothes*

THIS new form of soap is different from anything you have ever used before.

It comes in fine granules, so rich in soap that they loosen all the dirt as the clothes soak.

It means a new way of washing.

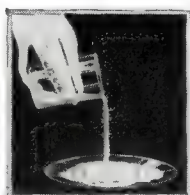
The Rinso granules, dissolved first in a little water, stir up into a bubbly, sudsy tubful. You put your clothes into these rich suds and let them soak overnight, or for three hours in the morning.

Then rinse thoroughly, either in warm water or cold, and the clothes are clean! Rinso has softened and loosened all the dirt so it disappears in the rinsing.

This new way of washing saves you hours of rubbing on the wash-

Rinso is not a "washing powder"

Make this test. Use a heaping teaspoon each of Rinso and "washing powder" to a glass of boiling water. After a few hours see what happens.



"WASHING POWDER"
—high in harsh
chemicals
—low in soap
it pours out



RINSO
—absolutely harmless
—so rich in soap
it "jells"

board. Even the worst spots need only a light rubbing between your hands.

It saves you boiling the clothes in a hot, steaming kitchen.

*Your clothes are as safe
as in water alone*

The ingredients in Rinso are of finer quality than have ever been used before in a family laundry soap.

In the pure, cleansing Rinso suds your clothes soak as safely as in water alone. For Rinso is so harmless it doesn't even redden your hands.

Begin next Monday to use Rinso for all your regular wash. Once you have soaked the dirt out of your clothes you will never again go to the labor of rubbing them clean.

Where water is hard

Where water is hard use a softener and proceed with Rinso as directed on the package. One package will do your whole washing.

Get Rinso from your grocer or any department store. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Rinso

Soaks clothes clean

Apex

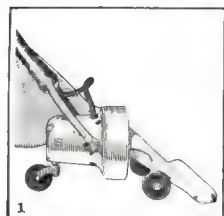
ELECTRIC SUCTION CLEANER

ROTAPEX

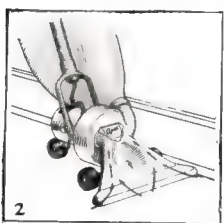
ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

2

EXCLUSIVE
APEX
FEATURES



1. The Inclined Nozzle
that gets into difficult corners, hooks around the legs of chairs and tables, and cleans right up to baseboards. This is essential to ease of operation.



2. The Divided Nozzle that insures even, thorough cleaning all the way across. You can depend upon the suction being just as strong at the ends of the nozzle as in the middle; a patented feature exclusive with the Apex.

In addition to these two exclusive features found only in your Apex Cleaner, you also find these points:

3. That it is light in weight.

4. A smooth-running, horizontal motor, evenly balanced and cool; bearings are automatically lubricated.

5. A fan that draws a large volume of air at high velocity.

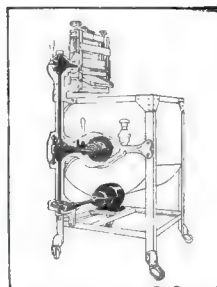
6. Quick and easy adjustment for hardwood floors, linoleum, thin carpets, thick carpets, etc.

7. A convenient switch, enough extension cord, a durable dustproof bag, a substantial handle-yoke, ready accessibility of all parts, and few oil holes.

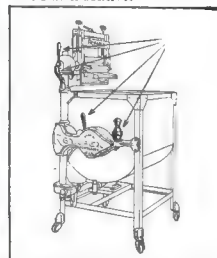
8. Attractive appearance.

9. The final test, — cleaner that gets the dust and dirt, picks up lint and does the work absolutely without injury to what it works on.

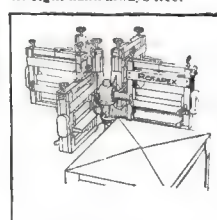
Test for all these points.



1. Direct Power Unit
—ample power transmitted without belts, chains or springs; friction clutch control.



2. Left Hand Control
—safe and convenient. All levers are on the left hand side, leaving the right hand always free.



3. Five Position Wringer. Locks securely in place. Wrings from washer to tub or from one tub to another without removing washer.

In addition to these points, your RotaPex Electric Clothes Washer will have these features too:

4. It will stand firmly on the floor.

5. It has no belt to stretch; no springs or chains to break.

6. Moving parts enclosed.

7. It will be economical in use of electricity.

8. It will be absolutely free from liability to rust.

9. It will drain completely and quickly.

10. And like your Apex Cleaner, it will give you confidence by its looks as well as by its performance.

Test for all these points.

Construction is the Main Thing

If you want to escape mean work and find time for more play, a good electric suction cleaner and a good electric clothes washer are absolutely essential. You need both when going into housekeeping and for keeping your house going.

Each of these necessities is a machine, and the service you get out of any machine is determined by the way it is designed and built. Obviously then, your satisfaction after you have bought a cleaner or a washer depends on your ability to recognize the essential points of good mechanical construction while you are buying it.

For durability and steady performance, construction is the main thing. Design, shape, arrangement of parts, quality of materials, workmanship — structure — these things you must study if you will avoid hazards.

When you set out to buy an electric cleaner or an electric washer, remember that you are about to invest in what a man calls plant equipment — that you are after daily efficiency plus lifetime service. Such a purchase must not be made lightly. The price must be right, but you should judge price with quality. To do this, study construction first.

Apex Electric Cleaners and RotaPex Electric Washers are the result of years of research and experience in building machines that embody correct design and construction. Side notes explain Apex-RotaPex advantages.

There is a dealer near you who will demonstrate the Apex Cleaner and the RotaPex Washer without obligation. If you do not know him, ask us for his name.

Either of these two machines can be purchased with 22-volt motors for use with private lighting plants.

THE APEX ELECTRICAL DISTRIBUTING COMPANY
1067 East 152nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Canadian Factory
APEX ELECTRICAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED
102-104 Atlantic Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

---Trial Coupon---

Please have your nearest dealer call and demonstrate the Apex Cleaner, without obligation. ☐

Please send me descriptive literature on the RotaPex Electric Clothes Washer. ☐

Name

Address

City State

The Martyr's Crown

He seemed incapable of any concretely connected thought. He drew the velvet case from his pocket and for several minutes regarded the jeweled contents with that bitter smile. Then for some reason he didn't stop to define, he rose and went into his own room. He left the anniversary gift lying in the chair, scarcely noticing; anyway it was now a valueless thing. In his room he started rummaging through a chiffonier drawer he always kept locked, drew forth what he was looking for. They were several old photographs of Corinna, picturing her in various stages of childhood and girlhood. He had begged them from her for his exclusive possession and, somehow, treasured them even more than her likenesses of the present. There is a popular concept that women are more sentimental than men, but I believe this to be a fallacy. The chief reason for the mistake is that men keep their sentimentality locked away, from a sort of shamed shyness, just as they lock away their sentimental souvenirs. And any one knows that whatever emotion is kept hid in this way grows much more intensively than that exposed to the buffeting of every day. At any rate, observe Andy, lingering there with those faded mementoes in his hands. No need for haste, because Corinna had just gone out into the spring night, and the thrall of it does not let one speedily return.

SO absorbed was he in his occupation and the painful sensations it evoked that he didn't hear an almost soundless turning of a key in the front-door lock or stealthy steps across the hall to the living-room. His first intimation of any presence save his own and the ghosts with which he was communing was when there came a tumultuous rush through the door, when two arms were thrown convulsively around his neck, and when a voice of choked tenderness and tears cried:

"Oh, Andy! You darling! I never dreamed—it's perfectly exquisite! But you shouldn't have been so extravagant! And you shouldn't have got it anyway. I don't deserve it. I've been so perfectly horrid. Oh, Andy!"

But Andy, at that moment, didn't think her horrid at all. As he felt her clinging arms, her kisses, the list of his indictments vanished swiftly and miraculously, as did his pain. This ecstatic phenomenon is as inexplicable as a miracle, but it manifests itself again and again for all that. To Andy, at that moment, nothing in the world mattered except that Corinna was in his arms, that she loved him.

"I thought—it's such a glorious night—I didn't think you'd—"

But she intercepted his incoherent mumble.

"Oh, we only went round the Park once. I wanted to come home. Everything was so lovely, it made me think of last April. I wanted to come home."

He drew her closer. "I was unhappy alone, too," he said.

"I know," she murmured. Tears glistened in her eyes. "It's been terrible—but everything's all right now."

"Yes, everything's all right."

And curiously, unreasonably, magically, it was. True reconciliations are not founded on reason, but on magic; a magical sort of electric satisfying interflow which we poor humans may never adequately analyze. It has nothing to do with the spoken word. But beyond this we may not define it. Circumstances may stand identically the same, but one minute we rail at these circumstances as impossible, and the next we pass them over as utterly negligible. Accordingly, for this man and woman, the one paramount, overwhelming issue was that they loved, that each knew the other loved. All else was naught. What else could matter?

Andy had completely forgotten his grievances. He had thrown away his martyr's crown. You might say Corinna was wearing it now, and resplendently. Though neither of them thought of the symbol as she rested her dark head, glorified by that shimmering, jeweled band, contentedly against his shoulder.



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IT'S so easy to keep your Aluminum ware bright and beautiful with American Steel Wool. You simply pull off a wad of these softly-wooled steel shavings and rub. Cleans, smooths and polishes in one operation. Use American Steel Wool on all your kitchen ware, enamel ware, Pyrex, glass, porcelain, cutlery, ornaments, nickel fittings, bath tubs, toilets, stoves and ranges. Best for rubbing down varnished or painted surfaces before applying final coat. Use it for reviving enamel, painted or varnished surfaces and for removing stains from hard wood floors. Easy on the hands. No gloves needed.

You'll never again waste time and energy with ordinary cleansers after you try American Steel Wool.

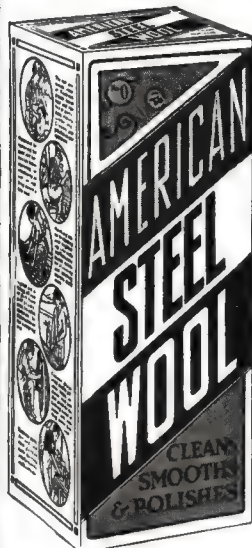
In Three Grades Low in Price

Use Grade 0 for Aluminum, Enamel, Pyrex, Glass, etc. Grade 3 for stoves and ranges of all types, inside and outside. Use Grade 1 and 3 for rough cleaning and scouring.

American Steel Wool comes in small and large household packages. Sold at Department Stores, Chain Stores, Hardware and Paint Stores, Groceries, etc. If your dealer cannot supply the grade you want, send us his name and 15c, and you will be supplied with a package.

Department G

American Steel Wool Mfg. Co., Inc.
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STEAK *and* FRIED ONIONS!

IS there any more delicious, mouth-watering smell than that when you're cold and hungry!

Cooked in a Griswold cast iron skillet, it not only smells good, but it tastes—well, the way that makes the menfolks say “Oh boy!”

Chops, steak, meat of all kinds, cooked in a Griswold skillet are always well done, nutritious, tender and savory.

Go to the nearest store that sells Griswold kitchenware and see for yourself the beautiful satiny finish on these skillets—each one minutely examined before leaving factory. In all desired sizes, from tiny ones 4¾ inches to large ones 13½ inches across the bottom.

**Makers of
the Bolo Oven,
Extra Finished
Iron Kitchen
Ware, Waffle
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sils, Food
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THE GRISWOLD MFG. CO.

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For deep-fat frying there is nothing like the Griswold cast iron Scotch and Yankee bowls. They save fat and make delicious golden brown doughnuts, French fried potatoes, croquettes and other good things.

The Mountebank

(Continued from page 51)

He bent and kissed her hand. To the casual French valetudinarians sitting and strolling in the park it was nothing but a social formality. But to Auriol the touch of his lips meant the final parting of their lives, the consecrated burial of their love.

She lingered for a few moments watching his long, straight back disappear round the corner of the path, and then turned and joined me by the park gate. On our way to the hotel the only thing she said was:

“I don’t seem to have much chance, do I, Tony?”

It was after lunch, while we sat, as the day before, at the end of the terrace, that she told me what had taken place between Lackaday and herself while I had been hanging about the gate. I did not seem, however, to get much further. They had parted forever last April in a not unpoetic atmosphere. They had parted forever now in circumstances devoid of poetry. The only bit of dramatic progress was the mutual avowal apparently dragged out of them. It was almost an anticlimax. And then dead stop. I put these points before her. She agreed dismally; bitterly reproached herself for giving way in Paris to womanish folly, also for deliberately bringing about the morning’s explanation.

“You were cruel, which is utterly unlike you,” I said judiciously.

“That horrible green, white, and red thing haunted me all night—and that fat woman bursting out of her clothes. I felt shriveled up. If only I had left things as they were!” She harped always on that note. “I thought I could walk myself out of my morbid frame of mind. I walked miles and miles. I made up my mind to return to Paris by the night train. I should never see him again. I had got back some sense when I ran into the two of you. It seemed so ghastly to go on talking in that cold, dry way. I longed to goad him into some sort of expression of himself, to find the man again. That’s why I told him about going to the circus last night.”

She went on in this strain. Presently she said: “I could shed tears of blood over him. Don’t think I’m filled merely with selfish disgust. As I told him—the pity of it—all that he must have suffered—for he has suffered, hasn’t he?”

“He has gone through hell,” said I.

She was silent for a few moments. Then she said: “What’s the good of going round and round and round in a circle? You either understand or you don’t.”

BY way of consolation I mendaciously assured her that I understood. I don’t think I understand now. I doubt whether she understood herself. Her emotions were literally going round and round in a circle, a hideous merry-go-round with fixed, staring features, to be passed and repassed in the eternal gyration. Horror of *Petit Patou*. Her love for Lackaday. Madame Patou. Hatred of Lackaday. Scorching self-contempt for seeking him out. *Petit Patou* and Madame Patou. Lackaday crucified. Infinite pity for Lackaday. General Lackaday. Old dreams. The lost illusion. The tomb of love. Horror of *Petit Patou*—and so *da capo*, endlessly round and round.

At least, this figure gave me the only clue to her frame of mind. If she went on gyrating in this way indefinitely, she must go mad. No human consciousness could stand it. For sanity she must stop at some point. The only rational halting-place was at the tomb. If I knew my Auriol, she would drop a flower and a tear on it, and then would start on a bee-line for Central Tartary, or whatever expanse of the world’s surface offered a satisfactory field for her energies.

She swallowed the stone-cold, remaining coffee in her cup and rose and stretched herself, arms and back and bust, like a magnificent animal, the dark green, silken knitted jumper



THIS PACKAGE IS YOURS - FREE

WE want you to have this package of Tetley's Genuine Orange Pekoe which holds 1½ ounces or 30 steaming cups of fragrant, full bodied tea. All you need do is to present the coupon, in the lower right hand corner, to your grocer. If his supply is already exhausted, he will get a package for you, absolutely free.

If you are not a tea drinker we have every reason to believe that it is because you have never tried the right kind of tea. While if, on the other hand, you are a tea drinker you should, of course, have the best tea.

But tea drinker or no tea drinker you are sure to like Tetley's Genuine Orange Pekoe.

The name Orange Pekoe has been given by the natives of India—where the best tea plants are grown—to the young tender leaves at the top of the tea plant. These are the choice leaves. These Orange Pekoe leaves are taken by us and blended

to a degree of perfection—a perfection attained through a blending of over 100 years. During that entire period we've been *doing nothing but blend tea!*

And what is the result? A tea that abounds in fragrance. A tea that has body to it. A tea whose clear amber color is pleasing to the sight. A tea that leaves no bitter after taste. A tea that has a refreshing pick-me-up effect—it is surprising that anything so delicately colored and elusively fragrant should have such a potent effect.

This then is what we claim for Tetley's Genuine Orange Pekoe Tea. That is why we are taking no chance when we give you one package free. We know that once you try Tetley's—tea-drinker or no tea-drinker—you will become a Tetley drinker. Just take this coupon to your grocer.

JOSEPH TETLEY & CO., Inc.
483 Greenwich St., New York City, N. Y.

TETLEY'S TEA

Makes Good Tea a Certainty

TO YOUR GROCER

Honor this coupon with one regular ten cent package of Tetley's Orange Pekoe Tea. Have coupon signed with customer's name and address, sign your name, street address, city and state and mail to Joseph Tetley & Co., Inc., 483 Greenwich St., New York. We will redeem each coupon with the full resale price, 10 cents.

Customer's Name _____

Street _____ City _____

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ATLANTIC

Wash Boilers

BOIL Your Clothes

Be Assured of Cleanliness

WHETHER washed by hand or by washing machine, that much desired, immaculate freshness and fragrance of perfectly laundered wearing apparel, table linen, bed linen or bathroom or nursery supplies are assured when clothes are BOILED.

Washing that is boiled in a good, old-fashioned wash boiler is thoroughly sterilized—for germs cannot live in boiling water. There's a difference in wash boilers too. ATLANTIC WASH BOILERS are designed for perfect, quick and economical sterilization. They are flat on the bottom and will fit any stove. The extra high sides and seamless, domed cover permit water to circulate freely through washing; and the deep rim on the cover prevents steam from escaping.

ATLANTIC WASH BOILERS are fitted with patented, wood-grip handles that are always cool. These handles are shaped so that they will rest on the end of a tub or sink when boiler is being emptied. The cover can be hung on the side of boiler. Heavy wiring around the top makes boiler rigid. Every ATLANTIC boiler is tested before leaving factory, guaranteed, and may be returned if unsatisfactory.

Made in 11, 13 and 15 gallon sizes; also in 4 grades—all copper; charcoal tin, copper bottom; charcoal tin, metallic bottom; aluminum finish galvanized iron. There's an Atlantic wash boiler for every purpose and at a price to suit every purse.

★ ATLANTIC STAMPING COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

Authorized Atlantic
Dealers Everywhere

ATLANTIC
Col-Pac Canner



ATLANTIC Wash Boilers
Last Longer
Because They Are Made Better
from Better Materials



The Mountebank

she wore revealing all her slender curves, and drew a long breath and smiled at me.

"I've not slept for two nights, and I've walked twelve miles this morning. I'll turn in till dinner." She yawned. "Poor old Tony," she laughed. "You can have it at a Christian hour this evening."

"The one bright gleam in a hopeless day," said I.

She laughed again, blew me a kiss, and went her way to necessary repose.

LADY AURIOL and I dined together. She declared herself rested and in her right and prosaic mind.

"I have no desire to lose your company," said I, "so I hope there's no more talk of an unbooked *strapontin* on the midnight train."

"No need," she replied. "He's leaving Clermont-Ferrand tomorrow. I'll keep to my original program and enjoy fresh air until a wire summons me back to Paris. That's to say, if you can do with me."

"If you keep on looking as alluring as you are this evening," said I, "perhaps I mayn't be able to do without you."

There had been billed about the place a *Grand Concert du Soir* in the Casino de Royat—the celebrated tenor, M. Horatio Bakkus. The Casino having been burned down in 1918, the concerts took place under the bandstand in the park.

After dinner we found places among the multitude on the Casino café terrace overlooking the bandstand and listened to Bakkus sing. I explained Bakkus, more or less, to Auriol. Although she could not accept Lackaday as *Petit Patou*, she seemed to accept Bakkus without question as a professional singer. The concert over, he joined us at our little japanned iron table and acknowledged her well-merited compliments—I tell you, he sang like a minor Canon in an angelic choir—with, well, with the well-bred air of a minor Canon in an angelic choir. With easy grace he dismissed himself and talked knowledgeably and informatively of the antiquities and the beauties of Auvergne. To most English folk it was an undiscovered country. We must steal a car and visit Orcival. Hadn't I heard of it? France's gem of Romanesque churches? And the Château—ages old—with its *charmille*—the towering, maze-like walks of trees kept clipped in scrupulous formality by an old gardener, during the war—the *charmille* designed by no less a genius than Le Nôtre, who planned the wonders of Versailles and the exquisite miniature of the garden of Nîmes? Tomorrow we must go.

This white-haired, luminous-eyed ascetic—he drank but an orangeade through post-war straws—kept us spell-bound with his talk. I glanced at Auriol and read compliance in her eye.

"Will you accompany us ignorant people and act as cicerone?"

"With all the pleasure in life," said Bakkus.

"What time shall we start?"

"Would ten be too early?"

"Lady Auriol and I are old campaigners."

"I call for you at ten. Is it agreed?"

We made the compact. I lifted my glass. He rose to go, pleading much correspondence before going to bed. We rose, too. He accompanied us to the entrance to our hotel. At the lift he said,

"Can you give me a minute?"

"As many as you like," said I, for it was still early.

We sped Lady Auriol upward to her repose and walked out through the hall into the soft August moonlight.

"May I tread," said he, "on the most delicate of grounds?"

"It all depends," said I, "on how delicately you do it."

He made a courteous movement of his hand and smiled. "I'll do my best. I take it that

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RAISINS are delicious, but don't eat them for their lusciousness alone. Use them for their natural iron content also. Your daily food should furnish iron. A small supply is needed daily to keep the blood in good condition.

Iron brings the *bloom of youth* to women's and children's cheeks, and is vital to true vigor in all men.

Raisins make scores of plain

foods taste luxurious while adding but a mite to cost.

Try them in your boiled rice, oatmeal, cornbread, cakes and cookies.

Always use them in bread pudding, and in other simple puddings, and desserts. See how much better the whole family likes these foods with raisins.

Raisins increase nutrition also. They furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

Try This Raisin Custard en Casserole

1 cup sugar	1/2 cup SUN-MAID Seedless Raisins
2 cups milk	4 tablespoons cornstarch (flour may be substituted)
3/4 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon vanilla or lemon extract (flavor to taste)
3 eggs	

Put milk in top of double boiler; mix cornstarch with a little cold milk; add salt and cook thoroughly and until mixture thickens sufficiently to hold raisins; then stir in the well beaten eggs and add raisins, flavoring and sugar; turn into buttered pudding dish and bake in moderate oven fifteen or twenty minutes. Delicious served with flavored whipped cream or lemon pudding sauce.

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you can buy them anywhere as raisins. Try them. See how good they are.

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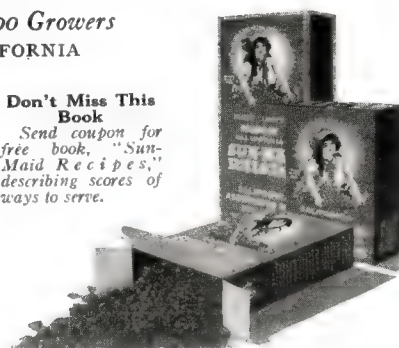
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The Mountebank

you're very fully admitted into Andrew Lackaday's confidence."

"To a great extent," I admitted.

"And—forgive me if I am impertinent—you have also that of the lady whom we have just left?"

"Really, my dear Bakkus—" I began.

"It is indeed a matter of some importance," he interposed quickly. "It concerns Madame Patou—Elodie. Rightly or wrongly, she received a certain impression from your charming luncheon party of yesterday. Andrew, as you are aware, is not the man with whom a woman can easily make a scene. There was no scene. A hint. With that rat-trap air of finality with which I am, for my many failings, much more familiar than yourself, he said, 'We will cancel our engagement and go to Vichy.' This morning, as I wrote, I was called to Clermont-Ferrand. Madame Patou, you understand, has the temperament of the South. Its generosity is apt to step across the boundaries of exaggeration. In my capacity of friend of the family, I had a long interview with her. You have doubtless seen many such on the stage. I must say that Andrew, to whom the whole affair appeared exceedingly distasteful, had announced his intention of obeying the rules of common good manners and leaving his farewell card on Lady Auriol.

"Toward the end of our talk it entered the head of Madame Patou that she would do the same. I pointed out the anomaly of the interval between the two visits. But the head of a Marseillaise is an obstinate one. She dressed, put on her best hat—there is much that is symbolical in a woman's best hat, as doubtless a man of the world like yourself has observed—and took the tram with me to Royat. We alighted at the further entrance to the park and came plump upon a leave-taking between Lackaday and Lady Auriol. You know there is a turn, some masking shrubs; we couldn't help seeing through them. She was for rushing forward. I restrained her. A second afterward Andrew ran into us. For me, at any rate, it was a most unhappy situation. If he had fallen into a rage, like ninety-nine men out of a hundred, and accused us of spying, I should have known how to reply. But that's where you can never get hold of Andrew Lackaday. He scorns such things. He said in his ramrod fashion: 'It's good of you to come to meet me, Elodie. I was kept longer than I anticipated.' He stopped the Clermont-Ferrand tram, nodded to me, and, with his hand under Elodie's elbow, helped her in."

"May I ask why you tell me all this?" I asked.

"Certainly," said he, and his dark eyes glittered in the moonlight. "I give the information for what it may be worth to you as a friend, perhaps an adviser, of both parties."

"You are assuming, Mr. Bakkus," I answered rather stiffly, "that Madame Patou's unfortunate impressions are in some way justified."

IT was a most unpleasant conversation. I very much resented discussing Lady Auriol with Horatio Bakkus.

"Not at all," said he. "But Fate has thrown you and me into analogous positions—we are both elderly men—me as between Lackaday and Madame Patou, you as between Lady Auriol and Lackaday."

"But, confound it all, man," I cried angrily, "what have I just been saying? How dare you assume there's anything between them save the ordinary friendship of a distinguished soldier and an English lady!"

"If you can only assure me that there is nothing but that ordinary friendship, you will take a weight off my mind and relieve me of a great responsibility."

"I can absolutely assure you," I cried hotly, "that by no remote possibility can there be anything else between Lady Auriol Dayne and Petit Patou."

He thrust out both his hands and fervently



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Mrs. Knox's Corner

A Winter Fruit Season

I WONDER how many of us, when we are trying to think of something different to serve, overlook the delights offered in dried fruits—apples, peaches, apricots, and even our old friend, the prune.

When fresh fruit is scarce, I have found that the most delightful and wholesome surprise desserts may easily be made at small cost, with Knox Gelatine and dried fruits. Try these two tempting recipes.



Apricot Cream Pudding

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
1 cup cooked apricots and juice 1 tablespoon lemon juice 1 egg white

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Put apricots and juice through a sieve, add lemon juice and strain into this the gelatine. Add sugar and when dissolved set bowl in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; add egg white beaten until stiff. Turn into wet mold or ordinary dish, garnished if desired with cut apricots and chill. (Any dried or canned fruit may be used in place of the apricots.)

To make a "twice-as-high" more creamy, won't-dry-out icing add one teaspoon Knox Gelatine, softened in cold water and dissolved over hot water to your favorite icing recipe. Beat in well before spreading on cake.

Prune Oriental Cream

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water $\frac{1}{4}$ cup scalded milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked prunes 2 egg whites
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts or toasted cake crumbs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in scalded milk and add sugar. Strain into bowl containing ice water and beat constantly until mixture begins to thicken; then add prunes, chopped nuts or toasted cake crumbs, and egg whites beaten until stiff. Turn into a cold mold, the bottom and sides of which are garnished with halves of cooked prunes; then chill. Serve cold, with plain cream, whipped cream or custard sauce.

Evaporated milk may be whipped up into a delicious whipped cream if a teaspoonful of Knox Gelatine softened in cold water and dissolved over hot water is added, whipping the milk in a bowl surrounded by ice or ice water.

There are many other winter desserts as well as salads, meat and fish molds or relishes given in my booklets, "Dainty Desserts," and "Food Economy." Send for them, enclosing 4c in stamps, to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.



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The Mountebank

grasped the one I instinctively put forward. "Thank you, thank you, my dear Hylton. That's exactly what I wanted to know. *Au revoir*. I think we said ten o'clock."

He marched away briskly. With his white hair gleaming between his little, black, felt hat cocked at an angle and the collar of his flapping, old-fashioned opera cloak, he looked like some weird bird of the night.

I entered the hotel feeling the hot and cold of the man who has said a despicable thing. Through the action of what kinky cell of the brain I had called the dear, gallant fellow *Petit Patou*, instead of Lackaday, I was unable to conjecture.

I hated myself. I could have kicked myself. I wallowed in the unreason of a man vainly seeking to justify himself. The last thing in the world I wanted to do was to see Horatio Bakkus again. I went to bed loathing the idea of our appointment at ten o'clock.

XXII

LADY AURIOL, myself, and the car met punctually at the hotel door at ten o'clock. There was also a *chasseur* with Lady Auriol's dust-coat and binoculars, and a *concierge* with advice. We waited for Bakkus.

"What can he be doing?" asked Auriol.

I, who had received through Lackaday many lights on Bakkus' character, was at no loss to reply.

"Doing? Why, snoring. He'll awake at midday, stroll round here, and expect to find us smiling on the pavement. We'll give him twenty more minutes."

At the end of the twenty minutes I sent the *concierge* off for a guide-book—much more accurate, I declared, than Bakkus was likely to be—and at half-past ten by my watch we started. Although I railed at the sloth of Bakkus, I rejoiced in his absence. My overnight impression had not been dissipated by slumber.

"I'm not sorry," said I, as we drove along. "Our friend is rather too much of a professed conversationalist."

"You also have a comfortable seat which possibly you would have had to give up to your guest," said Auriol.

"How you know me, my dear!" said I, and we rolled along very happily.

I think it was one of the pleasantest days I have ever passed in the course of a carefully spent life. Auriol was at her best. She had thrown off the harried woman of affairs. She had put a nice little tombstone over the grave of her romance, thus apparently reducing to beautiful simplicity her previous complicated frame of mind. For aught I could have guessed, not a cloud had ever dimmed the Diana serenity of her soul.

And the day was an August hazy dream of a day. We wound along the mountain roads, first under overhanging greenery and then suddenly remote in blue ether. We hung on precipices overlooking the rock-filled valleys of old volcanic desolation. Basaltic cliffs rose up from their bed of yellow cornfields, bare and stark, yet in the noontide shimmer hesitating in their eternal defiance of God and man. We ascended to vast tablelands of infinite scrub and yellow broom, and the stern peaks of the Puy-de-Dome mountains, a while ago seen like giants, appeared like rolling hillocks. We lunched in that little oasis of expensive civilization, Mont Doré. Incidentally we visited Orcival, with its Romanesque church and château, the objective of our expedition, and found it much as Bakkus' glowing eloquence had described. From elderly ladies at stalls under the lee of the church we bought picture post-cards. We wandered through the deeply-shaded walks of the *charmille*, as trimly kept as the maze of Hampton Court and three times the height. We did all sorts of other things. We stopped at wild mountain gorges alive with the rustle of water and aglow with wild flowers. We went on foot through one-streets, tumble-down villages and passed the

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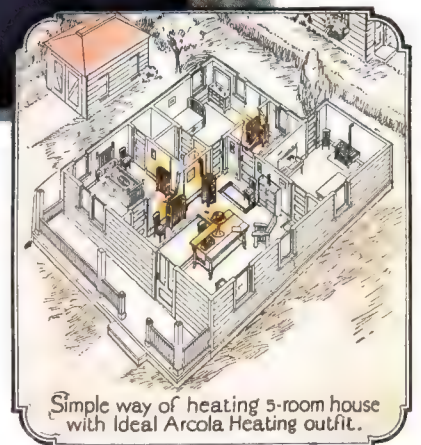
Many owners are using less coal to heat the entire home, than was formerly required to heat one or two rooms the old way.

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February 1921 Good Housekeeping

The Mountebank

time of day with the kindly inhabitants. And the August sun shone all the time.

We reached Royat at about six o'clock and went straight up to our rooms. On my table some letters awaited me, but instead of finding among them the apology from Bakkus which I had expected, I came across a telephone memorandum asking me to ring up Monsieur Patou at the Hôtel Moderne, Vichy, as soon as I returned.

After glancing through my correspondence, I descended to the bureau and there found Auriol in talk with the *concierge*. She broke off and waved a telegram at me.

"The end of my lotus-eating. The arrangements are put through, and I'm no longer hung up. So—" she made a little grimace—"it's the midnight train to Paris."

"Surely tomorrow will do," I protested.

"Tomorrow never does," she retorted.

"As you will," said I, knowing argument was hopeless.

Meanwhile the *concierge* was 'alloing lustily into the telephone.

"I ought to have stuck to headquarters," she said, moving away into the lounge. "It's the first time I've ever mixed up business and—other things. Anyhow," she smiled, "I've had an adorable day. I'll remember it in Arras."

"Arras?"

"Round about." She waved vaguely. "I'll know my exact address tomorrow."

"Please let me have it."

"What's the good unless you promise to write to me?"

"I swear," said I.

"Pardon, Miladi," called the *concierge*, receiver in hand. "The *gare de Clermont-Ferrand* says there is no *place salon-lit* or *coupé-lit* free in the train tonight. But there is one *place de milieu, première*, not yet taken."

"Reserve it, then, and tell them you're sending a *chasseur* at once with the money." She turned to me. "My luck's in."

"Luck!" I cried. "To get a middle seat in a crowded carriage for an all-night journey with the windows shut?"

She laughed. "Why is it, my dear Tony, you always seem to pretend there has never been anything like a war?"

SHE went upstairs to dress and pack. I remained master of the telephone. In the course of time I got on to the Hotel Moderne, Vichy. Eventually I recognized Lackaday's voice.

"I wonder whether it would be trespassing too far on your friendship to ask you to pay your promised visit to Vichy tomorrow?"

The formality of his English, which one forgot when talking to him face to face, was oddly accentuated by the impersonal tones of the telephone.

"I'll motor over with pleasure," said I. The prospect pleased me. I was wondering what the deuce I should do with myself all alone.

"You're sure it wouldn't be inconvenient? You have no other engagement?"

I informed him that, my early morning treatment over, I was free as air. "Besides," said I, "I shall be at a loose end. Lady Auriol's taking the midnight train to Paris."

"Oh!" said he.

There was a pause.

"Allo!" said I.

His voice responded, "In that case, I'll come to Clermont-Ferrand by the first train and see you."

"Nonsense," said I.

But he would have it his own way. Evidently the absence of Lady Auriol made all the difference. I yielded.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

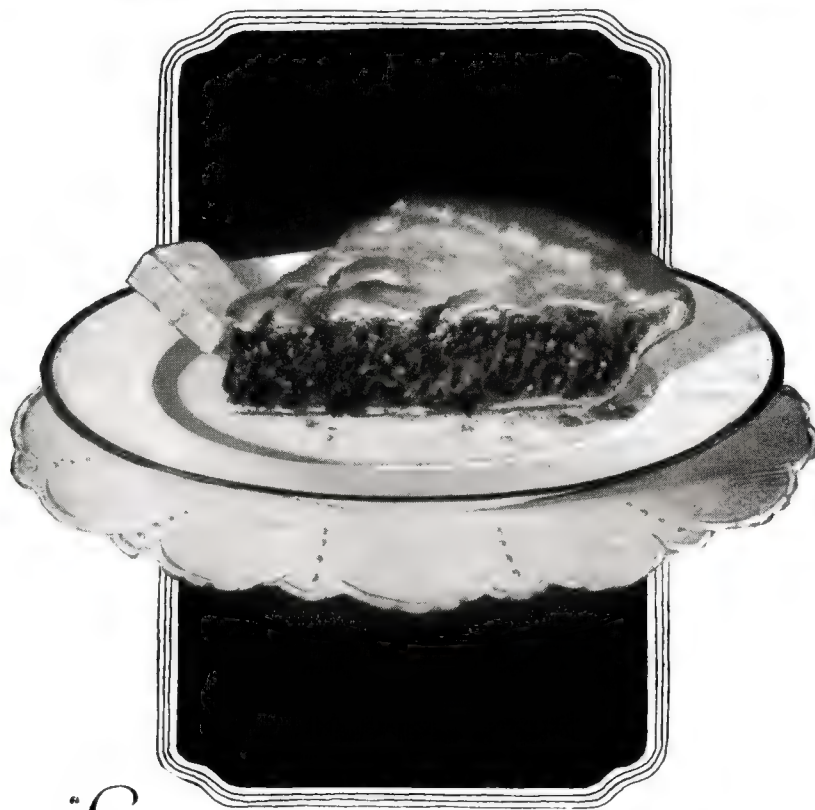
"I'll tell you when I see you," said he. "I don't know the trains, but I'll come by the first. Your *concierge* will look it up for you. Thanks very much. Good-by."

"But, my dear fellow—" I began.

I spoke into nothingness. He had rung off.

(To be concluded)

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Even in the days when housewives were forced to make their own mince meat at great expense of time and labor, mince pies were the great American dessert.

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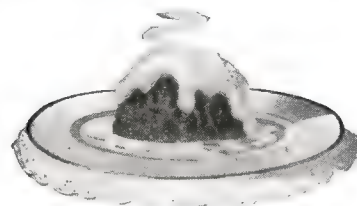
You add no sugar to None Such—the sugar is in it

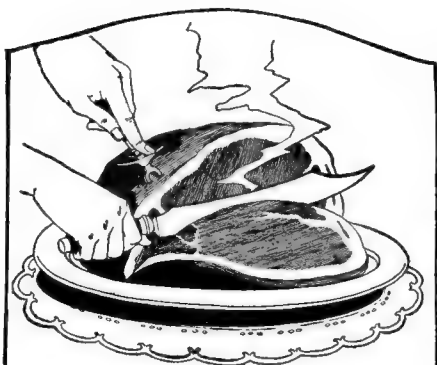
Thursday is None Such Mince Pie Day, and as such is observed nationally.

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None Such Pudding—Break into small pieces one package of NONE SUCH Mince Meat, and dust lightly with flour; add one cupful suet chopped fine. Sift together one cupful flour and two tablespoonfuls brown sugar. Then use enough milk, about one cupful, to make a thick batter. Place in individual cups covered with greased or waxed paper. Bake slowly one hour, or steam two hours. Steaming makes pudding lighter and more wholesome. Serve hot with sauce.





When do you carve a roast?

To get that juicy, flavory piece of meat you have the roast brought into the dining room and you carve it there.

The same reasoning may be used on coffee. When you buy ready-ground coffee at the store you sometimes wonder why it is flat and tasteless. Here's the answer! The coffee has been cut open hours and sometimes days before use. The aromatic oils contained in the cells of the bean have been dried out, and when the coffee is made you find that much of its aroma has been lost.

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Mrs. Dutton and Mrs. Pine

(Continued from page 27)

Gloria's direct, "You will come back for me here?" eliminated poor Frank forever. They were scarcely aware that he excused himself.

When the crowd thinned, they exchanged their bench for a taxi with no consciousness of interruption. Mrs. Dutton's perfect little dinner passed in the same absorbed exploration. Every miraculous moment turned up some fresh charm or value in one or the other. They were amazed, humble, before such heaped richness.

Mrs. Dutton served them at first with a startled stiffness, then with a gradual relenting, a thoughtful consideration of Lawrence's pleasant person. By dessert she had an air of brisk interest, and when she carried their coffee to the studio fire, she took a survey of the apartment as though canvassing for a possible extra room. She undoubtedly planned the wedding breakfast before she slept.

It was hours later that Gloria stood for good night, her hand in both of Jim Lawrence's. "We're mad," she stammered. "Perfectly crazy. Life isn't like this. It won't be true in the morning."

"I'll come and find out," he said.

THERE was never a moment when it was not true—gloriously, singingly true. They were in fathoms deep before they had given a thought to practical arrangements. Gloria was working furiously, and Jim Lawrence looked on with an arrested stillness, as though a revelation were at hand. And then one day he took a sheet of paper and drew a plan.

He had told her about his queer little house down in an old corner of the city, as he had told her about Bobs and Chris and the series of critical articles he was writing on modern painters, and everything in his life, but without labeling its significance for her. But this plan brought a secret smile that presently drew her down beside him.

"What is it?" she demanded.

"The studio we are going to build in my back-yard," he said, and pointed out its many charms.

Gloria listened with a troubled brow. "Why, I hadn't thought about—moving," she said slowly.

He was only amused. "You have thought about marrying me, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes. Daily. But somehow—I suppose I took it for granted that you would come here."

"With two boys and Mrs. Pine?" He was still smiling. "Come down and see my funny little house. You will like it."

"Oh, I know. This apartment doesn't matter. But, Jim"—her voice faltered—"Mrs. Dutton!"

He fought against understanding. "Well, Piney will have to submit to some help. With a lady in the house," he said, sketching the studio's fireplace.

A heavy silence crushed his brave lightness.

"Do you see Mrs. Dutton helping Mrs. Pine?" Gloria asked at last.

He took refuge in authority. "My good Gloria, they have got to make some concessions to our lives!"

"Yes, but will they?" She spoke drearily. "And it isn't just that I can't get along without Mrs. Dutton—though I don't see how I could. It is what I owe her and what she has done for me. I could no more turn her off—!"

"Well, Mrs. Pine is one of the family; she is for life." That seemed to settle it for him, and a chill fell on the atmosphere.

Gloria knew she had a tendency to be too docile. She was always stiffening herself against it—except with Mrs. Dutton. Yielding to her rule was like accepting the beneficent seasons. "I am afraid Mrs. Dutton is for life, too," she said miserably, her head in her hands. "And she has been so nice about you, Jim!" There was reproach in that. "She can

be very horrid about a suitor, but she seemed to accept you from the first."

"Mrs. Pine thought you were 'perfectly lovely.' She has said so every day," he countered.

She gave it up with a forlorn laugh. "Well, half of the year I will live with you and your Piney, and the other half you can live here with me and Mrs. Dutton," she proposed. "Seriously, that might be a way out," she added, brightening.

He would not even consider it. "What we must do is bring them together and let them work it out for themselves," he declared. "They both know, without telling, what is going on. We must find some excuse for sending Mrs. Dutton down to the house and leave them together for an hour or two."

"And when we open the door, there will be just a little pile of fur and a little heap of feathers," Gloria prophesied.

She had no hope, but she helped him find the excuse. The following day Mrs. Dutton was to take down a note and wait for an answer, which should be judiciously delayed. Mrs. Pine meanwhile would offer tea.

AT half-past six the next night Gloria telephoned from a drug store. "I don't think you'd better come up this evening, Jim." Her voice was furtive, depressed, and his answer came back muffled:

"No; I don't think I will go out."

"Awful there, too?" she whispered.

There was a sigh that sounded like, "Pretty bad!" and then communication was cut off. Gloria longed to sneak into a restaurant for dinner, but could not get her voice sufficiently assured to telephone Mrs. Dutton. It was easier to go home and pretend absorption in a book while her evening meal was placed stonily before her. Mrs. Dutton had come back hard, red, petrified.

"I can't stand hurting her like that," Gloria wrote to Jim. "It is like taking my happiness over her dead body. I am so guilty I can't look her in the face. We shall have to see each other somewhere else."

And Jim wrote back: "Piney's eyes are red and swollen, and her kind old mouth is jammed shut to keep it from trembling, and she has asked me what it costs to get into an old ladies' home. I laughed at the idea of her ever leaving me, but I couldn't reassure her. She said that 'circumstances might arise,' and then I heard her sob in the hall. I feel like a hound dog. I must stay by, evenings. Can you meet me somewhere for tea?"

They met for tea, but the shadow was heavy on them both.

"Mrs. Dutton asked me if I would be willing to give her a letter of reference, in case she had to find a new place," Gloria said at once. "Jim, I cried! But she only grew stonier and deader. She has literally lived for me. I can't let her leave. I have told her so."

He was no longer denying the size of their problem. "I certainly can't ship Piney," he said sorrowfully. "Why don't we elope—run over to Europe for three months and wrestle with it when we get back?" He almost meant it.

"Merry three months we'd have with that ahead of us," she pointed out. "Besides, we couldn't treat them like that. If we are going to marry, it is only decent to tell them. You would certainly tell the boys."

"If?" he repeated, hurt eyes on hers.

"But, Jim, what can we do?" Her voice was a smothered wail. "We can't say to them, 'You have got to live together in harmony and peace.' It would be like telling the irresistible force to lie down with the immovable object. And we can't throw them over. And there we are."

He tried it over from the outside: "They gave up their marriage because their respective



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Pour French dressing over the asparagus. Let stand at least one hour before serving. Put three or four tips on lettuce for each plate. Garnish with pimento if desired. Serve with Tak-hom-a Biscuit.



*The Sunshine Cracker
that Splits-in-two*

Mrs. Dutton and Mrs. Pine

hired girls were opposed.' It would not sound very sensible in our biographies."

"They didn't give it up. But they waited, and perhaps time found a way for them," she amended, so sadly that he put out his hand to hers under the tea-table.

"I will wait, dear. I will do anything in reason," he promised, and so brought back a faint glow from their quenched joy, but the topic would not let them escape long.

"Heavens, but I'd like to know what they said to each other—" he exclaimed suddenly—"how they found each other out! It must have been a tremendous interview." Even in his trouble he could get a literary enjoyment from the vision of that meeting, but Gloria could only suffer.

"Oh, poor old Dutton! To give your all and get back so little! Jim, it isn't fair. We have each other somewhere ahead. We can be patient."

"But I have gone without you for so long," he said, and so nearly broke her heart.

She met him daily for tea, but she came home alone for a solitary dinner, and she worked furiously in the empty evenings, refusing all invitations. And Jim stayed by in the lonely little house, paying daily his great debt of gratitude, taking Mrs. Pine to concerts that he did not hear and to moving pictures that he did not see. The two households were reduced to a dead level of silent gloom. Gloria took every occasion to give Mrs. Dutton's devotion the tributes it had earned, but her eyes were tragic, and even her bright hair seemed to droop.

MRS. DUTTON, after days of suicidal bleakness, suddenly took a turn for the better and began to pick up. Something was gone from her old masterful satisfaction, but she was more human and more exquisite than ever in her devoted service. Gloria had an unhappy sense of sinking deeper and deeper into her debt, of being grappled to her with hoops of steel. It was a relief when the housekeeper took her afternoons out. Once she asked for a whole day, and Gloria, the moment she was gone, flew to the telephone. Before she could call Jim, he rang up.

"Mrs. Pine is off for the day," he began, and her ringing, "So is Mrs. Dutton!" brought a burst of the old laughter. "I will be right up," he promised.

Spring was on the world, but they had had enough of walks and restaurants and reveled in a day of home. Mrs. Dutton had left luncheon delicately prepared—a meal surely designed for two, though they were too absorbed to think of that. The door was slammed on their trouble, and the day was all love and talk and utter joy in each other. They could not believe the clock when it thrust the time on their notice.

"I must run home; Piney will be getting back," Jim said, starting up, but parting was harder than ever. They quailed before the enforced separation, the long wait.

"Piney is happier lately, in a gentle, exalted sort of way," he told it as feebly good news, but Gloria shivered.

"So is Mrs. Dutton. Oh, Jimmy, I'm afraid it only means that they are growing reassured," she said miserably. "They think the danger is blowing over."

They clung to each other as though they were being dragged apart. Then a door shut somewhere in the apartment, and Jim fled.

Mrs. Dutton came to the studio door still in her street things, an unprecedented break from correctness, but she spoke in her usual tone of calm, dry statement.

"Miss Penrose, I shall be leaving you at the end of the month."

Gloria, who had been smuggling a suspiciously full ash-tray toward the hearth, dropped it with appalling results.

"Leaving me?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She sank into a couch, but Mrs. Dutton stood unmoved and unsupported. She might have been announcing something about the butcher, except that her capable eyes, that usually explored the neighborhood for possible imperfections, were quietly fixed on her employer's shocked face.

"Have I—hurt you, Mrs. Dutton?" Gloria faltered.

"Oh, no, ma'am. You have always been goodness itself." That also was a calm statement of fact. "But I have an opening. A very capable woman I know has took the management of an inn for the summer, and she wants me to run the dining-room while she attends to the kitchen. Each will have her own part of the house and share alike in the profits. We went down and seen it today and signed the papers."

She paused for comment, but Gloria hung between laughter and tears and could find no words.

"The inn is small but refined—chintzes," Mrs. Dutton offered. "Also swimming and canoes. Some of its patrons have went there for seven years."

"Well—of course—if it is what you want—" Gloria stammered. "And if you are sure the other woman—"

"She stands very high, ma'am." Mrs. Dutton turned to go. "We have had long talks, and we understand each other. She has acted as housekeeper for your friend Mr. Lawrence. Her name is Pine." And Mrs. Dutton went composedly to put on her gray mohair and serve dinner as usual.

GLORIA listened for Lawrence's ring and let him in herself. They did not speak until they were in the studio with the door closed.

"Well!" Lawrence was as breathless as though he had run all the way.

"Oh, yes. We can, now," Gloria admitted, but they still stood apart, trying to find the dominating truth in the welter of their emotion. Gloria suddenly gave it words:

"Jimmy, how can we live without them?" There it was. They could not live with them, and they could not possibly get along without them.

"We've got to. They signed an agreement." He was still in the dark. "If they couldn't live together with us, Gloria, why on earth—"

Suddenly she saw further. "Oh, but this was delicate, this was fine. They knew we couldn't sacrifice one to the other. So they both go, to leave us free. And they have gone together so as to learn how—dividing the kingdom between them. Jimmy, they care as much as that!"

His mind leaped back to his difficult talk with Mrs. Pine. "They saw how they were hurting us, and Piney couldn't stand it," he worked it out. "She must have come to Mrs. Dutton—heavens, what an interview! I wish I could have heard it."

Gloria had no literary appreciations. "Oh, no! It must have hurt horribly. But Mrs. Dutton met her half-way, Jimmy."

"Oh, yes. Oh, they are big, they are splendid, Gloria! We shall get them back in time."

"But meanwhile?" She sounded lost, frightened. "I don't know how to hire cooks and run houses," she faltered. "You will be so disappointed in me."

He had a triumphant solution. She saw it coming in a dozen little smiles spreading along every line of his face. His hands closed on her shoulders. "We will spend the summer at the inn!" he cried. "We will beg them to take us!"

And so they fell into each other's arms. Gloria loved as she laughed, with all her heart and soul.

"We are very clever and gifted, you and I, Jimmy," she said later, from his shoulder. "But are we really worthy of Mrs. Dutton and Mrs. Pine?"

"They will never know it," he pointed out.

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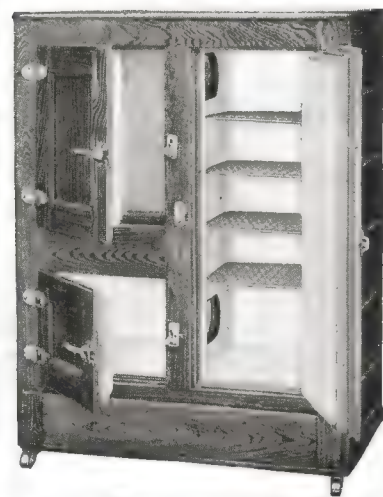
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The Kingdom Round the Corner

(Continued from page 12)

in some absurd measure as his contemporary. As he prepared to follow, his attention was attracted by the scarlet band and gold braid about an officer's cap which was lying carelessly on the hall table beside a pair of dog-skin gloves.

V

SIR TOBIAS was standing astride the hearth-rug with his back toward the fire. As the door opened, he was caught in a last nervous adjustment of his tie.

He was a little man, inclined to be podgy, brimful of a darting kind of energy and dignified with an air of fussy distinction which none of his antics, however grotesque, could diminish. He was Shakespeare as he might have appeared at sixty, after years and a return to Ann Hathaway had quenched the taller flames of his poetic fire. The resemblance was haunting and remarkable: there underlay it a hint of gnome-like agility. One suspected that he affected age as a disguise. The pointed beard was white; the scanty hair had receded from the calm forehead; the eyes were blue and faded, and red about the rims with over-much study. The top part of the face above the cheek-bones was noble—but the lower part fell away to a mouth and chin which were amiable and undecided. At the hour of Tabs' arrival, he was flinging up his hands and spluttering impotently, an inexperienced swimmer in the waters of adversity.

"My dear Lord Taborley! My dear fellow!" The moment he discovered his guest in the doorway he came darting forward. "My dear boy, this is real friendship. We missed you and wanted you so much. So you're out of it at last? I mean the khaki." The little, wrinkled hand with its stubby fingers reached up timidly in an attempt to pat the big breadth of shoulders.

"Yes, I'm out of it, Sir Tobias." Tabs didn't want to be patted. He was impatient of polite evasions. He foresaw that he was expected to spend the next five minutes in replying to questions which required no answers, all this as a conventional preface to a discussion of the delicate position of Adair and Maisie. But Tabs had his own problem, and one question in particular, about a hat on the hall table, that he was burning to ask. They stood staring at each other, the big, fair man and the worn version of Shakespeare, both wondering how long it would be decorous to chatter before they clinched with the vital topic.

"May as well sit down. There's time for a cigarette. Terry—" Sir Tobias made a short-winded attempt to push a second armchair into place beside the fire; Tabs achieved the desired end with one lurch of his body. "Terry brought some one in to tea; he's not gone yet. They never know when to go, these New Army fellows. Good at their job, they tell me, but no polish. I suppose I oughtn't to say that—ungrateful of me! But I'm sick of it all—the invasion of the classes, the women in trousers, the beggars on horseback, the jazz music. I want the old world back—the womanly women, everybody labeled, and Beethoven."

He pushed the cigarette box fretfully across to Tabs, having first selected one for himself. "Beethoven," he snorted, "that's what I want, and no bobbed hair, and everybody happily married."

"This New Army chap who's with Terry," Tabs paused to make his voice unanxious and ordinary. "does she see much of him? Is she fond of him?"

"Fond of him!" The little man jerked round quickly. He was in a mood to see the shadow of terror in the most far-fetched suggestion. "If I thought she was, I should pack her off to Lady Dawn and keep her with her till the fellow was dead or—"

"What's the matter with him?" Tabs flipped the ash off his cigarette indifferently.

"The matter with him!" Sir Tobias pulled at the point of his beard, making a mental effort to frame the charge. "If you'd asked me that question five years ago, I could have told you, but not now. In 1914 we spoke of a man as belonging to our class and meant that he had our standards of conduct, our code of honor, our sense of public duty, our traditions—that he could be trusted to run true to form. Today any man's a gentleman, provided he killed enough Germans."

"But still you do feel that there's something the matter with him?"

"Yes, but I can't tell you for the life of me why I feel it. In many ways he's admirable; I believe he's about the youngest brigadier we have who rose from the ranks. There was no hanky-panky about his promotion either, no petticoat influence; it was all sheer merit and courage. He was a fighting man from first to last and shared all the chances. But the trouble is that one doesn't know where he came from, and therefore one can't be sure where he's going. I know that sounds snobbish. You have the right to tell me that if a man was good enough to be butchered to save an old chap like myself, he ought to be good enough to sit down with me at the same table. But what people don't realize is that men have been wounded in protecting old chaps like myself in coalmines, and on railroads, and a thousand other places ever since the world started, but until now we never felt it necessary to offer them a bed in our houses. War asked for the simplest gifts from men, physical strength, uncomplaining endurance and courage. The war's ended, and if those same gifts are to continue to secure social advancement, every policeman who captures a burglar ought to be made a bank-president. When I demand that a man shall have traditions to be my friend, I ask no more than when I refuse to buy a dog without a pedigree."

"But this man, what's he called? If he's as distinguished as you say, I ought to have heard of him."

Before his host could answer, the door was discreetly opened. "Dinner is being served, Sir Tobias."

There was a rush of light footsteps, and Terry breezed past the butler. "I know you're going to scold me, Daddy. It's all my fault that you were kept waiting. It took me so long to persuade General Braithwaite. By the time he'd consented, I had to dress like a hurricane. I'm not at all sure that I'm properly hooked up the back. I know I feel drafty." Then, as though she had not remembered that he was expected, "Why, hullo, Tabs! In a dinner-jacket! You do look peaceful and jolly."

VI

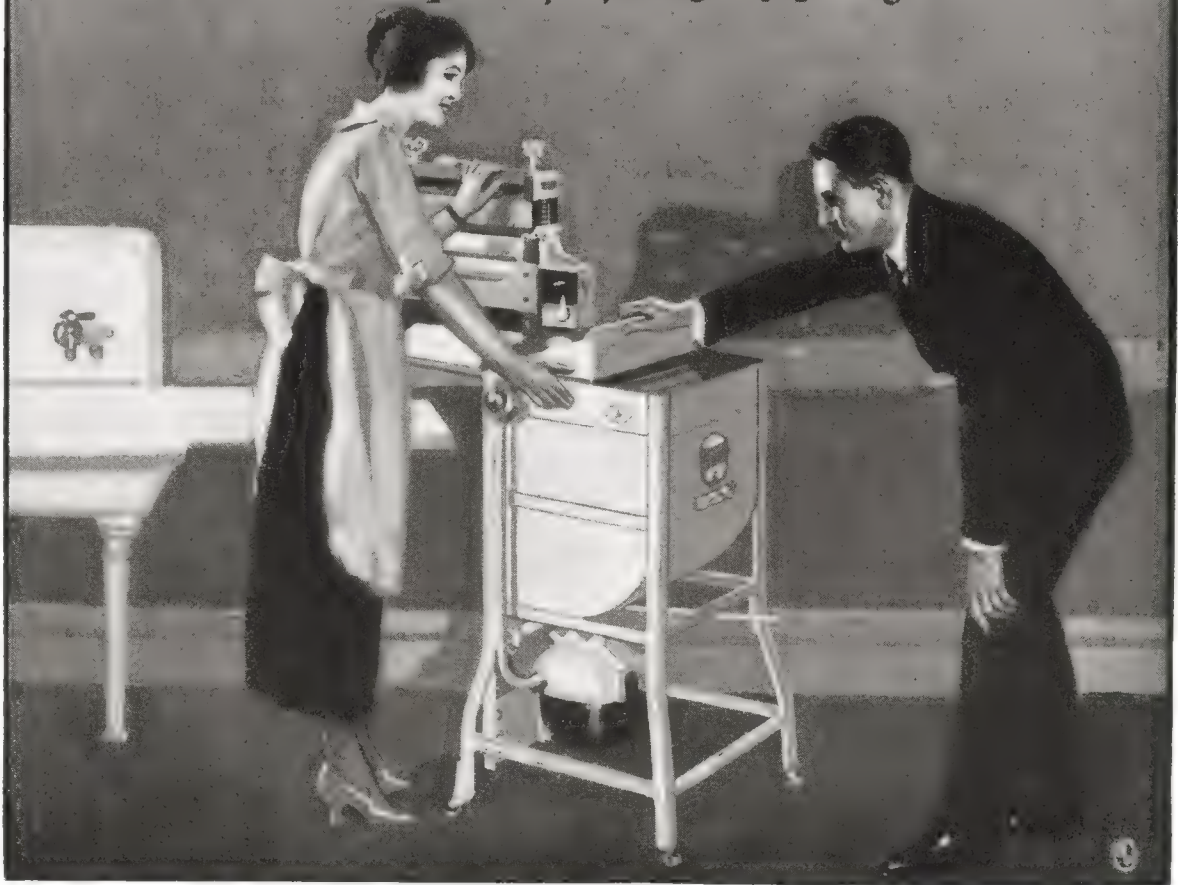
THEY had taken their places at the square, handsome table illuminated at each corner by a silver candlestick red-shaded and electric-lighted. Tabs and Terry were seated side by side, so that he saw her always in profile, except when she turned to him in conversation. He saw the soft roundness of her shoulder, the satin pallor of her throat and breast, the quivering gold of her childishly wavy hair.

The General sat isolated, opposite and facing them. Sir Tobias and his wife sat at either end—had they known it, for all the world like judges.

Lady Beddow was a proud, unbending woman, gracious to her own sort, unquestioningly respectful to those above her, tender in a practical way to those below her, and coldly scrutinizing to any one who tapped at her door claiming to be an equal. Being bred to her

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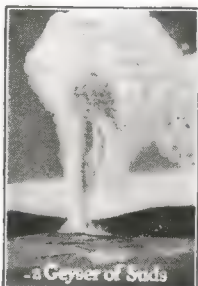
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*Cannot Wiggle, Wobble,
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The Kingdom Round the Corner

finger-tips, she was as ill at ease as her husband in the jostling democracy of the moment.

In the hall Sir Tobias rather huffily had introduced his guests. Tabs had relieved the tension by smiling quietly at Braithwaite, "The General and I have met before."

It was an uncomfortable dinner from the moment they sat down. Sir Tobias, although he had shown no signs of it in the library, seemed to have developed a resentment at having been kept waiting. No reference was made to this resentment, but Terry and the General were obviously the culprits. Under the tacitly implied criticism Terry's rebellious spirits rose higher, but the General's authoritative assurance began to crumble.

Sir Tobias was continuing the conversation which had started in the library. He seemed oblivious to the fact that it had then concerned the man who was now present.

"You can't make the world afresh with a catastrophe. Men are like water: in a storm they rise above or sink below themselves. When the disturbance is ended, they tend to find their own level. War destroys; it never created anything."

"That's not true, if you'll excuse me for contradicting you. You're speaking without knowledge," Braithwaite uttered himself bluntly, as he would have done in his own Headquarters' mess—this despite the fact that it was Tabs whom his host had been addressing.

In his astonishment Sir Tobias nearly gagged himself with the soup that he was on the point of swallowing. He blinked mildly at this confident young man, his breast ablaze with decorations, whom he had not invited.

"Then, in your opinion, what has war ever created?" he asked with dangerous curiosity. "This war, for instance, that's just ended?"

"THIS war that's just ended is the only war of which I have had any experience," Braithwaite glanced across at Terry for encouragement. "I know what it created in me and in thousands like me. It created in us the most valuable of all assets—character. In the bitter test of pain and dirt and despair we found ourselves, found ourselves capable of more nobility than we had ever dreamed possible. We sorted out afresh, in hours that we thought would be our last, all our inherited superstitions and servilities; in so doing we discovered that God and life itself are much kinder than we had been informed. Because of that discovery men who had been timid learned how to face death gladly, shirkers how to shoulder responsibility, selfish people how to become decent through the fine humanity of sharing. Time-servers learned how to get up off their bellies and confront misfortune with a laugh. I don't know whether I make myself clear; perhaps one had to be a part of the great game to understand its lessons. That we do understand them is the reward of those who have survived. We've come back to you as uncomfortable fellows; we shall be much more uncomfortable before we're satisfied. We intend to fight for the same equalities in peace that you sent us out to fight for in war. You asked me what this particular war has created; it has created a complete new set of social and spiritual values. It's done away with the uncharity of caste."

During his last words he had been gazing across the table at Tabs with a fearless challenge, as much as to say, "That's who I am. Now expose me."

But Tabs was remembering the coster's reason for not having dragged him into the police courts; "Served in the ranks, did yer? Then you and me was pals out there!" Braithwaite, whether he knew it or not, had been doing a piece of special pleading for himself. He and Braithwaite, whatever they might be now, had been pals out there. Silently Tabs had been thinking while he had been listening:

"You're right and I'm with you. I'd be with

you still more if you'd only live up to your standards by sticking to Ann."

It was Sir Tobias who took the offensive. The soup-plates had been removed and the fish course had not yet been served. He had the leisure to talk. "You men who have been in the Army," he said testily, "especially those of you who have gained your promotion rapidly, always speak as if the rest of us had been receivers of stolen goods until you put on uniforms. Armies are composed of youth; for most of you it was the first time you had tasted authority. It's gone to your heads; you want to brush experience aside and dragoon the older world into new formations. You, who were civilians yourselves, have come back despising us civilians. Your contempt is three parts fear lest you'll fail, as you failed before, in the old civilian competitive struggle. You talk about the virtues war has taught; let's grant them and grant them gratefully—they saved us from destruction. But what about the frantic recklessness it encouraged, the cheap views of bodily chastity, the desperate insistence on momentary happiness?"

At the mention of "bodily chastity," Lady Beddow from the other end of the table had stuttered a "Tut, tut!" Her husband dodged it, as a boy might dodge a wheel-barrow upset in his path. Without shifting his glance he ran on:

"A complete new set of social and spiritual values! Rubbish! War places an excessive premium on merely brutal qualities—muscle, bone, sinew, all the paraphernalia of physical endurance. It takes the greatest poet, singer, painter, violinist; all it can do with him is to thrust a rifle into his hands. All brains look alike, Michael Angelo's or a rag-picker's, when they're spattered in the mud of a trench. Take Lord Taborley here, for instance. All that military stupidity could do with him was to keep him in the ranks for two years. You can't make me believe in your complete new set of social and spiritual values. A complete unrest and insubordination to time-honored moralities is the legacy of war." Having delivered himself, he tucked his napkin tighter into his waistcoat and attacked the fish, as though by this display of gastronomic energy he could somehow strengthen his argument.

IT was clear to Tabs that behind all that Sir Tobias had been saying lay his misery over Maisie and Adair. He saw the world always in the personal equation, just as it had taken a shell-case toppling from the clouds to convince him that men were dying in France.

"I agree with most of your statements," the General blundered on. "And yet you're wrong. You miss something. I think it's the vision of the stupendous heroism. You never saw it; you don't want to see it. That you never saw it we can understand, but that you shouldn't want to see it makes us see red. It was something that we did for you, and you take it all for granted. You cheered us and jeered us into going because you were frightened. You handed us white feathers if we hesitated. You dragged us from our jobs, and very often we were poor men, who had no such financial security as was yours. You promised that if we would share our lives with you, you'd go fifty-fifty with us on your financial security. There wasn't time to have deeds of agreement drawn up; we took you at your word. And what a lie it was! Why, I passed a blinded officer in Regent Street today peddling shoe-laces. There's a Colonel, I see by to-night's paper, who's gone back to being a policeman. I tell you it's all wrong. It's that kind of ingratitude that leads to revolution. You talk about the brutality of war; it's not a patch on the brutality of peace. You treated men's lives as yours while the danger lasted, but you insist that your possessions are your own now that it's been averted."

He took a breath and glanced round. Tabs was nodding unconscious approval. Terry's



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The Kingdom Round the Corner

face reflected the fire of his own passionate indignation and enthusiasm. The butler in the shadows had turned his back noncommittally and was making a pretense of fiddling with the next course. Lady Beddow sat very upright and startled, grasping her knife and fork as though they helped to support her. The only person who was still doing justice to the meal was the worn-out version of Shakespeare, who was responsible for the storm.

The silence seemed to call for a final climax. The ex-valet cleared his throat. And it was to his ex-valet that Tabs listened; he had forgotten the General. It was as though the grimness of reality had interrupted a piece of play-acting.

There was less heat in Braithwaite's voice now and more reproach. "You said nothing about caste in those days, when you hurried us to the shambles. You promised us— What was it that you promised us?"

"A kingdom round the corner," Tabs suggested.

The next minute he felt Terry's warm little hand clinging to his own beneath the tablecloth.

Braithwaite stared at Tabs to see whether he were jesting; then smiled in relieved friendship at this proof of comradeship from an unexpected quarter. "Yes, perhaps it was that—a future kindness, where we should all be men together, neither free nor bond." Then again to his host: "You sent us out there where everything was censored. Scarcely a whisper of the truth reached you. The very war correspondents were instructed to delete the horror and to write nothing that would disturb your calm. We've come back, what are left of us; we think you ought to know what really happened. It isn't that we take much pleasure in telling you, but we think that if you knew, you might be persuaded to keep at least some of your promises. And what do you do? You reassert your privilege to despise us. You stuff your fingers in your ears and talk about caste, and forgetting the war, and getting back to work. Sir Tobias, I'm afraid I'm being far too personal, but you're a sample of millions who weren't there. You're living in a totally altered world of whose very existence you're content to be unaware. Your complacency drives men like myself to the point of madness. We hold that you have no right to be complacent until the bill you put your hand to has been settled. I don't know how Lord Taborley feels; he's not expressed—"

"Tabs feels exactly the way you do, and so do I." It was Terry speaking, like the shrill courage of a bugle answering the slow bass of a trumpet-call. "We're the world that purchased victory—we three—while the rest of the world sat back. It was men like you two who got gassed, and wrenched, and tortured, and girls like myself who patched you up and flirted with you so that we might send you back to the front—girls like myself who hadn't known love, or children, or anything but a nursery sort of happiness. We three and people like us understand, because we paid the price together."

"Really, Terry, I must confess there are times when you shock me." As Lady Beddow rose from her seat, she was the picture of disapproval. From the door, which the butler held open for her, she glanced back. "I think this discussion has gone very far." As she swept out, she called across her shoulder, as one might call to a pet dog, "Come, Terry."

VII

BUT Terry did not come; she sat on tightly, just as if she were a man among men. Until coffee had been served and the room was free from servants, there was a pretense at small-talk in which Sir Tobias did not join. He crouched moodily in his chair, an unlighted cigar between his fingers, looking very old and

somehow deserted. With the instinctive tenderness which she always showed when she knew that she had hurt, Terry got up and went to him. She linked her arms about his neck and stooped to kiss the bald spot on his head.

"Cheer up, Daddy dear; it isn't half so bad as it sounded. Don't you want me to light your cigar for you?"

TABS, to distract attention from the reconciliation, addressed the General. It was odd that he should feel so much sympathy for a man whom his letters, already beyond recall, would stir into panic in the morning. "Do you intend to stay in the Army, sir?"

"No. But why do you ask? They're getting rid of all of us who aren't Regulars, no matter how brilliant our service. They're making the Army again a social club. I shall soon be out of uniform."

"And then?" Tabs persisted.

"Oh, then I shall find something else." He spoke airily, but the shadow which crossed his handsome face added as plainly as words, "If I can find anything."

"If it isn't impertinence," Tabs sank his voice, "may I ask what you intend to turn to?"

The General eyed him suspiciously, wondering whether he was again about to lay claim to the previous embarrassing acquaintance. "I have several things in view," he said sketchily, "from which a man in my position ought to be able to choose."

"Ought! But that hasn't been the story up to date. What of the Colonel you were just telling us about?" Tabs saw that another storm was brewing. He leaned across the table and hurried on. "If the worst comes to the worst, I expect your old job's waiting for you. The qualities which have made you what you are today must have been recognized and valued."

Terry had completed her reconciliation with her father and was resting her gaze upon them. Tabs altered his tone.

"You put what you said at dinner rather strongly, sir. But I understand what you were driving at—it was the democracy of the front-line where courage, which at its best is unselfishness, was our only standard of aristocracy."

Before the General could make reply, Sir Tobias had raised his bewildered head. "It's a thing that I for one don't want to understand. I don't want to go on living, if what you've said is true."

Tabs turned considerably to the older man. "I think you would if you knew. The difference that war made to all of us who were there was that it taught us to judge men by their good points rather than their defects. It upset all our preconceived notions about society, especially our notions about the extreme value of race and breeding. What we learned was that there's a breeding of the heart which enables a man from the gutter to run true to the highest form."

Sir Tobias leveled his weary eyes in challenge. "Then what about Adair?"

The name was out at last, the name he had been trying to get uttered all evening. It didn't matter that Adair hadn't been at the war and had no proper place in the argument. He had wanted to break through his reticence due to his sense of impending family disaster. At last he had done it.

"I think, Daddy," Terry said, "the General and I had better leave you and Tabs to talk alone."

The next thing Tabs saw was Terry making her escape with this other man. He had it in his power to settle his suspense for all time by saying,

"One minute, Terry. You're choosing between the General and myself. It may help you in making your decision to know that Braithwaite was once—" But the coster's definition of fair play deterred him. This man had been his pal in the trenches; because



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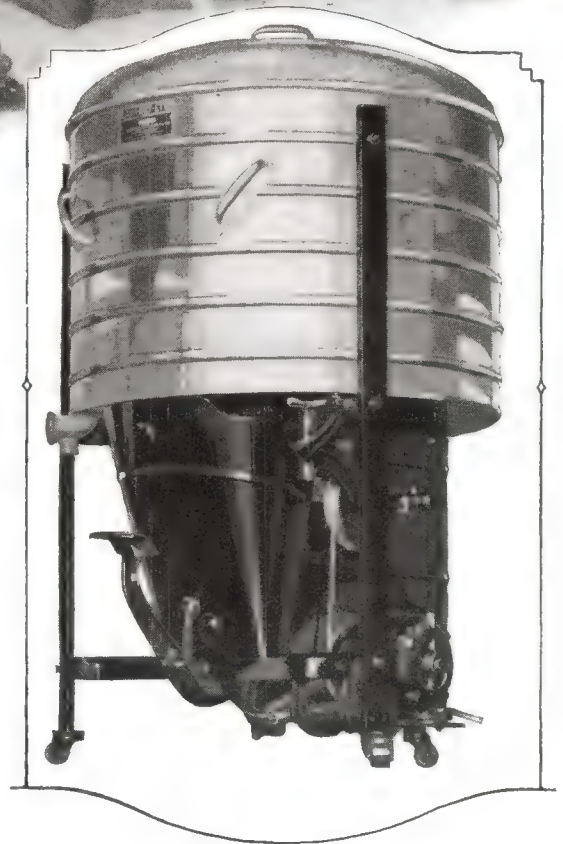
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WASHES AND DRIES WITHOUT A WRINGER

The Kingdom Round the Corner

of that he allowed himself for the second time that day to be shut out from the company of youth. He hadn't discovered how much or how little she knew. By her withdrawal he was made to feel middle-aged—more nearly her father's contemporary than ever. Yet, as an underlying comfort to his distress, he had the remembered pressure of the little hand that had sought his own in secret friendliness.

He turned to Sir Tobias, "Yes, what about Adair? Terry said that you wanted to consult me. If there's anything that I can say or do—"

VIII

THE door was reopening. Tabs glanced back across his shoulder through the shadows. She was hovering just inside the threshold, hastily clad in her evening wrap; beyond her in the hall the General stood fidgeting with his cap. Sir Tobias was sitting with his head bowed; he had not heard the sound of her re-entry. He spoke, evidently believing that they two were alone.

"I don't like that fellow. It's the last time he ever comes to my house. Whatever Terry can see in him! And he's not good for Terry."

She tiptoed back into the hall, pulling the door softly behind her. A moment later the front door closed with a bang.

"What was that?" Sir Tobias looked up, gnome-like and startled.

Tabs guessed what it was, but because, as she had said, they three had paid the price together, he kept her secret. "General Braithwaite, probably. But you were speaking of Adair."

Sir Tobias shivered, betraying his nervous tension. "A disturber," he said irritably, "even in his going. And yet I suppose it's true. We shouldn't be sitting here comfortably tonight if it hadn't been for his sort."

Now that it had been broached, it was anything to avoid the main topic. He drummed with his fingers on the table, ceased drumming, and sighed heavily. "Yes, I was speaking of Adair. I don't understand him. I've grown out of touch; I don't seem to understand anybody. I'm left behind, somehow. People do things today that they never used to do. They shout about things from the house-tops which all my life I've mentioned only in whispers. Terry does; you heard what she said tonight about never having been loved and never having had children. The loss of delicacy—"

"I shouldn't call it a loss of delicacy," Tabs struck a match. "I should call it a loss of prudishness. We all know that girls are born to be married and that the best of them long to have children. Why shouldn't they own it? You owned it long ago when you bought her dolls. The lid is off false reticences. I hope it stays off; we shall be a much honester world."

"The lid's off! That's the phrase I was searching for," Sir Tobias leaned forward confidentially. "You haven't been much in England during the past four years, or you'd know how badly the lid is off. You men, when you were in the trenches, lived above yourselves, but the moment you came home on leave you taught the world that wasn't in khaki how to live below itself. I could tell you stories—"

"I know." Tabs didn't want to hear those stories. "It was pathetic. Men tried to steal in a handful of hours all the passionate experiences that would have come to them beautifully and legitimately over forty years. It was like snatching from a bargain-counter things that you hadn't time to pay for. You were young, and you were so soon to be snuffed out. The unthoughtful took desperately what they believed life owed them. They—"

It was the turn of Sir Tobias to interrupt. "But so did the women—this Maisie woman, for instance. It was astounding, the women one would least have expected. All the desires we had caged through the centuries broke loose like wild animals from a menagerie. We'd

always known they existed. Sometimes we'd paid surreptitious visits to them in books," the old eyes blinked cautiously, "the way one goes to the Zoo, to remind himself that there is a jungle somewhere. But we'd only regarded them as specimens; we'd never expected to meet them roaming about the streets loose or coming as domestic pets into our houses. Now the war's ended, and the jungle's all about us; we can't get the animals back into their cages. Fellows like this General Braithwaite don't help matters by telling us that we oughtn't to want to get them back."

"Perhaps he's one of the animals," Tabs interpolated. "You couldn't expect him to want to be put back."

"Perhaps he is. In fact, that's what I've felt about him. That's what's helped me to make up my mind that he shall see no more of Terry." He reached out and tapped Tabs' hand, taking it for granted that he was his ally. "The sight's becoming far too normal—wild beasts everywhere, sunning themselves in impertinent freedom, as if they were house-cats. Nobody's shocked at it any longer. Terry isn't. Lloyd George isn't—at least he pretends he isn't for fear the wild beasts may lose him an election. No one makes a stand. It's left for private individuals like ourselves, to—"

"To do what?"

Sir Tobias lost his stride. He blinked reproachfully. "To get them back into their cages," he ended lamely.

For an instant Tabs nearly smiled. Then he settled his features into seriousness.

"And Adair—is he the first wild beast we tackle? Have we got to get him back into the cage of matrimony? Tell me about Adair?"

"It was no cage," Sir Tobias spoke almost resentfully. "His home was a kind of nest, and Phyllis was the mother bird."

The butler had looked in several times to see whether he was free to clear away. For the first time Sir Tobias became aware of him pottering in the shadows.

"Perhaps we'd better continue in my library."

He pushed back his chair, dropped his napkin, groped after it feebly, then led the way solemnly across the hall. When he had seated himself before the fire and fortified his courage with a fresh cigar he plunged headlong into the story of his son-in-law's delinquencies.

IX

"HOW a man who has a daughter of mine for his wife can find attraction in any other woman is more than I can fathom."

"I agree with you there, sir," Tabs suddenly found himself carried off his feet and on the point of a confession. "If any man were to play false by Terry, I think—I think I'd brain him."

Sir Tobias half-closed his eyes and regarded his guest with sleepy approval. "I somehow knew," he said slowly, "that that was how you felt. I could cheerfully kill him."

Tabs felt rather than heard the pent-up passion in his voice; it alarmed him with its sincerity. "But mayn't you be exaggerating?" he suggested. "Are you sure that Adair—What I mean to say is, he may be only philandering. Heaps of men do that—go through all the motions of making fools of themselves and actually do nothing. He may be only expressing the discontent of the moment, the revolt from suspense, the flatness of quiet after terrible excitement. One didn't need to be a fighting man to share those excitements. You say that Phyllis made a nest of her home. Perhaps he didn't like nests. It may be that that's done it. Adair can't have altered so radically overnight; he wasn't forceful enough to erupt so disastrously. He was decent."

"I know nothing definite." The passion had died down. It was again an old and weary man who spoke. "I only know that she be-

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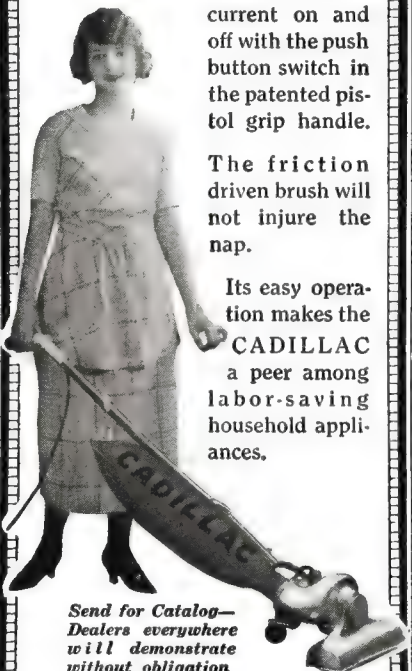
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The Kingdom Round the Corner

believes he's abandoning her and that it makes her wretched. She wants him back; if there's any way of getting him back, she must have him. I never denied anything to my girls. If money will persuade him, it's for you to find out how much. If this Lockwood woman has a price, let her state it. I'll spare nothing. Though everything else has lost its value, money still has the power to purchase. I can't buy back faithfulness and loyalty, but I should be able to buy the appearance of it. If I were you, I would tackle this Lockwood woman first."

HE tossed the stub of his cigar toward the fire. It fell short in the grate. He picked it up and rammed it deep into the burning coals. He looked a poor, old, pitiful child uttering embittered heresies. "All women are mercenary, all of them except my wife and daughters. Ah, yes, and Lady Dawn."

Tabs wondered what Lady Dawn had done to gain exemption from this sweeping accusation. "I'll see this Maisie Lockwood tomorrow," he said, "if you can tell me where she lives."

Sir Tobias had risen and was seating himself at his desk. "I'll copy you out her address. I have it somewhere buried among these papers."

He had hidden it so thoroughly that it took a few minutes to find. As he rustled sundry sheets and stooped over them, round-shouldered, Tabs had time to reflect. Terry! Where was she? She was so little and unprotected and white. Would a day ever come when a man would play her false? At this moment he had it in his power to prevent that day from ever arriving.

"Ah, here it is!" It was his host talking. Then the painful scratching of the pen commenced.

"Sir Tobias, I want to speak to you about Terry."

The scratching of the pen stopped, but the shoulders remained bowed.

"This is an unfortunate night for me to choose to talk to you about her, but— To tell the truth, I feel that if I don't speak tonight, I may lose my chance."

"What do you want to say about her?" The shoulders had unheeled themselves, but the head had not turned.

"Only this, that I've loved her for a long while, and that if you don't think I'm too old, I should like your permission to ask her to marry me."

Tabs thought to himself with a glow of satisfaction, "At last I've done it. And done it in just the way and at just the time that I'd always planned." He felt the pride of a man who has worked on schedule and been punctual to the second.

Sir Tobias turned. His face was composed. It was some seconds before he spoke. "Of course this is no surprise to me. You are old for her. You'll be fifty-five when she's scarcely forty." He paused, and Tabs' heart sank. "You're older than her; but then you're wiser. She needs a husband who'll be wise."

(To be continued)

Doughnuts for All Occasions

(Continued from page 63)

rind of one orange or lemon. Stir the nut-meats into the last cupful of flour when mixing the dough.

Jelly and Date Doughnuts. Use the plain recipe with or without the spices called for, or other flavoring, as preferred. Roll the mixture a little thinner than for ordinary doughnuts. Cut in rounds, either large or small. On the large ones place a stoned date or a teaspoonful of some tart jam or jelly, at one side. Moisten the edge and turn the other side over the filling. Press the edges firmly together. If small rounds are cut, place the filling in the

center, moisten the edges, and cover with another round. It is most important that these filled doughnuts shall be very carefully fried, so that the centers will be well cooked.

Cocoa may be used in place of the chocolate, in which case sift it with the flour and do not omit the butter from the recipe. Use four tablespoonfuls of cocoa. Ginger and cloves may take the place of the spices called for, if they are better liked or to vary. Flavorings may be changed at will. These variations will no doubt suggest many others to you.

He sat leisurely as though he were resting from a long journey; then he stretched out his hand. Tabs went over and took it.

"My dear fellow, there's only one thing I ask: make her always happy."

The clock in the hall struck midnight. He lifted himself to his feet. "I had no idea how the time had flown. By the way, that's the address—the Maisie woman's."

Tabs took it carelessly. It had become a thing of little consequence. He folded it away in his pocket. "And when shall I see Terry?" Of a sudden he felt that he must see her; see her and make sure of her without loss of time.

"Tomorrow, I suppose. Say about eleven."

Tabs thought back. He had expected to receive a call from General Braithwaite about eleven, or at least to hear from him as soon as he opened his morning's letters. Then he smiled to himself. When once he was engaged to Terry, what General Braithwaite did or did not do would be no longer of any importance.

"Yes, about eleven, if it'll be agreeable to Terry."

"There's not much doubt about its being agreeable to her."

They passed out into the hall. While Tabs found his hat and coat, they spoke only in monosyllables. The servants had gone to bed. The house was intensely silent.

They had got as far as the front door, and Sir Tobias already had his hand upon the latch, when a taxi purred up to the pavement and came to a halt immediately outside. "Someone stopping at the wrong house," he hazarded and threw the door wide. "See you again tomorrow."

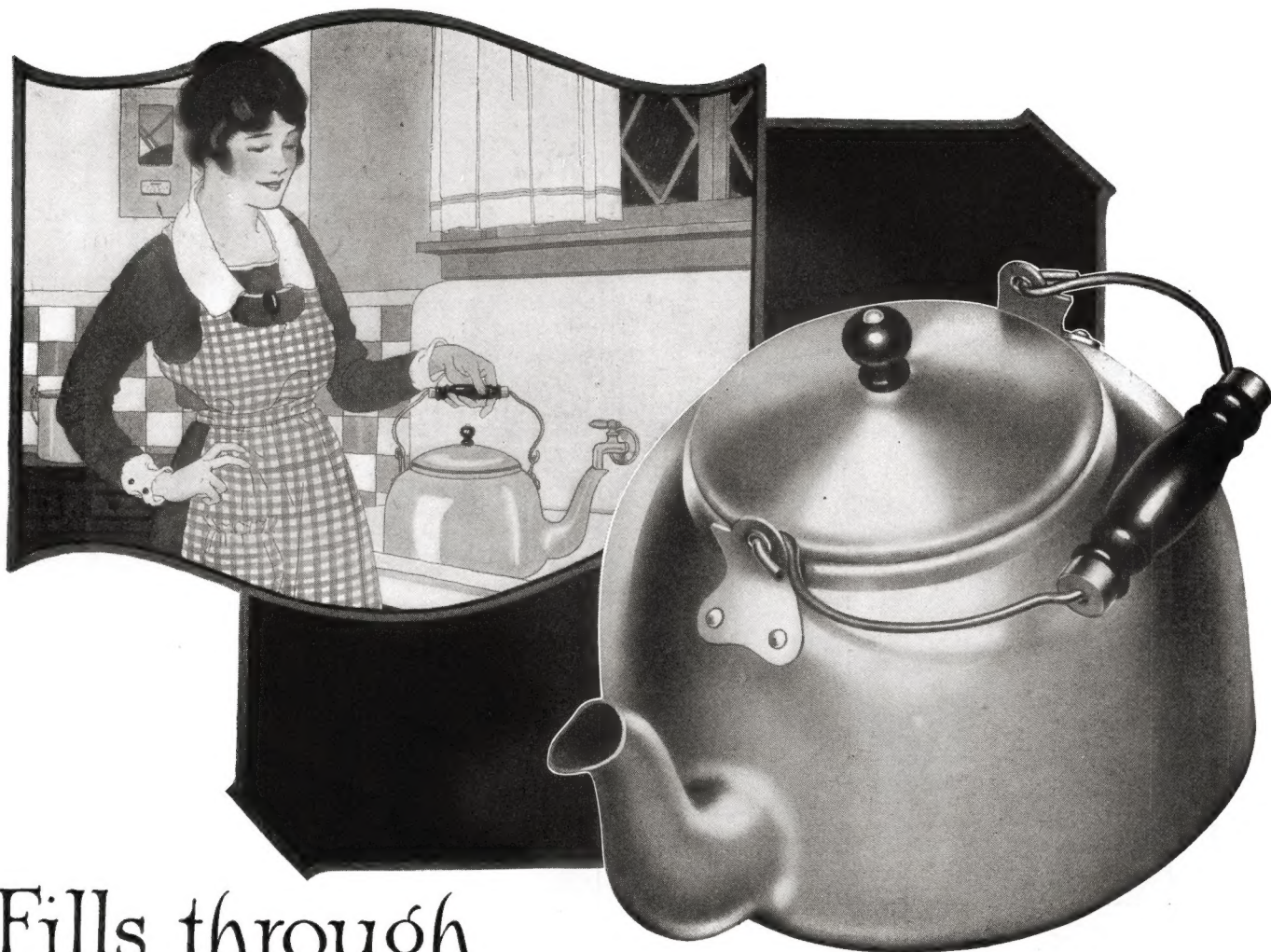
"Yes, tomorrow."

"At eleven," Sir Tobias reminded.

"On the dot of eleven," Tabs confirmed.

HE passed into the cool night air, wistful with the fragrance of unseen flowers. His eyes were dazed for the moment by the sudden change of light. He made out the blurred silhouette of the taxi and faltered, thinking he might have a chance to hire it; then he saw that its shadowy occupants were climbing back into its deeper darkness. It seemed that Sir Tobias had been right; it had stopped at the wrong house.

As he reached the corner where he turned, he glanced back. The taxi had not moved. Its occupants were again getting out—an officer and a girl. The girl was ringing the bell of the house that he had left, while the officer was settling with the driver. As he joined her, the door opened, letting fall a shaft of light. There was a brief parley—evidently hurried explanations. Even at that distance he could recognize the indignant tones of Sir Tobias' angry voice. Then he heard a "Shish, Daddy!" from Terry. They entered. The door closed behind them. The taxi moved off in the opposite direction. Again there was silence—nothing but the fragrance of unseen flowers and the wistfulness of the cool, spring night.



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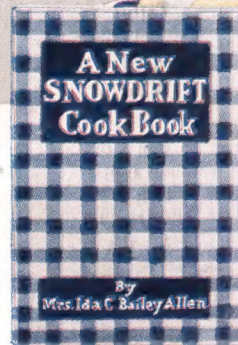
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Third: After the Combination Cream is thoroughly absorbed, powder lightly with Face Powder Jonteel, and add, perhaps, a touch of Rouge Jonteel—applied carefully.

What a fresh, youthful face looks out at you from the mirror! And how delightfully cool and refreshed it feels!

Use Combination Cream Jonteel to soften and beautify your skin. It gives a perfect surface to which the powder clings, preventing it from brushing off easily. Get a jar today, and try this beauty bringing treatment.

All the Jonteel Beauty Requisites are sold exclusively by

The Rexall Stores

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Other Jonteel Beauty Requisites

Odor Jonteel
Talc Jonteel
Cold Cream Jonteel
Soap Jonteel

Odor Jonteel Concentrate
Lip-Stick Jonteel
Eye-brow Pencil Jonteel
Manicure Set Jonteel

Face Powder
Jonteel Com-
pacts, 50c.
Choice of
flesh, white,
brunette and
"outdoor"



Rouge, Jonteel—light, medium,
or dark, 50c

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